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MARY SCHWEIDLER,

THE AMBER WITCH.

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EDITED

BY W. MEINHOLD,

DOCTOR OF THEOLOGY, AND PASTOR, &c.

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PREFACE.

In laying before the public this deeply affecting and romantic trial, which I have not without reason called on the title-page the most interesting of all trials for witchcraft ever known, I will first give some account of the history of the manuscript.

At Coserow, in the Island of Usedom, my former cure, the same which was held by our worthy author some two hundred years ago, there existed under a seat in the choir of the church a sort of niche, nearly on a level with the floor. I had, indeed, often seen a heap of various writings in this recess; but owing to my short sight, and the darkness of the place, I had taken them for antiquated hymn-books, which were lying about in great numbers. But one day, while I was teaching in the church, I looked for a paper mark in the Catechism of one of the boys, which I could not immediately find; and my old sexton, who was past eighty (and who, although called Appelman, was thoroughly unlike his namesake in our story, being a very worthy, although a most ignorant man), stooped down to the said niche, and took from it a folio volume which I had never before observed, out of which he, without the slightest hesitation, tore a strip of paper suited to my purpose, and reached it to me. I immediately seized upon the book, and, after a *few minutes perusal,* I know not which was greater, my

astonishment or my vexation at this costly prize. The manuscript, which was bound in vellum, was not only defective both at the beginning and at the end, but several leaves had even been torn out here and there in the middle. I scolded the old man as I had never done during the whole course of my life; but he excused himself, saying that one of my predecessors had given him the manuscript for waste paper, as it had lain about there ever since the memory of man, and he had often been in want of paper to twist round the altar-candles, &c. The aged and half-blind pastor had mistaken the folio for old parochial accounts which could be of no more use to any one.*

No sooner had I reached home than I fell to work upon my new acquisition, and after reading a bit here and there with considerable trouble, my interest was powerfully excited by the contents.

I soon felt the necessity of making myself better acquainted with the nature and conduct of these witch trials, with the proceedings, nay, even with the history of the whole period in which these events occur. But the more I read of these extraordinary stories, the more was I confounded; and neither the trivial Becker (*die bezauberte Welt*, the enchanted world), nor the more careful Horst (*Zauberbibliothek*, the library of magic), to which, as well as to several other works on the same subject, I had flown for information, could resolve my doubts, but rather served to increase them.

Not alone is the demoniacal character, which pervades nearly all these fearful stories, so deeply marked, as to fill

* The original manuscript does indeed contain several accounts which at first sight may have led to this mistake; besides, the handwriting is extremely difficult to read, and in several places the paper is discoloured and decayed.

the attentive reader with feelings of alternate horror and dismay, but the eternal and unchangeable laws of human feeling and action are often arrested in a manner so violent and unforeseen, that the understanding is entirely baffled. For instance, one of the original trials which a friend of mine, a lawyer, discovered in our province, contains the account of a mother, who, after she had suffered the torture, and received the holy Sacrament, and was on the point of going to the stake, so utterly lost all maternal feeling, that her conscience obliged her to accuse as a witch her only dearly loved daughter, a girl of fifteen, against whom no one had ever entertained a suspicion, in order, as she said, to save her poor soul. The court, justly amazed at an event which probably has never since been paralleled, caused the state of the mother's mind to be examined both by clergymen and physicians, whose original testimonies are still appended to the records, and are all highly favourable to her soundness of mind. The unfortunate daughter, whose name was Elizabeth Hegel, was actually executed on the strength of her mother's accusation.*

The explanation commonly received at the present day, that these phenomena were produced by means of animal magnetism, is utterly insufficient. How, for instance, could this account for the deeply demoniacal nature of old Lizzie Kolken as exhibited in the following pages? It is utterly incomprehensible, and perfectly explains why the old pastor, notwithstanding the horrible deceits practised on him in the person of his daughter, retained as firm a faith in the truth of witchcraft as in that of the Gospel.

* It is my intention to publish this trial also, as it possesses very great *psychological interest.*

During the earlier centuries of the middle ages little was known of witchcraft. The crime of magic, when it did occur, was leniently punished. For instance, the council of Ancyra (314) ordained the whole punishment of witches to consist in expulsion from the Christian community. The Visigoths punished them with stripes, and Charlemagne, by advice of his bishops, confined them in prison until such time as they should sincerely repent.* It was not until very soon before the Reformation, that Innocent VIII. lamented that the complaints of universal Christendom against the evil practices of these women had become so general and so loud, that the most vigorous measures must be taken against them; and towards the end of the year 1489, he caused the notorious Hammer for Witches (*Malleus Malleficarum*) to be published, according to which proceedings were set on foot with the most fanatical zeal, not only in Catholic, but, strange to say, even in Protestant Christendom, which in other respects abhorred everything belonging to Catholicism. Indeed, the Protestants far outdid the Catholics in cruelty, until, among the latter, the noble-minded Jesuit, J. Spee, and among the former, but not until seventy years later, the excellent Thomasius, by degrees put a stop to these horrors.

After careful examination into the nature and characteristics of witchcraft, I soon perceived that among all these strange and often romantic stories, not one surpassed my "amber witch" in lively interest; and I determined to throw her adventures into the form of a romance. Fortunately, however, I was soon convinced that her story was already in itself the most interesting of all romances; and that I

* Horst, Zauberbibliothek, vi. p. 231.

should do far better to leave it in its original antiquated form, omitting whatever would be uninteresting to modern readers, or so universally known as to need no repetition. I have therefore attempted, not indeed to supply what is missing at the beginning and end, but to restore those leaves which have been torn out of the middle, imitating, as accurately as I was able, the language and manner of the old biographer, in order that the difference between the original narrative, and my own interpolations, might not be too evident.

This I have done with much trouble, and after many ineffectual attempts; but I refrain from pointing out the particular passages which I have supplied, so as not to disturb the historical interest of the greater part of my readers. For modern criticism, which has now attained to a degree of acuteness never before equalled, such a confession would be entirely superfluous, as critics will easily distinguish the passages where Pastor Schweidler speaks from those written by Pastor Meinhold.

I am, nevertheless, bound to give the public some account of what I have omitted, namely,—

1st. Such long prayers as were not very remarkable for Christian unction.

2d. Well known stories out of the Thirty Years' War.

3d. Signs and wonders in the heavens, which were seen here and there, and which are recorded by other Pomeranian writers of these fearful times; for instance, by Micrælius.* But when these events formed part of the tale itself, as, for

* *Vom Alten Pommerlande* (of old Pomerania), book v.

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previous pages must have contained an account of the breaking out of the Thirty Years' War in the island of Usedom. It goes on as follows:—

"Coffers, chests, and closets were all plundered and broken to pieces, and my surplice also was torn, so that I remained in great distress and tribulation. But my poor little daughter they did not find, seeing that I had hidden her in the stable, which was dark, without which I doubt not they would have made my heart heavy indeed. The lewd dogs would even have been rude to my old maid Ilse, a woman hard upon fifty, if an old cornet had not forbidden them. Wherefore I gave thanks to my Maker when the wild guests were gone, that I had first saved my child from their clutches, although not one dust of flour, nor one grain of corn, nor one morsel of meat even of a finger's length was left, and I knew not how I should any longer support my own life, and my poor child's. *Item*, I thanked God that I had likewise secured the *vasa sacra*, which I had forthwith buried in the church in front of the altar, in presence of the two churchwardens, Hinrich Seden and Claus Bulken, of Uekeritze, commending them to the care of God. And now because, as I have already said, I was suffering the pangs of hunger, I wrote to his lordship the Sheriff Wittich v. Appelmann, at Pudgla,* that for the love of God and his holy Gospel he should send me that which his highness' grace Philippus Julius had allowed me as *præstanda* from the convent at Pudgla, to wit, thirty bushels of barley and twenty-five marks of silver, which, howbeit his lordship had always withheld from me hitherto (for he was a very hard inhuman man, inasmuch as he despised the holy Gospel and the preaching of the Word, and openly, without shame, reviled the servants of God, saying that they were useless feeders, and that Luther had but half cleansed the pigstye of the church—God mend it!). But he answered me nothing, and I should have perished for want if Hinrich Seden had not begged for me in the parish. May God reward the honest fellow for it in eternity! Moreover, he was then growing old, and was sorely plagued by his wicked wife Lizzie Kolken. Methought when I married them that it would *not turn out* over well, seeing that she was in common report of

* A castle in Usedom, formerly a celebrated convent.

having long lived in unchastity with Wittich Appelmann, who had ever been an arch-rogue, and especially an arrant whore-master, and such the Lord never blesses. This same Seden now brought me five loaves, two sausages, and a goose, which old goodwife Paal, at Loddin, had given him; also a flitch of bacon from the farmer Jack Tewert. But he said I must shield him from his wife, who would have had half for herself, and when he denied her she cursed him, and wished him gout in his head, whereupon he straightway felt a pain in his right cheek, and it was quite hard and heavy already. At such shocking news I was affrighted, as became a good pastor, and asked whether peradventure he believed that she stood in evil communication with Satan, and could bewitch folks? But he said nothing, and shrugged his shoulders. So I sent for old Lizzie to come to me, who was a tall, meagre woman of about sixty, with squinting eyes, so that she could not look any one in the face; likewise with quite red hair, and indeed her goodman had the same. But though I diligently admonished her out of God's word, she made no answer until at last I said, 'Willt thou unbewitch thy goodman (for I saw from the window how that he was raving in the street like a madman), or willt thou that I should inform the magistrate of thy deeds?' then, indeed, she gave in, and promised that he should soon be better (and so he was); moreover she begged that I would give her some bread and some bacon, inasmuch as it was three days since she had had a bit of anything to put between her lips, saving always her tongue. So my daughter gave her half a loaf, and a piece of bacon about two handsbreadths large; but she did not think it enough, and muttered between her teeth; whereupon my daughter said, 'If thou art not content, thou old witch, go thy ways and help thy goodman; see how he has laid his head on Zabel's fence, and stamps with his feet for pain.' Whereupon she went away, but still kept muttering between her teeth, 'Yea, forsooth, I will help him and thee too.'"

CHAPTER VII.

How the Imperialists robbed me of all that was left, and likewise broke into the Church and stole the *Vasa Sacra;* also what more befel us.

AFTER a few days, when we had eaten almost all our food, my last cow fell down dead (the wolves had already devoured the others, as mentioned above), not without a strong suspicion that Lizzie had a hand in it, seeing that the poor beast had eaten heartily the day before; but I leave that to a higher judge, seeing that I would not willingly calumniate any one; and it may have been the will of God, whose wrath I have well deserved. *Summa*, I was once more in great need, and my daughter Mary pierced my heart with her sighs, when the cry was raised that another troop of Imperialists was come to Uekeritze, and was marauding there more cruelly than ever, and, moreover, had burnt half the village. Wherefore I no longer thought myself safe in my cottage; and after I had commended every thing to the Lord in a fervent prayer, I went up with my daughter and old Ilse into the Streckelberg,* where I already had looked out for ourselves a hole like a cavern, well grown over with brambles, against the time when the troubles should drive us thither. We therefore took with us all we had left to us for the support of our bodies, and fled into the woods, sighing and weeping, whither we soon were followed by the old men, and the women, and children; these raised a great cry of hunger when they saw my daughter sitting on a log and eating a bit of bread and meat, and the little things came with their tiny hands stretched out and cried "Have some too, have some too." Therefore, being justly moved by such great distress, I hindered not my daughter from sharing all the bread and meat that remained among the hungry children. But first I made them pray—"The eyes of all wait upon thee;"† upon which words I then spake comfortably to the people, telling them that the Lord, who had now fed their little children, would

* A considerable mountain close to the sea near Coserow.

† Ps. cxlv. 15, 16.

find means to fill their own bellies, and that they must not be weary of trusting in him.

This comfort did not, however, last long; for after we had rested within and around the cavern for about two hours, the bells in the village began to ring so dolefully, that it went nigh to break all our hearts, the more as loud firing was heard between whiles; *item*, the cries of men and the barking of dogs resounded, so that we could easily guess that the enemy was in the village. I had enough to do to keep the women quiet, that they might not by their senseless lamentations betray our hiding-place to the cruel enemy; and more still when it began to smell smoky, and presently the bright flames gleamed through the trees. I therefore sent old Paasch up to the top of the hill, that he might look around and see how matters stood, but told him to take good care that they did not see him from the village, seeing that the twilight had but just begun.

This he promised, and soon returned with the news that about twenty horsemen had galloped out of the village towards the Damerow, but that half the village was in flames. *Item*, he told us that by a wonderful dispensation of God a great number of birds had appeared in the juniper-bushes and elsewhere, and that if we could catch them they would be excellent food for us. I therefore climbed up the hill myself, and having found everything as he had said, and also perceived that the fire had, by the help of God's mercy, abated in the village; *item*, that my cottage was left standing, far beyond my merits and deserts; I came down again and comforted the people, saying, "The Lord hath given us a sign, and he will feed us, as he fed the people of Israel in the wilderness; for he has sent us a fine flight of fieldfares across the barren sea, so that they whirr out of every bush as ye come near it. Who will now run down into the village, and cut off the mane and tail of my dead cow which lies out behind on the common?" (for there was no horse-hair in all the village, seeing that the enemy had long since carried off or stabbed all the horses). But no one would go, for fear was stronger even than hunger, till my old Ilse spoke, and said, "I will go, for I fear nothing, when I walk in the ways of God; only give me a good stick." When old Paasch had lent her his staff, she began to sing, "God the Father be with us," and was soon out of sight among the bushes. Meanwhile I exhorted the people to set to work directly, and to cut little wands for springes, and to gather

berries while the moon still shone; there were a great quantity of mountain-ash and elder-bushes all about the mountain. I myself and my daughter Mary stayed to guard the little children, because it was not safe there from wolves. We therefore made a blazing fire, sat ourselves around it, and heard the little folks say the Ten Commandments, when there was a rustling and crackling behind us, and my daughter jumped up and ran into the cavern, crying, "*Proh dolor hostis!*"* But it was only some of the able-bodied men who had stayed behind in the village, and who now came to bring us word how things stood there. I therefore called to her directly, "*Emergas amici,*" whereupon she came skipping joyously out, and sat down again by the fire, and forthwith my warden Hinrich Seden related all that had happened, and how his life had only been saved by means of his wife Lizzie Kolken; but that Jurgen Flatow, Chim Burse, Claus Peer and Chim Seideritz were killed, and the last named of them left lying on the church steps. The wicked incendiaries had burned down twelve sheds, and it was not their fault that the whole village was not destroyed, but only in consequence of the wind not being in the quarter that suited their purpose. Meanwhile they tolled the bells in mockery and scorn, to see whether any one would come and quench the fire; and that when he and the three other young fellows came forward they fired off their muskets at them, but, by God's help, none of them were hit. Hereupon his three comrades jumped over the paling and escaped; but him they caught, and had already taken aim at him with their firelocks, when his wife Lizzie Kolken came out of the church with another troop and beckoned to them to leave him in peace. But they stabbed Lene Hebers as she lay in childbed, speared the child, and flung it over Claus Peer's hedge among the nettles, where it was yet lying when they came away. There was not a living soul left in the village, and still less a morsel of bread, so that unless the Lord took pity on their need they must all die miserably of hunger.

(Now who is to believe that such people can call themselves Christians!)

I next enquired, when he had done speaking (but with many sighs, as any one may guess), after my cottage; but of that they *knew naught* save that it was still standing. I thanked the Lord

* Our author afterwards explains the learned education of the maiden.

therefore with a quiet sigh; and having asked old Seden what his wife had been doing in the church, I thought I should have died for grief when I heard that the villains came out of it with both the chalices and patens in their hands. I therefore spoke very sharply to old Lizzie, who now came slinking through the bushes; but she answered insolently, that the strange soldiers had forced her to open the church, as her goodman had crept behind the hedge, and nobody else was there; that they had gone straight up to the altar, and seeing that one of the stones was not well fitted (which, truly, was an arch-lie), had begun to dig with their swords till they found the chalices and patens; or somebody else might have betrayed the spot to them, so I need not always to lay the blame on her, and rate her so hardly.

Meanwhile the old men and the women came with a good store of berries; *item*, my old maid, with the cow's tail and mane, who brought word that the whole house was turned upside down, the windows all broken, and the books and writings trampled in the dirt in the midst of the street, and the doors torn off their hinges. This, however, was a less sorrow to me than the chalices; and I only bade the people make springes and snares, in order next morning to begin our fowling, with the help of Almighty God. I therefore scraped the rods myself until near midnight; and when we had made ready a good quantity, I told old Seden to repeat the evening blessing, which we all heard on our knees; after which I wound up with a prayer, and then admonished the people to creep in under the bushes to keep them from the cold (seeing that it was now about the end of September, and the wind blew very fresh from the sea), the men apart, and the women also apart by themselves. I myself went up with my daughter and my maid into the cavern, where I had not slept long before I heard old Seden moaning bitterly because, as he said, he was seized with the colic. I therefore got up and gave him my place, and sat down again by the fire to cut springes, till I fell asleep for half an hour; and then morning broke, and by that time he had got better, and I woke the people to morning prayer. This time old Paasch had to say it, but could not get through with it properly, so that I had to help him. Whether he had *forgot it*, or whether he was frightened, I cannot say. *Summa. After we had all* prayed most devoutly, we presently

set to work, wedging the springes into the trees, and hanging berries all around them; while my daughter took care of the children, and looked for blackberries for their breakfast. Now we wedged the snares right across the wood along the road to Uekeritze; and mark what a wondrous act of mercy befel from gracious God! As I stepped into the road with the hatchet in my hand (it was Seden his hatchet, which he had fetched out of the village early in the morning), I caught sight of a loaf as long as my arm which a raven was pecking, and which doubtless one of the Imperial troopers had dropped out of his knapsack the day before, for there were fresh hoof-marks in the sand by it. So I secretly buttoned the breast of my coat over it, so that none should perceive anything, although the aforesaid Paasch was close behind me; *item*, all the rest followed at no great distance. Now, having set the springes so very early, towards noon we found such a great number of birds taken in them, that Katy Berow, who went beside me while I took them out, scarce could hold them all in her apron; and at the other end old Pagels pulled nearly as many out of his doublet and coat-pockets. My daughter then sat down with the rest of the womankind to pluck the birds; and as there was no salt (indeed it was long since most of us had tasted any), she desired two men to go down to the sea, and to fetch a little salt-water in an iron pot borrowed from Staffer Zuter; and so they did. In this water we first dipped the birds, and then roasted them at a large fire, while our mouths watered only at the sweet savour of them, seeing it was so long since we had tasted any food.

And now when all was ready, and the people seated on the earth, I said, "Behold how the Lord still feeds his people Israel in the wilderness with fresh quails: if now he did yet more, and sent us a piece of manna bread from heaven, what think ye? Would ye then ever weary of believing in him, and not rather willingly endure all want, tribulation, hunger and thirst, which he may hereafter lay upon you according to his gracious will?" Whereupon they all answered and said, "Yea, surely!" *Ego:* "Will you then promise me this in truth?" And they said again, "Yea, that will we!" Then with tears I drew forth the loaf from *my breast, held it* on high, and cried, "Behold, then, thou poor *believing little flock,* how sweet a manna loaf your faithful Re-

deemer hath sent ye through me!" Whereupon they all wept, sobbed, and groaned; and the little children again came running up and held out their hands, crying, "See, bread, bread!" But as I myself could not pray for heaviness of soul, I bade Paasch his little girl say the *Gratias* the while my Mary cut up the loaf and gave to each his share. And now we all joyfully began to eat our meat from God in the wilderness.

Meanwhile I had to tell in what manner I had found the blessed manna bread, wherein I neglected not again to exhort them to lay to heart this great sign and wonder, how that God in his mercy had done to them as of old to the prophet Elijah, to whom a raven brought bread in his great need in the wilderness; as likewise this bread had been given to me by means of a raven, which showed it to me, when otherwise I might have passed it by in my heaviness without ever seeing it.

When we were satisfied with food, I said the thanksgiving from Luke xii. 24, where the Lord saith, "Consider the ravens: for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have storehouse nor barn; and God feedeth them: how much more are ye better than the fowls?" But our sins stank before the Lord. For old Lizzie, as I afterwards heard, would not eat her birds because she thought them unsavoury, but threw them among the juniper bushes; whereupon the wrath of the Lord was kindled against us as of old against the people of Israel, and at night we found but seven birds in the snares, and next morning but two. Neither did any raven come again to give us bread. Wherefore I rebuked old Lizzie, and admonished the people to take upon themselves willingly the righteous chastisement of the Most High God, to pray without ceasing, to return to their desolate dwellings, and to see whether the all-merciful God would peradventure give them more on the sea. That I also would call upon him with prayer night and day, remaining for a time in the cavern with my daughter and the maid to watch the springes, and see whether his wrath might be turned from us. That they should meanwhile put my manse to rights to the best of their power, seeing that the cold was become very irksome to me. This they promised me, and departed with many sighs. What a little flock! I counted but twenty-five souls where there used to be *above eighty; all the rest had* been slain by hunger, pestilence,

or the sword.* I then abode awhile alone and sorrowing in the cave, praying to God, and sent my daughter with the maid into the village to see how things stood at the manse; *item*, to gather together the books and papers, and also to bring me word whether Hinze the carpenter, whom I had straightway sent back to the village, had knocked together some coffins for the poor corpses, so that I might bury them next day. I then went to look at the springes, but found only one single little bird, whereby I saw that the wrath of God had not yet passed away. Howbeit, I found a fine blackberry bush, from which I gathered nearly a pint of berries, and put them, together with the bird, in Staffer Zuter his pot, which the honest fellow had left with us for a while, and set them on the fire for supper against my child and the maid should return. It was not long before they came through the coppice, and told me of the fearful devastation which Satan had made in the village and manse by the permission of all-righteous God. My child had gathered together a few books, which she brought with her, above all, a *Virgilius* and a Greek Bible. And after she had told me that the carpenter would not have done till next day, and we had satisfied the cravings of hunger, I made her read to me again, for the greater strengthening of my faith, the *locus* about the blessed raven from the Greek of Luke, at the 12th chapter; also, the beautiful *locus parallelus*, Matt. vi. After which the maid said the evening blessing, and we all went into the cave to rest for the night. When I awoke next morning, just as the blessed sun rose out the sea and peeped over the mountain, I heard my poor hungry child already standing outside the cave, reciting the beautiful verses about the joys of paradise which St. Augustine wrote and I had taught her.† She sobbed for grief as she spoke the words:

> "Uno pane vivunt cives utriusque patriæ
> Avidi et semper pleni, quod habent desiderant
> Non *sacietas* fastidit, neque fames cruciat
> Inhiantes semper edunt, et edentes inhiant

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* This took place in the year 1628, and the horrors of the Thirty Years' War were spread most fearfully over this island: pity that the description of the old vicar, which he doubtless gave in the preceding pages, has been lost.

† *This is an error.* The following verses are written by the Cardinal *Bishop of Ostia,* Peter Damianus (d. 23rd Feb. 1072), after Augustine's *prose.*

Flos perpetuus rosarum ver agit perpetuum,
Candent lilia, rubescit crocus, sudat balsamum,
Virent prata, vernant sata, rivi mellis influunt
Pigmentorum spirat odor liquor et aromatum,
Pendent poma floridorum non lapsura nemorum
Non alternat luna vices, sol vel cursus syderum
Agnus est fœlicis urbis lumen inocciduum."*

At these words my own heart was melted; and when she ceased from speaking, I asked, "What art thou doing, my child?" Whereupon she answered, "Father, I am eating." Thereat my tears now indeed began to flow, and I praised her for feeding her soul, as she had no meat for her body. I had not, however, spoken long, before she cried to me to come and look at the great wonder that had risen out of the sea, and already appeared over the cave. For behold a cloud, in shape just like a cross, came over us, and let great heavy drops, as big or bigger than large peas, fall on our heads, after which it sank behind the coppice. I presently arose, and ran up the mountain with my daughter to look after it. It floated on towards the Achterwater,† where it spread itself out into a long blue streak, whereon the sun shone so brightly that it seemed like a golden bridge, on which, as my child said, the blessed angels danced. I fell on my knees with her, and thanked the Lord that our cross had passed away from us; but alas! our cross was yet to come, as will be told hereafter.

* The following version is from the pen of a friend.—*Trans.*

* In that far land the citizens all share one equal bread,
And keep desire and hunger still, although to fulness fed:
Unwearied by satiety, unracked by hunger's strife,
The air they breathe is nourishment, and spiritual life!
Around them, bright with endless Spring, perpetual roses bloom;
Warm balsams gratefully exude luxurious perfume;
Red crocuses, and lilies white, shine dazzling in the sun;
Green meadows yield them harvests green, and streams with honey run;
Unbroken droop the laden boughs, with heavy fruitage bent,
Of incense and of odours strange the air is redolent;
And neither sun, nor moon, nor stars, dispense their changeful light,
But the Lamb's eternal glory makes the happy city bright!"

† A wash formed by the River Peene in the neighbourhood.

CHAPTER VIII.

How our need waxed sorer and sorer, and how I sent old Ilse with another letter to Pudgla, and how heavy a misfortune this brought upon me.

NEXT day, when I had buried the poor corpses amid the lamentations of the whole village (by the same token that they were all buried under where the lime-tree overhangs the wall*), I heard with many sighs that neither the sea nor the Achterwater would yield anything. It was now ten days since the poor people had caught a single fish. I therefore went out into the field, musing how the wrath of the just God might be turned from us, seeing that the cruel winter was now at hand, and neither corn, apples, fish nor flesh, to be found in the village, nor even throughout all the parish. There was indeed plenty of game in the forests of Coserow and Uekeritze; but the old forest ranger, Zabel Nehring, had died last year of the plague, and there was no new one in his place. Nor was there a musket nor a grain of powder to be found in all the parish; the enemy had robbed and broken everything: we were therefore forced, day after day, to see how the stags and the roes, the hares and the wild boars, *et cet.*, ran past us, when we would so gladly have had them in our bellies, but had no means at getting at them: for they were too cunning to let themselves be caught in pit-falls. Nevertheless, Claus Peer succeeded in trapping a roe, and gave me a piece of it, for which may God reward him. *Item*, of domestic cattle there was not a head left; neither was there a dog nor a cat, which the people had not either eaten in their extreme hunger, or knocked on the head, or drowned long since. Albeit old farmer Paasch still owned two cows; *item*, an old man in Uekeritze was said to have one little pig:—this was all. Thus, then, nearly all the people lived on blackberries and other wild fruits; the which also soon grew to be scarce, as may easily be guessed. Besides all this, *a boy of fourteen* was missing (old Labahn his son) and was

* This exists no longer.

never more heard of, so that I shrewdly think that the wolves devoured him.

And now let any Christian judge by his own heart in what sorrow and heaviness I took my staff in my hand, seeing that my child fell away like a shadow from pinching hunger; although I myself, being old, did not, by the help of God's mercy, find any great failing in my strength. While I thus went continually weeping before the Lord, on the way to Uekeritze, I fell in with an old beggar with his wallet, sitting on a stone, and eating a piece of God's rare gift, to wit, a bit of bread. Then truly did my poor mouth so fill with water, that I was forced to bow my head and let it run upon the earth before I could ask, "Who art thou? and whence comest thou? seeing that thou hast bread." Whereupon he answered that he was a poor man of Bannemin, from whom the enemy had taken all; and as he had heard that the Lieper Winkel* had long been in peace, he had travelled thither to beg. I straightway answered him, "Oh, poor beggarman, spare to me, a sorrowful servant of Christ, who is poorer even than thyself, one little slice of bread for his wretched child; for thou must know that I am the pastor of this village, and that my daughter is dying of hunger. I beseech thee by the living God not to let me depart without taking pity on me, as pity also hath been shown to thee!" But the beggarman would give me none, saying that he himself had a wife and four children, who were likewise staggering towards death's door under the bitter pangs of hunger; that the famine was sorer far in Bannemin than here, where we still had berries; whether I had not heard that but a few days ago a woman (he told me her name, but horror made me forget it) had there killed her own child, and devoured it from hunger?† That he could not therefore help me, and I might go to the Lieper Winkel myself.

I was horror-stricken at his tale, as is easy to guess, for we in our own trouble had not yet heard of it, there being little or no traffic between one village and another; and thinking on Jerusalem,‡ and sheer despairing because the Lord had visited

* A remote part of the Island of Usedom.

† *Micrælius also mentions this* horrible event in his history of Pomerania.

‡ *Where, according to Josephus,* the same thing occurred.

us, as of old that ungodly city, although we had not betrayed or crucified him, I almost forgot all my necessities, and took my staff in my hand to depart. But I had not gone more than a few yards when the beggar called me to stop, and when I turned myself round he came towards me with a good hunch of bread which he had taken out of his wallet, and said, "There! but pray for me also, so that I may reach my home; for if on the road they smell that I have bread, my own brother would strike me dead, I believe." This I promised with joy, and instantly turned back to take to my child the gift hidden in my pocket. And behold, when I came to the road which leads to Loddin, I could scarce trust my eyes (before I had overlooked it in my distress) when I saw my glebe, which could produce seven bushels, ploughed, sown, and in stalk; the blessed crop of rye had already shot lustily out of the earth a finger's length in height. I could not choose but think that the Evil One had deceived me with a false show, yet, however hard I rubbed my eyes, rye it was, and rye it remained. And seeing that old Paasch his piece of land which joined mine was in like manner sown, and that the blades had shot up to the same height, I soon guessed that the good fellow had done this deed, seeing that all the other land lay waste. Wherefore, I readily forgave him for not knowing the morning prayer; and thanking the Lord for so much love from my flock, and earnestly beseeching him to grant me strength and faith to bear with them steadfastly and patiently all the troubles and adversities which it might please him henceforward to lay upon us, according to his divine pleasure, I ran rather than walked back into the village to old Paasch his farm, where I found him just about to kill his cow, which he was slaughtering from grim hunger. "God bless thee," said I, "worthy friend, for sowing my field, how shall I reward thee?" But the old man answered, "Let that be, and do you pray for us;" and when I gladly promised this, and asked him how he had kept his corn safe from the savage enemy, he told me that he had hidden it secretly in the caves of the Streckelberg, but that now all his store was used up. Meanwhile he cut a fine large piece of meat from the top of the loin, and said, "There is something for you, and when that is gone you can come again for more." As I was then about to go with many thanks, his little Mary, a child nearly

seven years old, the same who had said the *Gratias* on the Streckelberg, seized me by the hand, and wanted to go to school to my daughter; for since my *Custos*, as above mentioned, departed this life in the plague, she had to teach the few little ones there were in the village; this, however, had long been abandoned. I could not, therefore, deny her, although I feared that my child would share her bread with her, seeing that she dearly loved the little maid, who was her godchild; and so indeed it happened; for when the child saw me take out the bread, she shrieked for joy, and began to scramble up on the bench. Thus she also got a piece of the slice, our maid got another, and my child put the third piece into her own mouth, as I wished for none, but said that I felt no signs of hunger and would wait until the meat was boiled, the which I now threw upon the bench. It was a goodly sight to see the joy which my poor child felt, when I then also told her about the rye. She fell upon my neck, wept, sobbed, then took the little one up in her arms, danced about the room with her, and recited, as she was wont, all manner of Latin *versus*, which she knew by heart. Then she would prepare a right good supper for us, as a little salt was still left in the bottom of a barrel of meat which the Imperialists had broken up. I let her take her own way, and having scraped some soot from the chimney and mixed it with water, I tore a blank leaf out of '*Virgilius*,' and wrote to the *Pastor Liepensis*, his reverence Abraham Tiburtius, praying that for God his sake he would take our necessities to heart, and would exhort his parishioners to save us from dying of grim hunger, and charitably to spare to us some meat and drink, according as the all-merciful God had still left some to them, seeing that a beggar had told me that they had long been in peace from the terrible enemy. I knew not, however, wherewithal to seal the letter, until I found in the church a little wax still sticking to a wooden altar-candlestick, which the Imperialists had not thought it worth their while to steal, for they had only taken the brass ones. I sent three fellows in a boat with Hinrich Seden, the churchwarden, with this letter to Liepe.

First, however, I asked my old Ilse, who was born in Liepe, whether she would not rather return home, seeing how matters stood, and that I, for the present at least, could not give her a

stiver of her wages (mark that she had already saved up a small sum, seeing that she had lived in my service above twenty years, but the soldiers had taken it all). Howbeit, I could nowise persuade her to this, but she wept bitterly, and besought me only to let her stay with the good damsel whom she had rocked in her cradle. She would cheerfully hunger with us if it needs must be, so that she were not turned away. Whereupon, I yielded to her, and the others went alone.

Meanwhile the broth was ready, but scarce had we said the *Gratias*, and were about to begin our meal, when all the children of the village, seven in number, came to the door, and wanted bread, as they had heard we had some from my daughter her little godchild. Her heart again melted, and notwithstanding I besought her to harden herself against them, she comforted me with the message to Liepe, and poured out for each child a portion of broth on a wooden platter (for these also had been despised by the enemy), and put into their little hands a bit of meat, so that all our store was eaten up at once. We were, therefore, left fasting next morning, till towards midday, when the whole village gathered together in a meadow on the banks of the river to see the boat return. But, God be merciful to us, we had cherished vain hopes! six loaves and a sheep, *item*, a quarter of apples, was all they had brought. His reverence Abraham Tiburtius wrote to me that after the cry of their wealth had spread throughout the island, so many beggars had flocked thither that it was impossible to be just to all, seeing that they themselves did not know how it might fare with them in these heavy troublous times. Meanwhile he would see whether he could raise any more. I therefore with many sighs had the small pittance carried to the manse, and though two loaves were, as *Pastor Liepensis* said in his letter, for me alone, I gave them up to be shared among all alike, whereat all were content save Seden his squint-eyed wife, who would have had somewhat *extra* on the score of her husband's journey, which, however, as may be easily guessed, she did not get; wherefore she again muttered certain words between her teeth as she went away, which, however, no one understood. Truly she was an ill woman, and not *to be moved by the* word of God.

Any one may judge for himself that such a store could not last

long; and as all my parishioners felt an ardent longing after spiritual food, and as I and the churchwardens could only get together about sixteen farthings in the whole parish, which was not enough to buy bread and wine, the thought struck me once more to inform my lord the Sheriff of our need. With how heavy a heart I did this may be easily guessed, but necessity knows no law. I therefore tore the last blank leaf out of '*Virgilius*,' and begged that, for the sake of the Holy Trinity, his lordship would mercifully consider mine own distress and that of the whole parish, and bestow a little money to enable me to administer the holy sacrament for the comfort of afflicted souls; also, if possible, to buy a cup, were it only of tin, since the enemy had plundered us of ours, and I should otherwise be forced to consecrate the sacred elements in an earthen vessel. *Item*, I besought him to have pity on our bodily wants, and at last to send me the first-fruits which had stood over for so many years. That I did not want it for myself alone, but would willingly share it with my parishioners, until such time as God in his mercy should give us more.

Here a huge blot fell upon my paper; for the windows being boarded up, the room was dark, and but little light came through two small panes of glass, which I had broken out of the church, and stuck in between the boards: this, perhaps, was the reason why I did not see better. However, as I could not any where get another piece of paper, I let it pass, and ordered the maid, whom I sent with the letter to Pudgla, to excuse the same to his lordship the Sheriff, the which she promised to do; seeing that I could not add a word more on the paper, as it was written all over. I then sealed it as I had done before.

But the poor creature came back trembling for fear, and bitterly weeping, and said that his lordship had kicked her out of the castle-gate, and had threatened to set her in the stocks if she ever came before him again. "Did the parson think that he was as free with his money as I seemed to be with my ink? I surely had water enough to celebrate the Lord's Supper wherewithal. For if the Son of God had once changed the water into wine, he could surely do the like again. If I had no cup, I might water my flock out of a bucket, as he did himself;" with many more blasphemies, such as he afterwards wrote to me, *and by which, as may easily* be guessed, I was filled with

horror. Touching the first-fruits, as she told me, he said nothing at all. In such great spiritual and bodily need the blessed Sunday came round, when nearly all the congregation would have come to the Lord's table, but could not. I therefore spoke on the words of St. Augustine, *crede et manducasti*, and represented that the blame was not mine, and truly told what had happened to my poor maid at Pudgla, passing over much in silence, and only praying God to awaken the hearts of magistrates for our good. Peradventure I may have spoken more harshly than I meant. I know not; only that I spoke that which was in my heart. At the end I made all the congregation stay on their knees for nearly an hour, and call upon the Lord for his holy sacrament; *item*, for the relief of their bodily wants, as had been done every Sunday, and at all the daily prayers I had been used to read ever since the heavy time of the plague. Last of all, I led the glorious hymn, "When in greatest need we be;" which was no sooner finished than my new churchwarden, Claus Bulk of Uekeritze, who had formerly been a groom with his lordship, and whom he had now put into a farm, ran off to Pudgla, and told him all that had taken place in the church. Whereat his lordship was greatly angered, insomuch that he summoned the whole parish, which still numbered about 150 souls, without counting the children, and dictated *ad protocollum* whatsoever they could remember of the sermon, seeing that he meant to inform his Princely Grace the Duke of Pomerania of the blasphemous lies which I had vomited against him, and which must sorely offend every Christian heart. *Item*, what an avaricious wretch I must be to be always wanting something of him, and to be daily, so to say, pestering him in these hard times with my filthy letters, when he had not enough to eat himself. This he said should break the parson his neck, since his princely grace did all that he asked of him; and that no one in the parish need give me anything more, but only let me go my ways. He would soon take care that they should have quite a different sort of parson from what I was.

(Now I would like to see the man who could make up his mind to come into the midst of such wretchedness at all.)

This news was brought to me in the selfsame night, and gave me a great fright, as I now saw that I should not have a gracious

aster in his lordship, but should all the time of my miserable ife, even if I could any how support it, find in him an ungracious ord. But I soon felt some comfort, when Chim Krüger from Jekeritze, who brought me the news, took a little bit of his ucking-pig out of his pocket and gave it to me. Meanwhile old Paasch came in and said the same, and likewise brought me a piece of his old cow; *item*, my other warden, Hinrich Seden, with a slice of bread, and a fish which he had taken in his net; all saying they wished for no better priest than me, and that I was only to pray to the merciful Lord to bestow more upon them, whereupon I should want for nothing. Meanwhile I must be quiet, and not betray them. All this I promised; and my daughter Mary took the blessed gifts of God off the table and carried them into the inner chamber. But, alas! next morning, when she would have put the meat into the cauldron, it was all gone. I know not who prepared this new sorrow for me, but much believe it was Hinrich Seden his wicked wife, seeing he can never hold his tongue, and most likely told her every thing. Moreover, Paasch his little daughter saw that she had meat in her pot next day; *item*, that she had quarrelled with her husband, and had flung the fish-board at him, whereon some fresh fish-scales were sticking: she had, however, presently recollected herself when she saw the child. (Shame on thee, thou old witch, it is true enough, I dare say!) Hereupon naught was left us but to feed our poor souls with the word of God. But even our souls were so cast down that they could receive nought, any more than our bellies; my poor child, especially, from day to day grew paler, greyer, and yellower, and always threw up all her food, seeing she ate it without salt or bread. I had long wondered that the bread from Liepe was not yet done, but that every day at dinner I still had a morsel. I had often asked, "Whence comes all this blessed bread? I believe, after all, you save the whole for me, and take none for yourself or the maid." But they both then lifted to their mouths a piece of fir-tree bark, which they had cut to look like bread, and laid by their plates; and as the room was dark, I did not find out their deceit, but thought that they too were eating bread. But at last the maid told me of it, so that I should allow it no longer, as my daughter *would not listen to her.* It is not hard to guess how my heart

was wrung when I saw my poor child lying on her bed of moss struggling with grim hunger. But things were to go yet harder with me, for the Lord in his anger would break me in pieces like a potter's vessel. For behold, on the evening of the same day, old Paasch came running to me, complaining that all his and my corn in the field had been pulled up and miserably destroyed, and that it must have been done by Satan himself, as there was not a trace either of oxen or horses. At these words my poor child screamed aloud and fainted. I would have run to help her, but could not reach her bed, and fell on the ground myself for bitter grief. The loud cries of the maid and old Paasch soon brought us both to our senses. But I could not rise from the ground alone, for the Lord had bruised all my bones. I besought them, therefore, when they would have helped me, to leave me where I was; and when they would not, I cried out that I must again fall on the ground to pray, and begged them all save my daughter to depart out of the room. This they did, but the prayer would not come. I fell into heavy doubting and despair, and murmured against the Lord that he plagued me more sorely than Lazarus or Job. Wretch that I was, I cried, "Thou didst leave to Lazarus at least the crumbs and the pitiful dogs, but to me thou hast left nothing, and I myself am less in thy sight even than a dog; and Job thou didst not afflict until thou hadst mercifully taken away his children, but to me thou hast left my poor little daughter, that her torments may increase mine own a thousandfold. Behold, then, I can only pray that thou wilt take her from the earth, so that my grey head may gladly follow her to the grave! Woe is me, ruthless father, what have I done? I have eaten bread, and suffered my child to hunger! Oh, Lord Jesu, who hast said, 'What man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread will he give him a stone?' Behold I am that man!—behold I am that ruthless father! I have eaten bread, and have given wood to my child! Punish me; I will bear it and lie still. Oh, righteous Jesu, I have eaten bread, and have given wood to my child!' As I did not speak, but rather shrieked these words, wringing my hands the while, my child fell upon my neck, sobbing, and chid me for murmuring against the *Lord, seeing* that even she, a weak and frail woman, had never *doubted his* mercy; so that with shame and repentance I pre-

sently came to myself, and humbled myself before the Lord for such heavy sin.

Meanwhile the maid had run into the village with loud cries to see if she could get anything for her poor young mistress, but the people had already eaten their noontide meal, and most of them were gone to sea to seek their blessed supper; thus she could find nothing, seeing that old wife Seden, who alone had any victuals, would give her none, although she prayed her by Jesu's wounds.

She was telling us this when we heard a noise in the chamber, and presently Lizzie her worthy old husband, who had got in at the window by stealth, brought us a pot of good broth, which he had taken off the fire whilst his wife was gone for a moment into the garden. He well knew that his wife would make him pay for it, but that he did not mind, so the young mistress would but drink it, and she would find it salted and all. He would make haste out of the window again, and see that he got home before his wife, that she might not find out where he had been. But my daughter would not touch the broth, which sorely vexed him, so that he set it down on the ground cursing, and ran out of the room. It was not long before his squint-eyed wife came in at the front door, and when she saw the pot still steaming on the ground, she cried out, "Thou thief, thou cursed thieving carcass!" and would have flown at the face of my maid. But I threatened her, and told her all that had happened, and that if she would not believe me, she might go into the chamber and look out of the window, whence she might still, belike, see her goodman running home. This she did, and presently we heard her calling after him, "Wait, and the devil shall tear off thine arms, only wait till thou art home again!" After this she came back, and, muttering something, took the pot off the ground. I begged her, for the love of God, to spare a little to my child; but she mocked at me and said, "You can preach to her, as you did to me," and walked towards the door with the pot. My child indeed besought me to let her go, but I could not help calling after her, "For the love of God, one good sup, or my poor child must give up the ghost: wilt thou that at the day of judgment God should have mercy on thee, so show mercy this day to me and mine!" But she scoffed at us again, and cried out, "Let her cook herself some bacon," and went out at

the door. I then sent the maid after her with the hour-glass which stood before me on the table, to offer it to her for a good sup out of the pot; but the maid brought it back, saying that she would not have it. Alas, how I wept and sobbed, as my poor dying child with a loud sigh buried her head again in the moss! Yet the merciful God was more gracious to me than my unbelief had deserved; for when the hard-hearted woman bestowed a little broth on her neighbour old Paasch, he presently brought it to my child, having heard from the maid how it stood with her; and I believe that this broth, under God, alone saved her life, for she raised her head as soon as she had supped it, and was able to go about the house again in an hour. May God reward the good fellow for it! Thus I had some joy in the midst of my trouble. But while I sat by the fire-side in the evening musing on my fate, my grief again broke forth, and I made up my mind to leave my house, and even my cure, and to wander through the wide world with my daughter as a beggar. God knows I had cause enough for it; for now that all my hopes were dashed, seeing that my field was quite ruined, and that the Sheriff had become my bitter enemy, moreover that it was five years since I had had a wedding, *item*, but two christenings during the past year, I saw my own and my daughter's death staring me in the face, and no prospect of better times at hand. Our want was increased by the great fears of the congregation; for although by God's wondrous mercy they had already begun to take good draughts of fish both in the sea and the Achterwater, and many of the people in the other villages had already gotten bread, salt, oatmeal, &c., from the Polters and Quatzners of Anklam and Lassan* in exchange for their fish; nevertheless, they brought me nothing, fearing lest it might be told at Pudgla, and make his lordship ungracious to them. I therefore beckoned my daughter to me, and told her what was in my thoughts, saying that God, in his mercy, could any day bestow on me another cure if I was found worthy in his sight of such a favour, seeing that these terrible days of pestilence and war had called away many of the servants of his word, and that I had not fled like a hireling from his flock, but, on the contrary, till *datum* shared sorrow and death with it. Whether she were able to

* *These* people still go about the Achterwater every day in small boats called *Polten* and Quatzen, and buy from the boors any fish they may have caught.

walk five or ten miles a day; for that then we would beg our way to Hamburg, to my departed wife her step-brother, Martin Behring, who is a great merchant in that city.

This at first sounded strange to her, seeing that she had very seldom been out of our parish, and that her departed mother and her little brother lay in our churchyard. She asked, "who was to make up their graves and plant flowers on them? *Item*, as the Lord had given her a smooth face, what I should do if in these wild and cruel times she were attacked on the highways by marauding soldiers or other villains, seeing that I was a weak old man and unable to defend her; *item*, wherewithal should we shield ourselves from the frost, as the winter was setting in, and the enemy had robbed us of our clothes, so that we had scarce enough left to cover our nakedness?" All this I had not considered, and was forced to own that she was right; so after much discussion we determined to leave it this night to the Lord, and to do whatever he should put into our hearts next morning. At any rate, we saw that we could in nowise keep the old maid any longer; I therefore called her out of the kitchen, and told her she had better go early next morning to Liepe, as there still was food there, whereas here she must starve, seeing that perhaps we ourselves might leave the parish and the country to-morrow. I thanked her for the love and faith she had shown us, and begged her at last, amid the loud sobs of my poor daughter, to depart forthwith privately, and not to make our hearts still heavier by leave-taking; that old Paasch was going a-fishing to-night on the Achterwater, as he had told me, and no doubt would readily set her on shore at Grüssow, where she had friends, and could eat her fill even to-day. She could not say a word for weeping, but when she saw that I was really in earnest she went out of the room. Not long after we heard the house-door shut to, whereupon my daughter moaned, "She is gone already," and ran straight to the window to look after her. "Yes," cried she, as she saw her through the little panes, "she is really gone;" and she wrung her hands and would not be comforted. At last, however, she was quieted when I spoke of the maid Hagar, whom Abraham had likewise cast off, but on whom the Lord had nevertheless shown mercy in the wilderness; and hereupon we commended ourselves to the Lord, and stretched ourselves on our couches of moss.

CHAPTER IX.

How the old maid-servant humbled me by her faith, and the Lord yet blessed me his unworthy servant.

"BLESS the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies" (Ps. ciii.).

Alas! wretched man that I am, how shall I understand all the benefits and mercies which the Lord bestowed upon me, the very next day? I now wept for joy as of late I had done for sorrow; and my child danced about the room like a young roe, and would not go to bed, but only cry and dance, and between whiles repeat the 103rd Psalm, then dance and cry again until morning broke. But as she was still very weak, I rebuked her presumption, seeing that this was tempting the Lord; and now mark what had happened.

After we had both woke in the morning with deep sighs, and called upon the Lord to manifest to us, in our hearts, what we should do, we still could not make up our minds. I therefore called to my child, if she felt strong enough, to leave her bed and light a fire in the stove herself, as our maid was gone; that we would then consider the matter further. She accordingly got up, but came back in an instant with cries of joy, because the maid had privately stolen back into the house, and had already made a fire. Hereupon I sent for her to my bedside, and wondered at her disobedience, and asked what she now wanted here, but to torment me and my daughter still more, and why she did not go yesterday with old Paasch? But she lamented and wept so sore that she scarce could speak, and I understood only thus much: that she had eaten with us, and would likewise starve with us, for that she could never part from her young mistress, whom she had known from her cradle. Such faithful love moved me

so, that I said almost with tears, "But hast thou not heard that my daughter and I have determined to wander as beggars about the country; where, then, wilt thou remain?" To this she answered that neither would she stay behind, seeing it was more fitting for her to beg than for us; but that she could not yet see why I wished to go out into the wide world; whether I had already forgotten that I had said, in my induction sermon, that I would abide with my flock in affliction and in death? That I should stay yet a little longer where I was, and send her to Liepe, as she hoped to get something worth having for us, there, from her friends and others. These words, especially those about my induction sermon, fell heavy on my conscience, and I was ashamed of my want of faith, since, not my daughter only, but yet more, even my maid, had stronger faith than I, who, nevertheless, professed to be a servant of God's word. I believed that the Lord, to keep me, poor fearful hireling, and, at the same time, to humble me, had awakened the spirit of this poor maid-servant to prove me, as the maid in the palace of the high-priest had also proved the fearful St. Peter. Wherefore I turned my face towards the wall, like Hezekiah, and humbled myself before the Lord; which scarce had I done before my child ran into the room again, with a cry of joy. For behold some Christian heart had stolen quietly into the house in the night, and had laid in the chamber two loaves, a good piece of meat, a bag of oatmeal, *item* a bag of salt, holding near a pint. Any one may guess what shouts of joy we all raised. Neither was I ashamed to confess my sins before my maid; and in our common morning prayer, which we said on our knees, I made fresh vows to the Lord, of obedience and faith. Thus we had that morning a grand breakfast, and sent something to old Paasch besides; *item*, my daughter again sent for all the little children to come, and kindly fed them with our store, before they said their tasks; and when in my heart of little faith I sighed thereat, although I said naught, she smiled, and said, "Take therefore no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself."*

The Holy Ghost spoke by her, as I cannot but believe, nor thou either, beloved reader: for, mark what happened. In the afternoon, she (I mean my child) went up the Streckelberg to

* *Matt.* vi. 34.

seek for blackberries, as old Paasch had told her through the maid that a few bushes were still left. The maid was chopping wood in the yard, to which end she had borrowed old Paasch his axe, for the Imperialist thieves had thrown away mine, so that it could nowhere be found; and I myself was pacing up and down in the room, meditating my sermon; when my child, with her apron full, came quickly in at the door, quite red and with beaming eyes, and scarce able for joy to say more than "Father, father, what have I got?" "Well," quoth I, "what hast thou got, my child?" Whereupon she opened her apron, and I scarce trusted my eyes when I saw, instead of the blackberries which she had gone to seek, two shining pieces of amber, each nearly as big as a man's head, not to mention the small pieces, some of which were as large as my hand, and that, God knows, is no small one. "Child of my heart," cried I, "how cam'st thou by this blessing from God?" As soon as she could fetch her breath, she told me as follows:

That while she was seeking for blackberries in a dell near the shore, she saw somewhat glistening in the sun, and on coming near, she found this wondrous Godsend, seeing that the wind had blown the sand away from off a black vein of amber.* That she straightway had broken off these pieces with a stick, and that there was plenty more to be got, seeing that it rattled about under the stick when she thrust it into the sand, neither could she force it farther than, at most, a foot deep into the ground; *item*, she told me that she had covered the place all over again with sand, and swept it smooth with her apron so as to leave no traces.

Moreover, that no stranger was at all likely to go thither, seeing that no blackberries grew very near, and she had gone to the spot, moved by curiosity and a wish to look upon the sea, rather than from any need; but that she could easily find the place again herself, inasmuch as she had marked it with three little stones. What was our first act after the all-merciful God had rescued us out of such misery, nay, even, as it seemed, endowed

* This happens frequently even now, and has occurred to the editor himself. The small dark vein held indeed a few pieces of amber, mixed with charcoal, a sure proof of its vegetable origin, of which we may observe in passing there is now scarce any doubt, since whole trees of amber have been found in Prussia, and are preserved in the museum at Königsberg.

us with great riches, any one may guess. When we at length got up off our knees, my child would straightway have run to tell the maid our joyful news. But I forbade her, seeing that we could not be sure that the maid might not tell it again to her friends, albeit in all other things she was a faithful woman, and feared God; but that if she did that, the Sheriff would be sure to hear of it, and to seize upon our treasure for his Princely Highness the Duke, that is to say, for himself; and that naught would be left to us but the sight thereof, and our want would begin all over again; that we therefore would say, when folks asked about the luck that had befallen us, that my deceased brother, who was a councillor at Rotterdam, had left us a good lump of money; and indeed it was true that I had inherited near 200 florins from him a year ago, which, however, the soldiery (as mentioned above) cruelly robbed me of; *item*, that I would go to Wolgast myself next day, and sell the little bits as best I might, saying that thou hadst picked them up by the seaside; thou mayst tell the maid the same, if thou wilt, but show the larger pieces to no one, and I will send them to thy uncle at Hamburg, to be turned into money for us; perchance I may be able to sell one of them at Wolgast, if I find occasion, so as to buy clothes enough for the winter, for thee and for me, wherefore thou, too, mayst go with me. We will take the few farthings which the congregation have brought together, to pay the ferry, and thou canst order the maid to wait for us till eventide at the water-side to carry home the victuals. She agreed to all this, but said we had better first break off some more amber, so that we might get a good round sum for it at Hamburg; and I thought so too, wherefore we stopped at home next day, seeing that we did not want for food, and that my child, as well as myself, both wished to refresh ourselves a little before we set out on our journey; *item*, we likewise bethought us that old Master Rothoog, of Loddin, who is a cabinet-maker, might knock together a little box for us, to put the amber in, wherefore I sent the maid to him in the afternoon. Meanwhile we ourselves went up the Streckelberg, where I cut a young fir-tree with my pocket-knife, which I had saved from the enemy, and shaped it like a spade, so that I might be better able to dig deep therewith. First, however, we looked about us well on the mountain, and seeing nobody, my daughter walked on to the

place, which she straightway found again. Great God! what a mass of amber was there! The vein was hard upon twenty feet long, as near as I could feel, and the depth of it I could not sound. Nevertheless, save four good-sized pieces, none, however, so big as those of yesterday, we this day only broke out little splinters, such as the apothecaries bruise for incense. After we had most carefully covered and smoothed over the place, a great mishap was very near befalling us; for we met Witthan her little girl, who was seeking blackberries, and she asked what my daughter carried in her apron, who straightway grew red, and stammered so that our secret would have been betrayed if I had not presently said, "What is that to thee? she has got fir-apples, for firing," which the child believed. Wherefore we resolved in future only to go up the mountain at night by moonlight, and we went home and got there before the maid, and hid our treasure in the bedstead, so that she should not see it.

CHAPTER X.

How we journeyed to Wolgast, and made good barter there.

Two days after, so says my daughter, but old Ilse thinks it was three (and I myself know not which is true), we at last went to the town, seeing that Master Rothoog had not got the box ready before. My daughter covered it over with a piece of my departed wife her wedding gown, which the Imperialists had indeed torn to pieces, but as they had left it lying outside, the wind had blown it into the orchard, where we found it. It was very shabby before, otherwise I doubt not they would have carried it off with them. On account of the box we took old Ilse with us, who had to carry it, and as amber is very light ware she readily believed that the box held nothing but eatables. At day-break, then, we took our staves in our hands, and set out with God. Near Zitze,* a hare ran across the road before us, which they say bodes no good. Well-a-day!—When we came near Bannemin I asked a fellow if it was true that here a mother had slaughtered her own child, from hunger, as I had heard. He said it was, and that the old woman's name was Zisse; but that God had been wrath at such a horrid deed, and she had got no good by it, seeing that she vomited so much upon eating it, that she forthwith gave up the ghost. On the whole he thought things were already going rather better with the parish, as Almighty God had richly blessed them with fish, both out of the sea and the Achterwater. Nevertheless a great number of people had died of hunger here also. He told us that their vicar, his reverence Johannes Lampius,† had had his house burnt down by the Imperialists, and was lying in a hovel near the church. I sent him my greeting, desiring that he would soon come to visit me (which the fellow promised he would take care to deliver to

* A village half way between Coserow and Wolgast, now called Zinnowitz.

† The present parish archives contain several short and incomplete notices of his sufferings during these dreadful wars.

him), for the reverend Johannes is a pious and learned man, and has also composed sundry Latin *Chronosticha* on these wretched times, in *metrum heroicum*, which, I must say, please me greatly.* When we had crossed the ferry we went in at Sehms his house, on the Castle green, who keeps an ale-house; he told us that the pestilence had not yet altogether ceased in the town; whereat I was much afraid, more especially as he described to us so many other horrors and miseries of these fearful times, both here and in other places, *e. g.* of the great famine in the island of Rügen, where a number of people had grown as black as Moors from hunger; a wondrous thing if it be true, and one might almost gather therefrom how the first blackamoors came about.† But be that as it may. *Summa.* When Master Sehms had told us all the news he had heard, and we had thus learnt to our great comfort that the Lord had not visited us only in these times of heavy need, I called him aside into a chamber and asked him whether I could not here find means to get money for a piece of amber, which my daughter had found by the sea. At first he said "No;" but then recollecting, he began, "Stay, let me see, at Nicolas Graeke's, the inn at the castle, there are two great Dutch merchants, Dieterich von Pehnen and Jacob Kiekebusch, who are come to buy pitch and boards, *item* timber for ships and beams; perchance they may like to cheapen your amber too; but you had better go up to the castle yourself, for I do not know for certain whether they still are there." This I did, although I had not yet eaten anything in the man's house, seeing that I wanted to know first what sort of bargain I might make, and to save the farthings belonging to the church until then. So I went into the castle-yard. Gracious God! what a desert had even his Princely Highness' house become, within a

* The old vicar has introduced them among the still-existing parochial accounts, and we will here give a specimen of them:—

For 1620.

VsqVe qVo Do MIne IrasCerIs, sIs nobIs pater!

For 1628.

InqVe tVa DeXtra fer operaM tV ChrIste benIgne!

† Micrælius, also, in his 'Ancient Pomerania' (vol. lxxi. 2), mentions this circumstance, but only says:—"Those who came over to Stralsund were quite black from the hunger they had suffered." This accounts for the *strange exaggeration* of mine host, and the still stranger conclusion of our *author.*

short time! The Danes had ruined the stables and hunting-lodge, Anno 1628; *item*, destroyed several rooms in the castle; and in the *locamentum* of his Princely Highness Duke Philippus, where, Anno 22, he so graciously entertained me and my child, as will be told further on, now dwelt the inn-keeper Nicolas Graeke; and all the fair tapestries, whereon was represented the pilgrimage to Jerusalem of his Princely Highness Bogislaus X., were torn down, and the walls left gray and bare.* At this sight my heart was sorely grieved; but I presently enquired for the merchants, who sat at the table drinking their parting cup, with their travelling equipments already lying by them, seeing that they were just going to set out on their way to Stettin; straightway one of them jumped up from his liquor, a little fellow with a right noble paunch, and a black plaster on his nose, and asked me what I would of them? I took him aside into a window, and told him I had some fine amber, if he had a mind to buy it of me, which he straightway agreed to do. And when he had whispered somewhat into the ear of his fellow, he began to look very pleasant, and reached me the pitcher before we went to my inn. I drank to him right heartily, seeing that, as I have already said, I was still fasting, so that I felt my very heart warmed by it in an instant. (Gracious God, what can go beyond a good draught of wine taken within measure!) After this we went to my inn, and told the maid to carry the box on one side into a small chamber. I had scarce opened it and taken away the gown, when the man (whose name was Dieterich von Pehnen, as he had told me by the way), held up both hands for joy, and said he had never seen such wealth of amber, and how had I come by it? I answered that my child had found it on the sea-shore; whereat he wondered greatly that we had so much amber here, and offered me 300 florins for the whole box. I was quite beside myself for joy at such an offer, but took care not to let him see it, and bargained with him till I got 500 florins, and I was to go with him to the Castle, and

* Compare Heller's 'Chronicle of the Town of Wolgast,' p. 42, *et cet.* The riots were caused by the successor of Philippus Julius (d. 6 Feb. 1625), who was also the last Duke of Pomerania, Bogislaus XIV., choosing to reside in Stettin. At the present time the castle is a mere ruin, and only several large vaulted cellars remain, wherein some of the tradesmen of the present day *keep their shops.*

take the money forthwith. Hereupon I ordered mine host to make ready at once a mug of beer, and a good dinner for my child, and went back to the Castle with the man, and the maid who carried the box, begging him, in order to avoid common talk, to say nothing of my good fortune to mine host, nor, indeed, to any one else in the town, and to count out the money to me privately, seeing that I could not be sure that the thieves might not lay in wait for me on the road home, if they heard of it, and this the man did; for he whispered something into the ear of his fellow, who straightway opened his leathern surcoat, *item* his doublet and hose, and unbuckled from his paunch a well-filled purse which he gave to him. *Summa.* Before long I had my riches in my pocket, and, moreover, the man begged me to write to him at Amsterdam whenever I found any more amber, the which I promised to do. But the worthy fellow, as I have since heard, died of the plague at Stettin, together with his companion—truly I wish it had happened otherwise.* Shortly after, I was very near getting into great trouble; for, as I had an extreme longing to fall on my knees, so that I could not wait until such time as I should have got back to my inn, I went up three or four steps of the Castle-stairs, and entered into a small chamber, where I humbled myself before the Lord. But the host, Nicolas Graeke, followed me, thinking I was a thief, and would have stopped me, so that I knew not how to excuse myself but by saying that I had been made drunken by the wine which the strange merchants had given to me (for he had seen what a good pull I had made at it), seeing I had not broken my fast that morning, and that I was looking for a chamber wherein I might sleep a while, which lie he believed (if in truth it were a lie, for I was really drunken, though not with wine, but with love and gratitude to my Maker), and accordingly he let me go.—

But I must now tell my story of his Princely Highness, as I promised above. Anno 22, as I chanced to walk with my daughter, who was then a child of about twelve years old, in the castle-

* Micrælius mentions these Dutch merchants, p. 171, but asserts that the cause of their death was doubtful, and that the town physician, Dr. Laurentius *Eichstadius*, in Stettin, had written a special medical paper on the *subject. However* he calls one of them Kiekepost, instead of Kiekebusch.

garden at Wolgast, and was showing her the beautiful flowers that grew there, it chanced that as we came round from behind some bushes we espied my gracious lord the Duke Philippus Julius, with his Princely Highness the Duke Bogislaff, who lay here on a visit, standing on a mount and conversing, wherefore we were about to return. But as my gracious lords presently walked on toward the drawbridge, we went to look at the mount where they had stood; of a sudden my little girl shouted loudly for joy, seeing that she found on the earth a costly signet-ring, which one of their Princely Highnesses doubtless had dropped. I therefore said, "Come, and we will follow our gracious lords with all speed, and thou shalt say to them in Latin: *Serenissimi principes, quis vestrum hunc annulum deperdidit* (for, as I have mentioned above, I had instructed her in the Latin tongue ever since her seventh year)? and if one of them says *Ego*, give to him the ring. *Item.*—Should he ask thee in Latin to whom thou belongest, be not abashed, and say: *Ego sum filia pastoris Coserowiensis;* for thou wilt thus find favour in the eyes of their Princely Highnesses, for they are both gracious gentlemen, more especially the taller one, who is our gracious ruler Philippus Julius himself." This she promised to do; but as she trembled sorely as she went, I encouraged her yet more and promised her a new gown if she did it, seeing that even as a little child she would have given a great deal for fine clothes. As soon, then, as we were come into the court-yard, I stood by the statue of his Princely Highness Ernest Ludewig,* and whispered her to run boldly after them, as their Princely Highnesses were only a few steps before us and had already turned toward the great entrance. This she did, but of a sudden she stood still, and would have turned back, because she was frightened by the spurs of their Princely Highnesses, as she afterwards told me, seeing that they rattled and jingled very loudly.

But my gracious lady the Duchess Agnes saw her from the open window wherein she lay, and called to his Princely Highness, "My lord, there is a little maiden behind you, who, it seems, would speak with you," whereupon his Princely Highness straightway turned him round, smiling pleasantly, so that my little maid presently took courage, and, holding up the ring, spoke in

* *The father of Philippus Julius*, died at Wolgast the 17th June, 1592.

Latin as I had told her. Hereat both the princes wondered beyond measure, and after my gracious Duke Philippus had felt his finger, he answered, "*Dulcissima puella, ego perdidi;*" whereupon she gave it to him. Then he patted her cheek, and again asked, "*Sed quænam es, et unde venis?*" whereupon she boldly gave her answer, and at the same time pointed with her finger to where I stood by the statue; whereupon his Princely Highness motioned me to draw near. My gracious lady saw all that passed from the window, but all at once she left it. She, however, came back to it again before I had time even humbly to draw near to my gracious lord, and beckoned to my child, and held a cake out of the window for her. On my telling her, she ran up to the window, but her Princely Highness could not reach so low nor she so high above her as to take it, wherefore my gracious lady commanded her to come up into the castle, and as she looked anxiously round after me, motioned me also, as did my gracious lord himself, who presently took the timid little maid by the hand and went up with his Princely Highness the Duke Bogislaff. My gracious lady came to meet us at the door, and caressed and embraced my little daughter, so that she soon grew quite bold and ate the cake. When my gracious lord had asked me my name, *item*, why I had in so singular a manner taught my daughter the Latin tongue, I answered that I had heard much from a cousin at Cologne of Maria Schurman,* and as I had observed a

* Anna Maria Schurman, born at Cologne on the 5th Nov., 1607, died at Wiewardin the 5th May, 1678, was, according to the unanimous testimony of her contemporaries, a prodigy of learning, and, perhaps, the most learned woman that ever lived. The Frenchman Naudé says of her, "You find in her alone all that the hand can fashion or the mind conceive. No one paints better, no one works better in brass, wax, and wood. In needlework she excels all women past or present. It is impossible to say in what branch of knowledge she is most distinguished. Not content with the European languages, she understands Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, and writes Latin so well that no one who has devoted his whole life to it can do it better." The celebrated Netherlander Spanheim calls her a teacher of the Graces and the Muses; the still more celebrated Salmasius confesses that he knows not in which branch of learning to say she excells: and the Pole Rotyer calls her "The sole example of all wondrous works in one single learned person, and a perfect *monstrum* of her sex, yet without fault or blame." For, in truth, with all her extraordinary knowledge she was marvellously humble, although she herself confesses that the immoderate praises of the learned even yet at *times blinded her to her own defects.* In her later years she went over to the *sect of the Labadists*, which appears to have some points in common with *that of the Muckers.* She died unmarried, as an early love-affair in her 15th

very excellent *ingenium* in my child, and also had time enough in my lonely cure, I did not hesitate to take her in hand, and teach her from her youth up, seeing I had no boy alive. Hereat their Princely Highnesses marvelled greatly, and put some more questions to her in Latin, which she answered without any prompting from me. Whereupon my gracious lord Duke Philippus said in the vulgar tongue: "When thou art grown up and art one day to be married, tell it to me, and thou shalt then have another ring from me, and whatsoever else pertains to a bride, for thou hast this day done me good service, seeing that this ring is a precious jewel to me, as I had it from my wife." Hereupon I whispered her to kiss his Princely Highness hand for such a promise, and so she did.

(But alas, most gracious God, it is one thing to promise and quite another to hold! Where is his Princely Highness at this time? Wherefore let me ever keep in mind that "thou only art faithful, and that which thou hast promised thou wilt surely hold." Ps. xxxiii. 4. Amen.*)

Item. When his Princely Highness had also inquired concerning myself and my cure, and heard that I was of ancient and noble family, and my *salarium* very small, he called from the window to his chancellor, D. Rungius, who stood without, looking at the sundial, and told him that I was to have an addition from the convent at Pudgla, *item* from the crown-lands at Ernsthoff, as I mentioned above, but, more's the pity, I never have received the same, although the *instrumentum donationis* was sent me soon after by his Princely Highness chancellor.

Then cakes were brought for me also, *item*, a glass of foreign wine in a glass painted with armorial bearings, whereupon I humbly took my leave, together with my daughter.

However, to come back to my bargain, anybody may guess what joy my child felt when I showed her the fair ducats and florins I had gotten for the amber. To the maid, however, we said that we had inherited such riches from my brother in Holland, and after we had again given thanks to the Lord on our

year with the Dutchman Caets had been broken off. It is related of her as a strange fancy that she liked to eat spiders. The celebrated Spanheim was the first to publish an edition of her works under the title of 'Annæ Mariæ a Schurman opuscula.' *Leyden*, 1648.

* *Luther's version.*

knees, and eaten our dinner, we bought in a great store of bread, salt, meat, and stock-fish: *item*, of clothes, seeing that I provided what was needful for us three throughout the winter from the cloth-merchant. Moreover, for my daughter, I bought a hair-net and a scarlet silk boddice, with a black apron and white petticoat, *item*, a fine pair of ear-rings, as she begged hard for them; and as soon as I had ordered the needful from the cord-wainer we set out on our way homewards, as it began to grow very dark; but we could not carry nearly all we had bought. Wherefore we were forced to get a peasant from Bannemin to help us, who likewise was come into the town, and as I found out from him that the fellow who gave me the piece of bread was a poor cotter called Pantermehl, who dwelt in the village by the roadside, I shoved a couple of loaves in at his house-door without his knowing it, and we went on our way by the bright moonlight, so that by the help of God we got home about ten o'clock at night. I likewise gave a loaf to the other fellow, though truly he deserved it not, seeing that he would go with us no further than to Zitze. But I let him go, for I, too, had not deserved that the Lord should so greatly bless me.

CHAPTER XI.

How I fed all the congregation: *item*, how I journeyed to the horse-fair at Gützkow, and what befel me there.

NEXT morning my daughter cut up the blessed bread, and sent to every one in the village a good large piece. But as we saw that our store would soon run low, we sent the maid with a truck, which we bought of Adam Lempken, to Wolgast to buy more bread, which she did. *Item*, I gave notice throughout the parish that on Sunday next I should administer the blessed sacrament, and in the mean time I bought up all the large fish that the people of the village had caught. And when the blessed Sunday was come I first heard the confessions of the whole parish, and after that I preached a sermon on Matt. xv. 32, "I have compassion on the multitude . . . . for they have nothing to eat." I first applied the same to spiritual food only, and there arose a great sighing from both the men and the women, when, at the end, I pointed to the altar whereon stood the blessed food for the soul, and repeated the words, "I have compassion on the multitude . . . . for they have nothing to eat." (N.B. The pewter cup I had borrowed at Wolgast, and bought there a little earthenware plate for a paten till such time as Master Bloom should have made ready the silver cup and paten I had bespoke.) Thereupon as soon as I had consecrated and administered the blessed sacrament, *item*, led the closing hymn, and every one had silently prayed his "Our Father" before going out of church, I came out of the confessional again, and motioned the people to stay yet awhile, as the blessed Saviour would feed not only their souls, but their bodies also, seeing that he still had the same compassion on his people as of old on the people at the Sea of Galilee, as they should presently see. Then I went into the tower and fetched out two baskets, which the maid had bought at Wolgast, and which I had hidden there in good time; set them down in front of the altar, and took off the napkins with which they were covered, whereupon a very

loud shout arose, inasmuch as they saw one filled with broiled fish and the other with bread, which we had put into them privately. Hereupon, like our Saviour, I gave thanks and brake it, and gave it to the churchwarden Hinrich Seden, that he might distribute it among the men, and to my daughter for the women. Whereupon I made application of the text, "I have compassion on the multitude, for they have nothing to eat," to the food of the body also; and walking up and down in the church amid great outcries from all, I exhorted them alway to trust in God's mercy, to pray without ceasing, to work diligently, and to consent to no sin. What was left I made them gather up for their children and the old people who were left at home.

After church, when I had scarce put off my surplice, Hinrich Seden his squint-eyed wife came and impudently asked for more for her husband's journey to Liepe; neither had she had anything for herself, seeing she had not come to church. This angered me sore, and I said to her, "Why wast thou not at church? Nevertheless, if thou hadst come humbly to me thou shouldst have gotten somewhat even now, but as thou comest impudently, I will give thee nought: think on what thou didst to me and to my child." But she stood at the door and glowered impudently about the room till my daughter took her by the arm and led her out, saying, "Hear'st thou, thou shalt come back humbly before thou gett'st anything, but when thou comest thus, thou also shalt have thy share, for we will no longer reckon with thee an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth; let the Lord do that if such be his will, but we will gladly forgive thee!" Hereupon she at last went out at the door, muttering to herself as she was wont; but she spat several times in the street, as we saw from the window.

Soon after I made up my mind to take into my service a lad, near upon twenty years of age, called Claus Neels, seeing that his father, old Neels of Loddin, begged hard that I would do so, besides which the lad pleased me well in manners and otherwise. Then, as we had a good harvest this year, I resolved to buy me a couple of horses forthwith, and to sow my field again; for although it was now late in the year, I thought that the merciful God might bless the crop with increase if it seemed good to him.

Neither did I feel much care with respect to food for them, inasmuch as there was a great plenty of hay in the neighbourhood, seeing that all the cattle had been killed or driven away (as related above). I therefore made up my mind to go in God's name with my new ploughman to Gützkow, whither a great many Mecklenburg horses were brought to the fair, seeing that times were not yet so bad there as with us.* Meanwhile I went a few more times up the Streckelberg with my daughter at night, and by moonlight, but found very little; so that we began to think our luck had come to an end, when, on the third night, we broke off some pieces of amber bigger even than those the two Dutchmen had bought. These I resolved to send to my wife's brother, Martin Behring, at Hamburg, seeing that the schipper Wulff of Wolgast intends, as I am told, to sail thither this very autumn, with pitch and wood for ship-building. I accordingly packed it all up in a strong chest, which I carried with me to Wolgast when I started with my man on my journey to Gützkow. Of this journey I will only relate thus much, that there were plenty of horses, and very few buyers in the market. Wherefore I bought a pair of fine black horses for twenty florins a-piece; *item*, a cart for five florins; *item*, twenty-five bushels of rye which also came from Mecklenburg, at one florin the bushel, whereas it is hardly to be had now at Wolgast for love or money, and costs three florins or more the bushel. I might therefore have made a good bargain in rye at Gützkow if it had become my office, and had I not, moreover, been afraid lest the robbers, who swarm in these evil times, should take away my corn, and ill-use, and perchance murder me into the bargain, as has happened to sundry people already. For, at this time especially, such robberies were carried on after a strange and frightful fashion on Strellin heath at Gützkow; but by God's help it all came to light just as I journeyed thither with my man-servant to the fair, and I will here tell how it happened. Some months before a man had been broken on the wheel at Gützkow, because, being tempted of Satan, he murdered a travelling workman. The man, however, straightway began to walk after so fearful a fashion, that in the evening and night-season he sprang down from the wheel in his gallows' dress whenever a cart passed

* *The fief of Mecklenburg was given by the Emperor to Wallenstein, who spared the country as much as he could.*

by the gallows, which stands hard by the road to Wolgast, and jumped up behind the people, who in horror and dismay flogged on their horses, and thereby made a great rattling on the log-embankment which leads beside the gallows into a little wood called the Kraulin. And it was a strange thing that on the same night the travellers were almost always robbed or murdered on Strellin heath. Hereupon the magistrates had the man taken down from the wheel, and buried under the gallows, in hopes of laying his ghost. But it went on just as before, sitting at night snow-white on the wheel, so that none durst any longer travel the road to Wolgast. Until at last it happened that, at the time of the above-named fair, young Rüdiger von Nienkerken of Mellenthin, in Usedom, who had been studying at Wittenberg and elsewhere, and was now on his way home, came this road by night with his carriage. Just before, at the inn, I myself had tried to persuade him to stop the night at Gützkow on account of the ghost, and to go on his journey with me next morning, but he would not. Now as soon as this young lord drove along the road, he also espied the apparition sitting on the wheel, and scarcely had he passed the gallows when the ghost jumped down and ran after him. The driver was horribly afraid, and lashed on the horses as everybody else had done before, and they, taking fright, galloped away over the log-road with a marvellous clatter. Meanwhile, however, the young nobleman saw by the light of the moon how that the apparition flattened a ball of horse-dung whereon it trod, and straightway felt sure within himself that it was no ghost. Whereupon he called to the driver to stop; and as the man would not hearken to him, he sprung out of the carriage, drew his rapier, and hastened to attack the ghost. When the ghost saw this he would have turned and fled; but the young nobleman gave him such a blow on the head with his fist that he fell upon the ground with a loud wailing. *Summa:* the young lord, having called back his driver, dragged the ghost into the town again, where he turned out to be a shoemaker called Schwelm.

'I also, on seeing such a great crowd, ran thither with many others, to look at the fellow. He trembled like an aspen leaf; and when he was roughly told to make a clean breast, whereby he might peradventure save his own life, if it appeared that he had murdered no one, he confessed that he had got his wife to

make him a gallows' dress, which he had put on, and had sat on the wheel before the dead man, when, from the darkness and the distance, no one could see that the two were sitting there together; and this he did more especially when he knew that a cart was going from the town to Wolgast. When the cart came by, and he jumped down and ran after it, all the people were so affrighted that they no longer kept their eyes upon the gallows, but only on him, flogged the horses, and galloped with much noise and clatter over the log-embankment. This was heard by his fellows in Strellin and Dammbecke (two villages which are about three-fourths on the way), who held themselves ready to unyoke the horses and to plunder the travellers when they came up with them. That after the dead man was buried he could play the ghost more easily still, &c. That this was the whole truth, and that he himself had never in his life robbed, still less murdered, any one; wherefore he begged to be forgiven: that all the robberies and murders which had happened had been done by his fellows alone. Ah, thou cunning knave! But I heard afterwards that he and his fellows were broken on the wheel together, as was but fair.

And now to come back to my journey. The young nobleman abode that night with me at the inn, and early next morning we both set forth; and as we had grown into good fellowship together, I got into his coach with him as he offered me, so as to talk by the way, and my Claus drove behind us. I soon found that he was a well-bred, honest, and learned gentleman, seeing that he despised the wild student life, and was glad that he had now done with their scandalous drinking-bouts: moreover, he talked his Latin readily. I had therefore much pleasure with him in the coach. However, at Wolgast the rope of the ferry-boat broke, so that we were carried down the stream to Zeuzin,* and at length we only got ashore with great trouble. Meanwhile it grew late, and we did not get into Coserow till nine, when I asked the young lord to abide the night with me, which he agreed to do. We found my child sitting in the chimney corner, making a petticoat for her little god-daughter out of her own old clothes. She was greatly frighted, and changed colour when she saw the young lord *come in with me*, and heard that he was to lie there

* Now Sauzin.

that night, seeing that as yet we had no more beds than we had bought for our own need from old Zabel Nering the forest-ranger his widow, at Uekeritze. Wherefore she took me aside: What was to be done? My bed was in an ill plight, her little godchild having lain on it that morning; and she could no wise put the young nobleman into hers, although she would willingly creep in by the maid herself. And when I asked her why not? she blushed scarlet, and began to cry, and would not show herself again the whole evening, so that the maid had to see to every thing, even to the putting white sheets on my child's bed for the young lord, as she would not do it herself. I only tell this to show how maidens are. For next morning she came into the room with her red silk boddice, and the net on her hair, and the apron; *summa*, dressed in all the things I had bought her at Wolgast, so that the young lord was amazed, and talked much with her over the morning meal. Whereupon he took his leave, and desired me to visit him at his castle.

CHAPTER XII.

What further joy and sorrow befel us: *item*, how Wittich Appelmann rode to Damerow to the wolf-hunt, and what he proposed to my daughter.

THE Lord blessed my parish wonderfully this winter, inasmuch as not only a great quantity of fish were caught and sold in all the villages, but in Coserow they even killed four seals; *item* the great storm of the 12th of December threw a goodly quantity of amber on the shore, so that many found amber, although no very large pieces, and they began to buy cows and sheep from Liepe and other places, as I myself also bought two cows; *item* my grain which I had sown, half on my own field and half on old Paasch's, sprung up bravely and gladly, as the Lord had till *datum* bestowed on us an open winter; but so soon as it had shot up a finger's length, we found it one morning again torn up and ruined, and this time also by the devil's doings, since now, as before, not the smallest trace of oxen or of horses was to be seen in the field. May the righteous God, however, reward it, as indeed he already has done. Amen.

Meanwhile, however, something uncommon happened. For one morning, as I have heard, when lord Wittich saw out of the window that the daughter of his fisherman, a child of sixteen, whom he had diligently pursued, went into the coppice to gather dry sticks, he went thither too; wherefore, I will not say, but every one may guess for himself. When he had gone some way along the convent mound, and was come to the first bridge, where the mountain-ash stands, he saw two wolves, coming towards him; and as he had no weapon with him, save a staff, he climbed up into a tree; whereupon the wolves trotted round it, blinked at him with their eyes, licked their lips, and at last jumped with their fore-paws up against the tree, snapping at him; he then saw that one was a he-wolf, a great fat brute with only one eye. Hereupon in his fright he began to scream, and the longsuffering of God was again shown to him, without, however, making him wiser; for the maiden, who had crept behind a juniper-bush in

the field, when she saw the Sheriff coming, ran back again to the castle and called together a number of people, who came and drove away the wolves, and rescued his lordship. He then ordered a great wolf-hunt to be held next day in the convent wood, and he who brought the one-eyed monster, dead or alive, was to have a barrel of beer for his pains. Still they could not catch him, albeit they that day took four wolves in their nets, and killed them. He therefore straightway ordered a wolf-hunt to be held in my parish. But when the fellow came to toll the bell for a wolf-hunt, he did not stop awhile, as is the wont for wolf-hunts, but loudly rang the bell on, *sine morâ*, so that all the folk thought a fire had broken out, and ran screaming out of their houses. My child also came running out (I myself had driven to visit a sick person at Zempin, seeing that walking began to be wearisome to me, and that I could now afford to be more at mine ease); but she had not stood long, and was asking the reason of the ringing, when the Sheriff himself, on his gray charger, with three cart-loads of toils and nets following him, galloped up and ordered the people straightway to go into the forest and to drive the wolves with rattles. Hereupon he, with his hunters and a few men whom he had picked out of the crowd, were to ride on and spread the nets behind Damerow, seeing that the island is wondrous narrow there,* and the wolf dreads the water. When he saw my daughter he turned his horse round, chucked her under the chin, and graciously asked her who she was, and whence she came? When he had heard it, he said she was as fair as an angel, and that he had not known till now that the parson here had so beauteous a girl. He then rode off, looking round at her two or three times. At the first beating they found the one-eyed wolf, who lay in the rushes near the water. Hereat his lordship rejoiced greatly, and made the grooms drag him out of the net with long iron hooks, and hold him there for near an hour, while my lord slowly and cruelly tortured him to death, laughing heartily the while, which is a *prognosticon* of what he afterwards did with my poor child, for wolf or lamb is all one to this villain. Just God! But I will not be beforehand with my tale.

* *The space,* which is constantly diminishing, now scarcely measures a *bow-shot across.*

Next day came old Seden his squint-eyed wife, limping like a lame dog, and put it to my daughter whether she would not go into the service of the Sheriff; praised him as a good and pious man; and vowed that all the world said of him were foul lies, as she herself could bear witness, seeing that she had lived in his service for above ten years. *Item*, she praised the good cheer they had there, and the handsome beer-money that the great lords who often lay there gave the servants which waited upon them; that she herself had more than once received a rosenoble from his Princely Highness Duke Ernest Ludewig; moreover, many pretty fellows came there, which might make her fortune, inasmuch as she was a fair woman, and might take her choice of a husband; whereas here in Coserow, where nobody ever came, she might wait till she was old and ugly, before she got a curch on her head, &c. Hereat my daughter was beyond measure angered, and answered, "Ah! thou old witch, and who has told thee that I wish to go into service, to get a curch on my head? Go thy ways, and never enter the house again, for I have naught to do with thee." Whereupon she walked away again, muttering between her teeth.

Scarce had a few days passed, and I was standing in the chamber with the glazier, who was putting in new windows, when I heard my daughter scream in the kitchen. Whereupon I straightway ran in thither, and was shocked and affrighted when I saw the Sheriff himself standing in the corner with his arm round my child her neck; he, however, presently let her go, and said: "Aha, reverend Abraham, what a coy little fool you have for a daughter! I wanted to greet her with a kiss, as I always use to do, and she struggled and cried out as if I had been some young fellow who had stolen in upon her, whereas I might be her father twice over." As I answered naught, he went on to say that he had done it to encourage her, seeing that he desired to take her into his service, as indeed I knew, with more excuses of the same kind which I have forgot. Hereupon I pressed him to come into the room, seeing that after all he was the ruler set over me by God, and humbly asked what his lordship desired of me. Whereupon he answered me graciously, that it was true he had just cause for *anger against me*, seeing that I had preached at him *before the whole congregation*, but that he was ready to forgive

me and to have the complaint he had sent in *contra me* to his Princely Highness at Stettin, and which might easily cost me my place, returned to him if I would but do his will. And when I asked what his lordship's will might be, and excused myself as best I might with regard to the sermon, he answered that he stood in great need of a faithful housekeeper whom he could set over the other women folk; and as he had learnt that my daughter was a faithful and trustworthy person, he would that I should send her into his service. "See there," said he to her, and pinched her cheek the while. "I want to lead you to honour, though you are such a young creature, and yet you cry out as if I were going to bring you to dishonour. Fie upon you!" (My child still remembers all this *verbatenus;* I myself should have forgot it a hundred times over in all the wretchedness I since underwent.) But she was offended at his words, and, jumping up from her seat, she answered shortly, "I thank your lordship for the honour, but will only keep house for my papa, which is a better honour for me;" whereupon he turned to me and asked what I said to that. I must own that I was not a little affrighted, inasmuch as I thought of the future and of the credit in which the Sheriff stood with his Princely Highness. I therefore answered with all humility, that I could not force my child, and that I loved to have her about me, seeing that my dear huswife had departed this life during the heavy pestilence, and I had no child but only her. That I hoped therefore his lordship would not be displeased with me, that I could not send her into his lordship's service. This angered him sore, and after disputing some time longer in vain he took leave, not without threats that he would make me pay for it. *Item*, my man, who was standing in the stable, heard him say as he went round the corner, "I will have her yet, in spite of him!"

I was already quite disheartened by all this, when, on the Sunday following, there came his huntsman Johannes Kurt, a tall, handsome fellow, and smartly dressed. He brought a roebuck tied before him on his horse, and said that his lordship had sent it to me for a present, in hopes that I would think better of his offer, seeing that he had been ever since seeking on all sides for a housekeeper in vain. Moreover, that if I changed my mind about it his lordship would speak for me to his Princely Highness, so that the dotation of Duke Philippus Julius should be

paid to me out of the princely *ærarium*, &c. But the young fellow got the same answer as his master had done, and I desired him to take the roebuck away with him again. But this he refused to do; and as I had by chance told him at first that game was my favourite meat, he promised to supply me with it abundantly, seeing that there was plenty of game in the forest, and that he often went a-hunting on the Streckelberg; moreover, that I (he meant my daughter) pleased him uncommonly, the more because I would not do his master's will, who, as he told me in confidence, would never leave any girl in peace, and certainly would not let my damsel alone. Although I had rejected his game, he brought it notwithstanding, and in the course of three weeks he was sure to come four or five times, and grew more and more sweet upon my daughter. He talked a vast deal about his good place, and how he was in search of a good huswife, whence we soon guessed what quarter the wind blew from. *Ergo*, my daughter told him that if he was seeking for a huswife she wondered that he lost his time in riding to Coserow to no purpose, for that she knew of no huswife for him there, which vexed him so sore that he never came again.

And now any one would think that the grapes were sour even for the Sheriff; nevertheless he came riding to us soon after, and without more ado asked my daughter in marriage for his huntsman. Moreover, he promised to build him a house of his own in the forest; *item*, to give him pots and kettles, crockery, bedding, &c., seeing that he had stood godfather to the young fellow, who, moreover, had ever borne himself well during seven years he had been in his service. Hereupon my daughter answered that his lordship had already heard that she would keep house for nobody but her papa, and that she was still much too young to become a huswife.

This, however, did not seem to anger him, but, after he had talked a long time to no purpose, he took leave quite kindly, like a cat which pretends to let a mouse go, and creeps behind the corners, but she is not in earnest, and presently springs out upon it again. For doubtless he saw that he had set to work stupidly; wherefore he went away in order to begin his attack again after a better fashion, and Satan went with him, as whilom with Judas *Iscariot*.

CHAPTER XIII.

What more happened during the Winter: *item*, how in the Spring witchcraft began in the village.

NOTHING else of note happened during the winter, save that the merciful God bestowed a great plenty of fish both from the Achterwater and the sea, and the parish again had good food; so that it might be said of us, as it is written, "For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee." * Wherefore we were not weary of praising the Lord; and the whole congregation did much for the church, buying new pulpit and altar cloths, seeing that the enemy had stolen the old ones. *Item*, they desired to make good to me the money I had paid for the new cups, which, however, I would not take.

There were still, however, about ten peasants in the parish who had not been able to buy their seed-corn for the spring, inasmuch as they had spent all their earnings on cattle and corn for bread. I therefore made an agreement with them that I would lend them the money for it, and that if they could not repay me this year, they might the next, which offer they thankfully took; and we sent seven waggons to Friedland, in Mecklenburg, to fetch seed-corn for us all. For my beloved brother-in-law, Martin Behring, in Hamburg, had already sent me by the schipper Wulf, who had sailed home by Christmas, 700 florins for the amber: may the Lord prosper it with him!

Old Thiemcke died this winter in Loddin, who used to be the midwife in the parish, and had also brought my child into the world. Of late, however, she had had but little to do, seeing that in this year I only baptized two children, namely, Jung his son in Uekeritze, and Lene Hebers her little daughter, the same whom the Imperialists afterwards speared. *Item*, it was now full five years since I had married the last couple. Hence any one

* Isa. liv. 7.

may guess that I might have starved to death, had not the righteous God so mercifully considered and blessed me in other ways. Wherefore to him alone be all honour and glory. Amen.

Meanwhile, however, it so happened that, not long after the Sheriff had last been here, witchcraft began in the village. I sat reading with my child the second book of *Virgilius* of the fearful destruction of the city of Troy, which was more terrible even than that of our own village, when a cry arose that our old neighbour Zabel his red cow, which he had bought only a few days before, had stretched out all fours, and seemed about to die; and this was the more strange as she had fed heartily but half an hour before. My child was therefore begged to go and pluck three hairs from its tail and bury them under the threshold of the stall; for it was well known that if this was done by a pure maid the cow would get better. My child then did as they would have her, seeing that she is the only maid in the whole village (for the others are still children); and the cow got better from that very hour, whereat all the folks were amazed. But it was not long before the same thing befell Witthahn her pig, whilst it was feeding heartily. She too came running to beg my child for God's sake to take compassion on her, and to do something for her pig, as ill men had bewitched it. Hereupon she had pity on her also; and it did as much good as it had done before. But the woman, who was *gravida*, was straightway taken in labour from the fright; and my child was scarce out of the pigstye when the woman went into her cottage, wailing and holding by the wall, and called together all the women of the neighbourhood, seeing that the proper midwife was dead, as mentioned above; and before long something shot to the ground from under her; and when the women stooped down to pick it up, the devil's imp, which had wings like a bat, flew up off the ground, whizzed and buzzed about the room, and then shot out of the window with a great noise, so that the glass clattered down into the street. When they looked after it, nothing was to be found. Any one may judge for himself what a great noise this made in all the neighbourhood. And the whole village believed that it was no one but old Seden his squint-eyed wife that had brought forth such a devil's brat.

But the people soon knew not what to believe. For that wo-

man her cow got the same thing as all the other cows; wherefore she too came lamenting, and begged my daughter to take pity on her as on the rest, and to cure her poor cow for the love of God. That if she had taken it ill of her that she had said anything about going into service with the Sheriff, she could only say she had done it for the best, &c. *Summa*, she talked over my unhappy child to go and cure her cow.

Meanwhile I was on my knees every Sunday before the Lord with the whole congregation, praying that he would not allow the Evil One to take from us that which his mercy had once more bestowed upon us after such extreme want; *item*, that he would bring to light the *auctor* of such devilish works, so that he might receive the punishment he deserved.

But all was of no avail. For a very few days had passed when the mischief befel Stoffer Zuter his spotted cow, and he, too, like all the rest, came running to fetch my daughter; she accordingly went with him, but could do no good, and the beast died under her hands.

Item, Katy Berow had bought a little pig with the money my daughter had paid her in the winter for spinning, and the poor woman kept it like a child, and let it run about her room. This little pig got the mischief, like all the rest, in the twinkling of an eye; and when my daughter was called it grew no better, but also died under her hands; whereupon the poor woman made a great outcry and tore her hair for grief, so that my child was moved to pity her, and promised her another pig next time my sow should litter. Meantime another week passed over, during which I went on, together with the whole congregation, to call upon the Lord for his merciful help, but all in vain, when the same thing happened to old wife Seden her little pig. Whereupon she again came running for my daughter with loud outcries, and although my child told her that she must have seen herself that nothing she could do for the cattle cured them any longer, she ceased not to beg and pray her and to lament till she went forth to do what she could for her with the help of God. But it was all to no purpose, inasmuch as the little pig died before she left the stye. What think you this devil's whore then did? After she had run screaming through the village she said that any one might see that my daughter was no longer a maid, else why

could she now do no good to the cattle, whereas she had formerly cured them? She supposed my child had lost her maiden honour on the Streckelberg, whither she went so often this spring, and that God only knew who had taken it! But she said no more then, and we did not hear the whole until afterwards. And it is indeed true that my child had often walked on the Streckelberg this spring both with me and also alone, in order to seek for flowers and to look upon the blessed sea, while she recited aloud, as she was wont, such verses out of *Virgilius* as pleased her best (for whatever she read a few times that she remembered).

Neither did I forbid her to take these walks, for there were no wolves now left on the Streckelberg, and even if there had been they always fly before a human creature in the summer season. Howbeit, I forbade her to dig for amber. For as it now lay deep, and we knew not what to do with the earth we threw up, I resolved to tempt the Lord no further, but to wait till my store of money grew very scant before we would dig any more.

But my child did not do as I had bidden her, although she had promised she would, and of this her disobedience came all our misery (Oh, blessed Lord, how grave a matter is thy holy fourth * commandment!). For as his reverence Johannes Lampius, of Crummin, who visited me this spring, had told me that the Cantor of Wolgast wanted to sell the *opp. St. Augustini*, and I had said before her that I desired above all things to buy that book, but had not money enough left; she got up in the night without my knowledge to dig for amber, meaning to sell it as best she might at Wolgast, in order secretly to present me with the *opp. St. Augustini* on my birthday, which falls on the 28th *mensis Augusti*. She had always covered over the earth she cast up with twigs of fir, whereof there were plenty in the forest, so that no one should perceive anything of it.

Meanwhile, however, it befel that the young *nobilis* Rüdiger of Nienkerken came riding one day to gather news of the terrible witchcraft that went on in the village. When I had told him all about it he shook his head doubtingly, and said he believed that all witchcraft was nothing but lies and deceit; whereat I was struck *with great horror*, inasmuch as I had hitherto held

* *In Luther's* version.

the young lord to be a wiser man, and now could not but see that he was an Atheist. He guessed what my thoughts were, and with a smile he answered me by asking whether I had ever read Johannes Wierus,* who would hear nothing of witchcraft, and who argued that all witches were melancholy persons who only imagined to themselves that they had a *pactum* with the devil; and that to him they seemed more worthy of pity than of punishment? Hereupon I answered that I had not indeed read any such book (for say, who can read all that fools write?), but that the appearances here and in all other places proved that it was a monstrous error to deny the reality of witchcraft, inasmuch as people might then likewise deny that there were such things as murder, adultery, and theft.

But he called my *argumentum* a *dilemma*, and after he had discoursed a great deal of the devil, all of which I have forgotten, seeing it savoured strangely of heresy, he said he would relate to me a piece of witchcraft which he himself had seen at Wittenberg.

It seems that one morning, as an Imperial captain mounted his good charger at the Elstergate in order to review his company, the horse presently began to rage furiously, reared, tossed his head, snorted, kicked, and roared not as horses use to neigh, but with a sound as though the voice came from a human throat, so that all the folks were amazed, and thought the horse bewitched. It presently threw the captain and crushed his head with its hoof, so that he lay writhing on the ground, and straightway set off at full speed. Hereupon a trooper fired his carabine at the bewitched horse, which fell in the midst of the road, and presently died. That he, Rüdiger, had then drawn near, together with many others, seeing that the colonel had forthwith given orders to the surgeon of the regiment to cut open the horse and see in what state it was inwardly. However, that everything was quite right, and both the surgeon and army physician testified that the

* A Netherland physician, who, long before Spee or Thomasius, attacked the wicked follies of the belief in witchcraft prevalent in his time in the paper entitled '*Confutatio opinionum de magorum Dæmonomia*,' Frankfort, 1590, and was therefore denounced by Bodinus and others as one of the worst magicians. It is curious that this liberal man had in another book, '*De præstigiis Dæmonum*,' taught the method of raising devils, and described the whole of Hell, with the names and surnames of its 572 princes.

horse was thoroughly sound; whereupon all the people cried out more than ever about witchcraft. Meanwhile he himself (I mean the young *nobilis*) saw a thin smoke coming out from the horse's nostrils, and on stooping down to look what it might be, he drew out a match as long as my finger, which still smouldered, and which some wicked fellow had privately thrust into its nose with a pin. Hereupon all thoughts of witchcraft were at an end, and search was made for the culprit, who was presently found to be no other than the captain's own groom. For one day that his master had dusted his jacket for him he swore an oath that he would have his revenge, which indeed the provost-marshal himself had heard as he chanced to be standing in the stable. *Item*, another soldier bore witness that he had seen the fellow cut a piece off the fuse not long before he led out his master's horse. And thus, thought the young lord, would it be with all witchcraft if it were sifted to the bottom; like as I myself had seen at Gützkow, where the devil's apparition turned out to be a cordwainer, and that one day I should own that it was the same sort of thing here in our village. By reason of this speech I liked not the young nobleman from that hour forward, believing him to be an Atheist. Though, indeed, afterwards, I have had cause to see that he was in the right, more 's the pity, for had it not been for him what would have become of my daughter?

But I will say nothing beforehand.—*Summa:* I walked about the room in great displeasure at his words, while the young lord began to argue with my daughter upon witchcraft, now in Latin, and now in the vulgar tongue, as the words came into his mouth, and wanted to hear her mind about it. But she answered that she was a foolish thing, and could have no opinion on the matter; but that, nevertheless, she believed that what happened in the village could not be by natural means. Hereupon the maid called me out of the room (I forget what she wanted of me); but when I came back again my daughter was as red as scarlet, and the nobleman stood close before her. I therefore asked her, as soon as he had ridden off, whether any thing had happened, which she at first denied, but afterwards owned that he had said to her while I was gone, that he knew but one person who could bewitch; and when she asked him who that person was, he caught hold of her hand

and said, "It is yourself, sweet maid; for you have thrown a spell upon my heart, as I feel right well!" But that he said nothing further, but only gazed on her face with eager eyes, and this it was that made her so red.

But this is the way with maidens; they ever have their secrets if one's back is turned but for a minute; and the proverb—

> "To drive a goose and watch a maid
> Needs the devil himself to aid"

is but too true, as will be shown hereafter, more's the pity!

CHAPTER XIV.

How old Seden disappeared all on a sudden; *item*, how the great Gustavus Adolphus came to Pomerania, and took the fort at Peenemünde.

We were now left for some time in peace from witchcraft; unless, indeed, I reckon the caterpillars, which miserably destroyed my orchard, and which truly were a strange thing. For the trees blossomed so fair and sweetly, that one day as we were walking under them, and praising the almighty power of the most merciful God, my child said, "If the Lord goes on to bless us so abundantly, it will be Christmas Eve with us every night of next winter!" But things soon fell out far otherwise. For all in a moment the trees were covered with such swarms of caterpillars (great and small, and of every shape and colour), that one might have measured them by the bushel; and before long my poor trees looked like brooms; and the blessed fruit, which was so well set, all fell off, and was scarce good enough for the pigs. I do not choose to lay this to any one, though I had my own private thoughts upon the matter, and have them yet. However, my barley, whereof I had sown about three bushels out on the common, shot up bravely. On my field I had sown nothing, seeing that I dreaded the malice of Satan. Neither was corn at all plentiful throughout the parish, in part because they had sown no winter crops, and in part because the summer crops did not prosper. However, in all the villages, a great supply of fish was caught by the mercy of God, especially herring; but they were very low in price. Moreover, they killed many seals; and at Whitsuntide I myself killed one as I walked by the sea with my daughter. The creature lay on a rock close to the water, snoring like a Christian. Thereupon I pulled off my shoes and drew near him softly, so that he heard me not, and then struck him over his nose with my staff (for a seal cannot bear much on his nose), so that he tumbled over into the water; but he was quite stunned, *and I could easily kill him* outright. It was a fat beast, though

not very large; and we melted forty pots of train-oil out of his fat, which we put by for a winter store.

Meanwhile, however, something seized old Seden all at once, so that he wished to receive the holy sacrament. When I went to him, he could give no reason for it; or perhaps he would give none for fear of his old Lizzie, who was always watching him with her squinting eyes, and would not leave the room. However, Zuter his little girl, a child near twelve years old, said that a few days before, while she was plucking grass for the cattle under the garden hedge by the road, she heard the husband and wife quarrelling violently again, and that the goodman threw in her teeth that he now knew of a certainty that she had a familiar spirit, and that he would straightway go and tell it to the priest. Albeit this is only a child's tale, it may be true for all that, seeing that children and fools, they say, speak the truth.

But be that as it may. *Summa:* my old warden grew worse and worse; and though I visited him every morning and evening, as I use to do to my sick, in order to pray with him, and often observed that he had somewhat on his mind, nevertheless he could not disburthen himself of it, seeing that old Lizzie never left her post.

This went on for a while, when at last one day about noon, he sent to beg me to scrape a little silver off the new sacramental cup, because he had been told that he should get better if he took it mixed with the dung of fowls. For some time I would not consent, seeing that I straightway suspected that there was some devilish mischief behind it; but he begged and prayed, till I did as he would have me.

And lo and behold, he mended from that very hour, so that when I went to pray with him at evening, I found him already sitting on the bench with a bowl between his knees, out of which he was supping broth. However, he would not pray (which was strange, seeing that he used to pray so gladly, and often could not wait patiently for my coming, insomuch that he sent after me two or three times if I was not at hand, or elsewhere employed), but he told me he had prayed already, and that he would give me the cock whose dung he had taken, for my trouble, as it was a *fine large cock*, and he had nothing better to offer for my *Sunday's dinner*. And as the poultry was by this time gone to

roost he went up to the perch which was behind the stove, and reached down the cock, and put it under the arm of the maid, who was just come to call me away.

Not for all the world, however, would I have eaten the cock, but I turned it out to breed. I went to him once more and asked whether I should give thanks to the Lord next Sunday, for his recovery; whereupon he answered that I might do as I pleased in the matter. Hereat I shook my head, and left the house, resolving to send for him as soon as ever I should hear that his old Lizzie was from home (for she often went to fetch flax to spin from the Sheriff). But mark what befel within a few days! We heard an outcry that old Seden was missing, and that no one could tell what had become of him. His wife thought he had gone up into the Streckelberg, whereupon the accursed witch ran howling to our house and asked my daughter whether she had not seen anything of her goodman, seeing that she went up the mountain every day. My daughter said she had not; but, woe is me, she was soon to hear enough of him. For one morning, before sunrise, as she came down into the wood on her way back from her forbidden digging after amber, she heard a woodpecker (which, no doubt, was old Lizzie herself), crying so dolefully, close beside her, that she went in among the bushes to see what was the matter. There was the woodpecker, sitting on the ground before a bunch of hair, which was red, and just like what old Seden's had been, and as soon as it espied her it flew up with its beak full of the hair, and slipped into a hollow tree. While my daughter still stood looking at this devil's work, up came old Paasch, who also had heard the cries of the woodpecker, as he was cutting roofing shingles on the mountain, with his boy, and was likewise struck with horror when he saw the hair on the ground. At first they thought a wolf must have eaten him, and searched all about, but could not find a single bone. On looking up they fancied they saw something red at the very top of the tree, so they made the boy climb up, and he forthwith cried out that here, too, there was a great bunch of red hair, stuck to some leaves as if with pitch, but that it was not pitch, but something speckled red and white, like fish-guts; *item, that the leaves all* around, even where there was no hair, *were stained and spotted,* and had a very ill smell. Hereupon

the lad, at his master's bidding, threw down the clotted branch, and they two below straightway judged that this was the hair and brains of old Seden, and that the devil had carried him off bodily, because he would not pray nor give thanks to the Lord for his recovery. I myself believed the same, and told it on the Sunday as a warning to the congregation. But further on it will be seen that the Lord had yet greater cause for giving him into the hands of Satan, inasmuch as he had been talked over by his wicked wife to renounce his Maker, in the hopes of getting better. Now, however, this devil's whore did as if her heart was broken, tearing out her red hair by whole handsful when she heard about the woodpecker from my child and old Paasch, and bewailing that she was now a poor widow, and who was to take care of her for the future, &c.

Meanwhile we celebrated on this barren shore, as best we could and might, together with the whole Protestant church, the 25th day *mensis Junii*, whereon, one hundred years ago, the Estates of the holy Roman empire laid their confession before the most high and mighty emperor Carolus V., at Augsburg; and I preached a sermon on Matt. x. 32, of the right confession of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, whereupon the whole congregation came to the Sacrament. Now towards the evening of the self-same day, as I walked with my daughter by the sea-shore, we saw several hundred sail of ships, both great and small, round about Ruden, and plainly heard firing, whereupon we judged forthwith that this must be the most high and mighty king Gustavus Adolphus, who was now coming, as he had promised, to the aid of poor persecuted Christendom. While we were still debating a boat sailed towards us from Oie,* wherein was Kate Berow her son, who is a farmer there, and was coming to see his old mother. The same told us that it really was the king, who had this morning run before Ruden with his fleet from Rügen; that a few men of Oie were fishing there at the time, and saw how he went ashore with his officers, and straightway bared his head and fell upon his knees.†

Thus, then, most gracious God, did I thy unworthy servant enjoy a still greater happiness and delight that blessed evening

* *Ruden* and Oie, two small islands between Usedom and Rügen.
† See also the '*Theatrum Europeum*,' p. 226 ff.

than I had done on the blessed morn; and any one may think that I delayed not for a moment to fall on my knees with my child, and to follow the example of the king; and God knows I never in my life prayed so fervently as that evening, whereon the Lord showed such a wondrous sign upon us as to cause the deliverer of his poor Christian people to come among them on the very day when they had everywhere called upon him, on their knees, for his gracious help against the murderous wiles of the Pope and the Devil. That night I could not sleep for joy, but went quite early in the morning to Damerow, where something had befallen Vithe his boy. I supposed that he, too, was bewitched; but this time it was not witchcraft, seeing that the boy had eaten something unwholesome in the forest. He could not tell what kind of berries they were, but the *malum*, which turned all his skin bright scarlet, soon passed over. As I therefore was returning home shortly after, I met a messenger from Peenemünde, whom his Majesty the high and mighty king Gustavus Adolphus had sent to tell the Sheriff that on the 29th of June, at ten o'clock in the morning, he was to send three guides to meet his Majesty at Coserow, and to guide him through the woods to Swine, where the Imperialists were encamped. *Item*, he related how his Majesty had taken the fort at Peenemünde yesterday (doubtless the cause of the firing we heard last evening), and that the Imperialists had run away as fast as they could, and played the bush-ranger properly, for after setting their camp on fire they all fled into the woods and coppices, and part escaped to Wolgast and part to Swine.

Straightway I resolved in my joy to invent a *carmen gratulatorium* to his Majesty, whom, by the grace of Almighty God, I was to see, the which my little daughter might present to him.

I accordingly proposed it to her as soon as I got home, and she straightway fell on my neck for joy, and then began to dance about the room. But when she had considered a little, she thought her clothes were not good enough to wear before his Majesty, and that I should buy her a blue silk gown, with a yellow apron, seeing that these were the Swedish colours, and would please his Majesty right well. For a long time I would not, seeing that I hate this kind of pride; but she teased me with her kisses and coaxing words, till I, like an old fool, said yes, and ordered my ploughman to drive her over to Wolgast.

to-day to buy the stuff. Wherefore I think that the just God, who hateth the proud and showeth mercy on the humble, did rightly chastise me for such pride. For I myself felt a sinful pleasure when she came back with two women who were to help her to sew, and laid the stuff before me. Next day she set to work at sunrise to sew, and I composed my *carmen* the while. I had not got very far in it when the young Lord Rüdiger of Nienkerken came riding up, in order, as he said, to enquire whether his Majesty were indeed going to march through Coserow. And when I told him all I knew of the matter, *item* informed him of our plan, he praised it exceedingly, and instructed my daughter (who looked more kindly upon him to-day than I altogether liked) how the Swedes use to pronounce the Latin, as *ratscho* pro *ratio*, *uet* pro *uit*, *schis* pro *scis*, &c., so that she might be able to answer his Majesty with all due readiness. He said, moreover, that he had held much converse with Swedes at Wittenberg, as well as at Griepswald; wherefore if she pleased they might act a short *colloquium*, wherein he would play the king. Hereupon he sat down on the bench before her, and they both began chattering together, which vexed me sore, especially when I saw that she made but small haste with her needle the while. But say, dear reader, what was I to do?—Wherefore I went my ways, and let them chatter till near noon, when the young lord at last took leave. But he promised to come again on Tuesday when the king was here, and believed that the whole island would flock together at Coserow. As soon as he was gone, seeing that my *vena poetica* (as may be easily guessed) was still stopped up, I had the horses put to and drove all over the parish, exhorting the people in every village to be at the Giant's Stone by Coserow at nine o'clock on Tuesday, and that they were all to fall on their knees as soon as they should see the king coming and that I knelt down; *item*, to join at once in singing the Ambrosian hymn of praise, which I should lead off as soon as the bells began to ring. This they all promised to do; and after I had again exhorted them to it on Sunday in church, and prayed to the Lord for his Majesty out of the fulness of my heart, we scarce could await the blessed Tuesday for joyful impatience.

CHAPTER XV.

Of the arrival of the high and mighty King Gustavus Adolphus, and what befel thereat.

MEANWHILE I finished my *carmen* in *metrum elegiacum*, which my daughter transcribed (seeing that her handwriting is fairer than mine) and diligently learned, so that she might say it to his Majesty. *Item*, her clothes were gotten ready, and became her purely; and on Monday she went up to the Streckelberg, although the heat was such that the crows gasped on the hedges: for she wanted to gather flowers for a garland she designed to wear, and which was also to be blue and yellow. Towards evening she came home with her apron filled with all manner of flowers; but her hair was quite wet, and hung all matted about her shoulders. (My God, my God, was every thing to come together to destroy me, wretched man that I am!) I asked, therefore, where she had been that her hair was so wet and matted; whereupon she answered that she had gathered flowers round the Kölpin,* and from thence she had gone down to the sea-shore, where she had bathed in the sea, seeing that it was very hot and no one could see her. Thus, said she, jesting, she should appear before his Majesty to-morrow doubly a clean maid. This displeased me at the time, and I looked grave, although I said nought.

Next morning at six o'clock all the people were already at the Giant's Stone, men, women, and children. *Summa*, every body that was able to walk was there. At eight o'clock my daughter was already dressed in all her bravery, namely, a blue silken gown, with a yellow apron and kerchief, and a yellow hair-net, with a garland of blue and yellow flowers round her head. It was not long before my young lord arrived, finely dressed, as became a nobleman. He wanted to enquire, as he said, by which road I should go up to the Stone with my daughter, seeing that his father, Hans von Nienkerken, *item* Wittich Appelmann, and the

* *A small lake near the sea.*

Lepels of Gnitze, were also going, and that there was much people on all the high roads, as though a fair was being held. But I straightway perceived that all he wanted was to see my daughter, inasmuch as he presently occupied himself about her, and began chattering with her in the Latin again. He made her repeat to him the *carmen* to his Majesty; whereupon he, in the person of the king, answered her: "*Dulcissima et venustissima puella, quæ mihi in coloribus cœli, ut angelus Domini appares, utinam semper mecum esses, nunquam mihi male caderet;*" whereupon she grew red, as likewise did I, but from vexation, as may be easily guessed. I therefore begged that his lordship would but go forward toward the Stone, seeing that my daughter had yet to help me on with my surplice; whereupon, however, he answered, that he would wait for us the while in the chamber, and that we might then go together. *Summa*, I blessed myself from this young lord; but what could I do? As he would not go, I was forced to wink at it all; and before long we went up to the Stone, where I straightway chose three sturdy fellows from the crowd, and sent them up the steeple that they might begin to ring the bells as soon as they should see me get up upon the Stone and wave my napkin. This they promised to do, and straightway departed; whereupon I sat down on the Stone with my daughter, thinking that the young lord would surely stand apart, as became his dignity; albeit he did not, but sat down with us on the Stone. And we three sat there all alone, and all the folk looked at us, but none drew near to see my child's fine clothes, not even the young lasses, as is their wont to do; but this I did not observe till afterwards, when I heard how matters stood with us even then. Towards nine o'clock, Hans von Nienkerken and Wittich Appelmann galloped up, and old Nienkerken called to his son in an angry voice; and seeing that the young lord heard him not, he rode up to the Stone, and cried out so loud that all the folk might hear, "Can'st thou not hearken, boy, when thy father calls thee!" Whereupon Rüdiger followed him in much displeasure, and we saw from a distance how the old lord seemed to threaten his son, and spat out before him; but knew not what this might signify: we were to learn it soon enough, though, *more's the pity!* Soon after the two Lepels of Gnitze* came

* A peninsula in Usedom.

from the Damerow; and the nobleman saluted one other on the green sward close beside us, but without looking on us. And I heard the Lepels say that naught could yet be seen of his Majesty, but that the coast-guard fleet around Ruden was in motion, and that several hundred ships were sailing this way. As soon as this news was known, all the folk ran to the sea-shore (which is but a step from the Stone); and the noblemen rode thither too, all save Wittich, who had dismounted, and who, when he saw that I sent old Paasch his boy up into a tall oak-tree to look out for the king, straightway busied himself about my daughter again, who now sat all alone upon the Stone: "Why had she not taken his huntsman? and whether she would not change her mind on the matter and have him now, or else come into service with him (the Sheriff) himself? for that if she would not, he believed she might be sorry for it one day." Whereupon she answered him (as she told me), that there was but one thing she was sorry for, namely, that his lordship would take so much useless pains upon her; whereupon she rose with all haste and came to where I stood under the tree, looking after the lad who was climbing up it. But our old Ilse said that he swore a great curse when my daughter turned her back upon him, and went straightway into the alder-grove close by the high road, where stood the old witch Lizzie Kolken.

Meanwhile I went with my daughter to the sea-shore and found it quite true that the whole fleet was sailing over from Ruden and Oie towards Wollin, and several ships passed so close before us that we could see the soldiers standing upon them and the flashing of their arms. *Item*, we heard the horses neigh and the soldiery laugh. On one ship, too, they were drumming, and on another cattle lowed and sheep bleated. Whilst we yet gazed we saw smoke come out from one of the ships, followed by a great noise, and presently we were aware of the ball bounding over the water, which foamed and splashed on either side, and coming straight towards us. Hereupon the crowd ran away on every side with loud cries, and we plainly heard the soldiery in the ships laugh thereat. But the ball flew up and struck into the midst of an oak hard by Paasch his boy, so that nearly two cart-loads of boughs fell to the earth with a great crash, and covered all the road by which his Majesty was to come. Here-

upon the boy would stop no longer in the tree, however much I exhorted him thereto, but cried out to us as he came down that a great troop of soldiers was marching out of the forest by Damerow, and that likely enough the king was among them. Hereupon the Sheriff ordered the road to be cleared forthwith, and this was some time a-doing, seeing that the thick boughs were stuck fast in the trees all around; the nobles, as soon as all was made ready, would have ridden to meet his Majesty, but stayed still on the little greensward, because we already heard the noise of horses, carriages, and voices close to us in the forest.

It was not long before the cannons broke through the brushwood with the three guides seated upon them. And seeing that one of them was known to me (it was Stoffer Krauthahn, of Peenemünde), I drew near and begged him that he would tell me when the king should come. But he answered that he was going forward with the cannon to Coserow, and that I was only to watch for a tall dark man, with a hat and feather and a gold chain round his neck, for that that was the king, and that he rode next after the great standard whereon was a yellow lion.

Wherefore I narrowly watched the procession as it wound out of the forest. And next after the artillery came the Finnish and Lapland bowmen, who went clothed all in furs, although it was now the height of summer, whereat I greatly wondered. After these there came much people, but I know not what they were. Presently I espied over the hazel-tree which stood in my way so that I could not see everything as soon as it came forth out of the coppice, the great flag with the lion on it, and, behind that, the head of a very dark man with a golden chain round his neck, whereupon straightway I judged this must be the king. I therefore waved my napkin toward the steeple, whereupon the bells forthwith rang out, and while the dark man rode nearer to us, I pulled off my scull-cap, fell upon my knees, and led the Ambrosian hymn of praise, and all the people plucked their hats from their heads and knelt down on the ground all around singing after me; men, women, and children, save only the nobles, who stood still on the greensward, and did not take off their hats and behave with attention until they saw that his Majesty drew in his horse. (It was a coal-black charger, and stopped with its two fore-feet right upon my field, which I took as a sign

of good fortune.) When we had finished, the Sheriff quickly got off his horse and would have approached the king with his three guides who followed after him; *item*, I had taken my child by the hand and would also have drawn near to the king. Howbeit, his Majesty motioned away the Sheriff and beckoned us to approach, whereupon I wished his Majesty joy in the Latin tongue, and extolled his magnanimous heart, seeing that he had deigned to visit German ground for the protection and aid of poor persecuted Christendom; and praised it as a sign from God that such had happened on this the highest festival of our poor church, and I prayed his Majesty graciously to receive what my daughter desired to present to him; whereupon his Majesty looked on her and smiled pleasantly. Such gracious bearing made her bold again, albeit she trembled visibly just before, and she reached him a blue and yellow wreath whereon lay the *carmen*, saying, *Accipe hanc vilem coronam et hæc*, whereupon she began to recite the *carmen*. Meanwhile his Majesty grew more and more gracious, looking now on her and now on the *carmen*, and nodded with especial kindness towards the end, which was as follows:—

"Tempus erit, quo tu reversus ab hostibus ultor
Intrabis patriæ libera regna meæ;
Tunc meliora student nostræ tibi carmina musæ,
Tunc tua, maxime rex, Martia facta canam.
Tu modo versiculis ne spernas vilibus ausum
Auguror et res est ista futura brevi!
Sis fœlix, fortisque diu, vive optime princeps,
Omnia, et ut possis vincere, dura. Vale!" *

As soon as she held her peace, his Majesty said: *Propius accedas, patria virgo, ut te osculer;* whereupon she drew near to his horse blushing deeply. I thought he would only have kissed her forehead, as potentates commonly use to do, but not at all! he kissed her lips with a loud smack, and the long feathers on his hat drooped over her neck, so that I was quite afraid for her again.

* Thou shalt return chastiser of the foe,
To the freed kingdoms of my native land!
Then shall our song with loftier cadence flow,
Boasting the deeds of thy heroic hand!
Scorn not, meanwhile, the feeble lines which thus
Thy future glory and success fortel,
Live, prince beloved! be brave, be prosperous;
Conquer, howe'er opposed,—and fare thee well!

But he soon raised up his head, and taking off his gold chain, whereon dangled his own effigy, he hung it round my child's neck with these words: *Hocce tuæ pulchritudini! et si favente Deo redux fuero victor, promissum carmen et præterea duo oscula exspecto.*

Hereupon the Sheriff, with his three men, again came forward and bowed down to the ground before his Majesty. But as he knew no Latin, *item* no Italian nor French, I had to act as interpreter. For his Majesty enquired how far it was to Swine, and whether there was still much foreign soldiery there? And the Sheriff thought there were still about 200 Croats in the camp. Whereupon his Majesty spurred on his horse, and, nodding graciously, cried "*Valete!*" and now came the rest of the troops, about 3000 strong, out of the coppice, which likewise had a valiant bearing, and attempted no fooleries, as troops are wont to do, when they passed by us and the women, but marched on in honest quietness, and we followed the train until the forest beyond Coserow, where we commended it to the care of the Almighty, and every one went on his way home.

CHAPTER XVI.

How little Mary Paasch was sorely plagued of the devil, and the whole parish fell off from me.

BEFORE I proceed any further, I will first mark that the illustrious king Gustavus Adolphus, as we presently heard, had cut down the 300 Croats at Swine, and was thence gone by sea to Stettin. May God be for ever gracious to him! Amen.

But my sorrows increased from day to day, seeing that the devil now played pranks such as he never had played before. I had begun to think that the ears of God had hearkened to our ardent prayers, but it pleased him to try us yet more hardly than ever. For, a few days after the arrival of the most illustrious king Gustavus Adolphus, it was bruited about that my child her little god-daughter was possessed of the Evil One, and tumbled about most piteously on her bed, insomuch that no one was able to hold her. My child straightway went to see her little god-daughter, but presently came weeping home. Old Paasch would not suffer her even to come near her, but railed at her very angrily, and said that she should never come within his doors again, as his child had got the mischief from the white roll which she had given her that morning. It was true that my child had given her a roll, seeing that the maid had been, the day before, to Wolgast, and had brought back a napkin full of them.

Such news vexed me sore, and after putting on my cassock I went to old Paasch his house, to exorcise the foul fiend, and to remove such disgrace from my child. I found the old man standing on the floor by the cockloft steps, weeping; and after I had spoken "The peace of God," I asked him first of all, whether he really believed that his little Mary had been bewitched by means of the roll which my child had given her? He said "Yes!" And when I answered, that in that case, I also must have been bewitched, *item* Pagel his little girl, seeing that we *both had eaten of the rolls,* he was silent, and asked me with a

sigh, whether I would not go into the room, and see for myself how matters stood. I then entered with "The peace of God," and found six people standing round little Mary her bed; her eyes were shut, and she was as stiff as a board; wherefore Kit Wels (who was a young and sturdy fellow) seized the little child by one leg, and held her out like a hedgestake, so that I might see how the devil plagued her. I now said a prayer, and Satan, perceiving that a servant of Christ was come, began to tear the child so fearfully that it was pitiful to behold; for she flung about her hands and feet so that four strong men were scarce able to hold her; *item* she was afflicted with extraordinary risings and fallings of her belly, as if a living creature were therein, so that at last the old witch Lizzie Kolken sat herself upon her belly, whereupon the child seemed to be somewhat better, and I told her to repeat the Apostles' Creed, so as to see whether it really were the devil who possessed her.* She straightway grew worse than before, and began to gnash her teeth, to roll her eyes, and to strike so hard with her hands and feet that she flung her father, who held one of her legs, right into the middle of the room, and then struck her foot so hard against the bedstead that the blood flowed, and Lizzie Kolken was thrown about on her belly as though she had been in a swing. And as I ceased not, but exorcised Satan that he should leave her, she began to howl and to bark like a dog, *item* to laugh, and spoke at last, with a gruff bass voice like an old man's, "I will not depart." But he should soon have been forced to depart out of her, had not both father and mother besought me by God's holy Sacrament to leave their poor child in peace, seeing that nothing did her any good, but rather made her worse. I was therefore forced to desist, and only admonished the parents to seek for help like the Canaanitish woman, in true repentance and incessant prayer, and with her to sigh in constant faith, "Have mercy upon me, O Lord, thou son of David, my daughter is grievously vexed of a devil," Matthew xv.; that the heart of our Lord would then melt, so that he would have mercy on their child, and command Satan to depart from

* It was imagined in those fearful times that when the sick person could repeat the three articles of belief, and especially some passages from the *Bible bearing* particular reference to the work of redemption, he was not *possessed*, since "no man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy *Ghost*."—*1 Cor.* xii. 3.

her. *Item*, I promised to pray for the little child on the following Sunday, with the whole congregation, and told them to bring her, if it were any ways possible, to the church, seeing that the ardent prayer of the whole congregation has power to rise beyond the clouds. This they promised to do, and I then went home sorely troubled, where I soon learned that she was somewhat better; thus it still is sure that Satan hates nothing so much, after the Lord Jesus, as the servants of the Gospel. But wait, and I shall even yet "bruise thy head with my heel" (Genesis, chap. iii.); naught shall avail thee.

Howbeit, before the blessed Sunday came, I perceived that many of my people went out of my way, both in the village and elsewhere in the parish, where I went to visit sundry sick folks. When I went to Uekeritze to see young Tittelwitz, there even befel me as follows. Claus Pieper the peasant stood in his yard chopping wood, and on seeing me, he flung the axe out of his hand so hastily that it stuck in the ground, and he ran towards the pigstye, making the sign of the cross. I motioned him to stop, and asked why he thus ran from me, his confessor? Whether, peradventure, he also believed that my daughter had bewitched her little godchild? "*Ille.* Yes, he believed it, because the whole parish did. *Ego.* Why, then, had she been so kind to her formerly, and kept her like a sister, through the worst of the famine? *Ille.* This was not the only mischief she had done. *Ego.* What, then, had she done besides? *Ille.* That was all one to me. *Ego.* He should tell me, or I would complain to the magistrate. *Ille.* That I might do, if I pleased." Whereupon he went his way, insolently. Any one may guess that I was not slow to enquire everywhere, what people thought my daughter had done; but no one would tell me anything, and I might have grieved to death at such evil reports. Moreover, not one child came during this whole week to school to my daughter; and when I sent out the maid to ask the reason, she brought back word that the children were ill, or that the parents wanted them for their work. I thought and thought, but all to no purpose, until the blessed Sunday came round, when I meant to have held a great Sacrament, seeing that many people had made known their intention to come to the Lord's table. It seemed strange to me that I saw no one standing, as was their wont, about

the church door; I thought, however, that they might have gone into the houses. But when I went into the church with my daughter, there were not more than six people assembled, among whom was old Lizzie Kolken; and the accursed witch no sooner saw my daughter follow me, than she made the sign of the cross, and ran out of the door under the steeple; whereupon the five others, among them mine own churchwarden Claus Bulken (I had not appointed any one in the room of old Seden), followed her. I was so horror-struck that my blood curdled, and I began to tremble, so that I fell with my shoulder against the confessional. My child, to whom I had as yet told nothing, in order to spare her, then asked me, "Father, what is the matter with all the people; are they, too, bewitched?" Whereupon I came to myself again, and went into the churchyard to look after them. But all were gone save my churchwarden Claus Bulken, who stood under the lime-tree, whistling to himself. I stepped up to him, and asked what had come to the people? whereupon he answered, he could not tell; and when I asked him again, why, then, he himself had left the church, he said, What was he to do there alone, seeing that no collection could be made? I then implored him to tell me the truth, and what horrid suspicion had arisen against me in the parish? But he answered, I should very soon find it out for myself; and he jumped over the wall and went into old Lizzie her house, which stands close by the churchyard.

My child had made ready some veal broth for dinner, for which I mostly use to leave every thing else; but I could not swallow one spoonful, but sat resting my head on my hand, and doubted whether I should tell her or no. Meanwhile the old maid came in, ready for a journey, and with a bundle in her hand, and begged me with tears to give her leave to go. My poor child turned pale as a corpse, and asked in amaze what had come to her? but she merely answered, "Nothing!" and wiped her eyes with her apron. When I recovered my speech, which had well-nigh left me at seeing that this faithful old creature was also about to forsake me, I began to question her why she wished to go; she who had dwelt with me so long, and who would not forsake us even in the great famine, but had faithfully borne up against it, and indeed had humbled me by her faith, and had ex-

horted me to stand out gallantly to the last, for which I should be grateful to her as long as I lived. Hereupon she merely wept and sobbed yet more, and at length brought out that she still had an old mother of eighty, living in Liepe, and that she wished to go and nurse her till her end. Hereupon my daughter jumped up, and answered with tears, "Alas, old Ilse, why wilt thou leave us, for thy mother is with thy brother? Do but tell me why thou wilt forsake me, and what harm have I done thee, that I may make it good to thee again." But she hid her face in her apron, and sobbed, and could not get out a single word; whereupon my child drew away the apron from her face, and would have stroked her cheeks, to make her speak. But when Ilse saw this she struck my poor child's hand, and cried "Ugh!" spat out before her, and straightway went out at the door. Such a thing she had never done even when my child was a little girl, and we were both so shocked that we could neither of us say a word.

Before long my poor child gave a loud cry, and cast herself upon the bench, weeping and wailing, "What has happened, what has happened?" I therefore thought I ought to tell her what I had heard, namely, that she was looked upon as a witch. Whereat she began to smile instead of weeping any more, and ran out of the door to overtake the maid, who had already left the house, as we had seen. She returned after an hour crying out that all the people in the village had run away from her, when she would have asked them whither the maid was gone. *Item*, the little children, for whom she had kept school, had screamed, and had hidden themselves from her: also no one would answer her a single word, but all spat out before her, as the maid had done. On her way home she had seen a boat on the water, and had run as fast as she could to the shore, and called with might and main after old Ilse, who was in the boat. But she had taken no notice of her, not even once to look round after her, but had motioned her to be gone. And now she went on to weep and to sob the whole day and the whole night, so that I was more miserable than even in the time of the great famine. But the worst was yet to come, as will be shown in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XVII.

How my poor child was taken up for a witch, and carried to Pudgla.

THE next day, Monday, the 12th July, at about eight in the morning, while we sat in our grief, wondering who could have prepared such great sorrow for us, and speedily agreed that it could be none other than the accursed witch Lizzie Kolken, a coach with four horses drove quickly up to the door, wherein sat six fellows, who straightway all jumped out. Two went and stood at the front, two at the back door, and two more, one of whom was the constable Jacob Knake, came into the room, and handed me a warrant from the Sheriff for the arrest of my daughter, as in common repute of being a wicked witch, and for her examination before the criminal court. Any one may guess how my heart sunk within me when I read this. I dropped to the earth like a felled tree, and when I came to myself my child had thrown herself upon me with loud cries, and her hot tears ran down over my face. When she saw that I came to myself, she began to praise God therefore with a loud voice, and essayed to comfort me, saying that she was innocent, and should appear with a clean conscience before her judges. *Item*, she repeated to me the beautiful text from Matthew, chap. v.: "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake."

And she begged me to rise and to throw my cassock over my doublet, and go with her, for that without me she would not suffer herself to be carried before the Sheriff. Meanwhile, however, all the village, men, women, and children, had thronged together before my door; but they remained quiet, and only peeped in at the windows as though they would have looked right through the house. When we had both made us ready, and the constable, who at first would not take me with them, had thought better of it, by reason of a good fee which my daughter gave

him, we walked to the coach; but I was so helpless that I could not get up into it.

Old Paasch, when he saw this, came and helped me up into the coach, saying, "God comfort ye! Alas, that you should ever see your child to come this!" and he kissed my hand to take leave.

A few others came up to the coach, and would have done likewise; but I besought them not to make my heart still heavier, and to take Christian charge of my house and my affairs until I should return. Also to pray diligently for me and my daughter, so that the Evil One, who had long gone about our village like a roaring lion, and who now threatened to devour me, might not prevail against us, but might be forced to depart from me and from my child as from our guileless Saviour in the wilderness. But to this none answered a word; and I heard right well, as we drove away, that many spat out after us, and one said (my child thought it was Berow her voice), "We would far sooner lay fire under thy coats than pray for thee." We were still sighing over such words as these, when we came near to the churchyard, and there sat the accursed witch Lizzie Kolken at the door of her house with her hymn-book in her lap, screeching out at the top of her voice, "God the Father, dwell with us," as we drove past her: the which vexed my poor child so sore that she swounded, and fell like one dead upon me. I begged the driver to stop, and called to old Lizzie to bring us a pitcher of water; but she did as though she had not heard me, and went on to sing so that it rang again. Whereupon the constable jumped down, and at my request ran back to my house to fetch a pitcher of water; and he presently came back with it, and the people after him, who began to say aloud that my child's bad conscience had stricken her, and that she had now betrayed herself. Wherefore I thanked God when she came to life again, and we could leave the village. But at Uekeritze it was just the same, for all the people had flocked together, and were standing on the green before Labahn his house when we went by.

Nevertheless, they were quiet enough as we drove past, albeit some few cried, "How can it be, how can it be!" I heard nothing else. But in the forest near the watermill the miller and all his men ran out and shouted, laughing, "Look at the witch,

look at the witch!" Whereupon one of the men struck at my poor child with the sack which he held in his hand, so that she turned quite white, and the flour flew all about the coach like a cloud. When I rebuked him, the wicked rogue laughed and said, that if no other smoke than that ever came under her nose, so much the better for her. *Item*, it was worse in Pudgla than even at the mill. The people stood so thick on the hill, before the castle, that we could scarce force our way through, and the Sheriff caused the death-bell in the castle-tower to toll as an *avisum*. Whereupon more and more people came running out of the ale-houses and cottages. Some cried out, "Is that the witch?" Others, again, "Look at the parson's witch! the parson's witch!" and much more, which for very shame I may not write. They scraped up the mud out of the gutter which ran from the castle-kitchen and threw it upon us; *item*, a great stone. the which struck one of the horses so that it shyed, and belike would have upset the coach had not a man sprung forward and held it in. All this happened before the castle-gates, where the Sheriff stood smiling and looking on, with a heron's feather stuck in his grey hat. But so soon as the horse was quiet again he came to the coach and mocked at my child, saying, "See, young maid, thou wouldest not come to me, and here thou art nevertheless!" Whereupon she answered, "Yea, I come; and may you one day come before your judge as I come before you;" whereunto I said, Amen, and asked him how his lordship could answer before God and man for what he had done to a wretched man like myself and to my child? But he answered, saying, Why had I come with her? And when I told him of the rude people here, *item*, of the churlish miller's man, he said that it was not his fault, and threatened the people all around with his fist, for they were making a great noise. Thereupon he commanded my child to get down and to follow him, and went before her into the castle; motioned the constable, who would have gone with them, to stay at the foot of the steps, and began to mount the winding staircase to the upper rooms alone with my child.

But she whispered me privately, "Do not leave me, father;" and I presently followed softly after them. Hearing by their voices in which chamber they were, I laid my ear against the door to listen. And the villain offered to her that if she would love him

naught should harm her, saying he had power to save her from the people; but that if she would not, she should go before the court next day, and she might guess herself how it would fare with her, seeing that he had many witnesses to prove that she had played the wanton with Satan, and had suffered him to kiss her. Hereupon she was silent, and only sobbed, which the arch-rogue took as a good sign, and went on: "If you have had Satan himself for a sweetheart, you surely may love me." And he went to her and would have taken her in his arms, as I perceived; for she gave a loud scream, and flew to the door; but he held her fast, and begged and threatened as the devil prompted him. I was about to go in when I heard her strike him in the face, saying, "Get thee behind me, Satan," so that he let her go. Whereupon she ran out at the door so suddenly that she threw me on the ground, and fell upon me with a loud cry. Hereat the Sheriff, who had followed her, started, but presently cried out, "Wait, thou prying parson, I will teach thee to listen!" and ran out and beckoned to the constable who stood on the steps below. He bade him first shut me up in one dungeon, seeing that I was an eavesdropper, and then return and thrust my child into another. But he thought better of it when we had come half way down the winding-stair, and said he would excuse me this time, and that the constable might let me go, and only lock up my child very fast, and bring the key to him, seeing she was a stubborn person, as he had seen at the very first hearing which he had given her.

Hereupon my poor child was torn from me, and I fell in a swound upon the steps. I know not how I got down them; but when I came to myself, I was in the constable his room, and his wife was throwing water in my face. There I passed the night sitting in a chair, and sorrowed more than I prayed, seeing that my faith was greatly shaken, and the Lord came not to strengthen it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Of the first trial, and what came thereof.

NEXT morning, as I walked up and down in the court, seeing that I had many times asked the constable in vain to lead me to my child (he would not even tell me where she lay), and for very disquietude I had at last begun to wander about there; about six o'clock there came a coach from Uzdom,* wherein sat his worship, Master Samuel Pieper, *consul dirigens*, *item*, the *camerarius* Gebhard Wenzel, and a *scriba*, whose name, indeed, I heard, but have forgotten it again; and my daughter forgot it too, albeit in other things she has an excellent memory, and, indeed, told me most of what follows, for my old head well nigh burst, so that I myself could remember but little. I straightway went up to the coach, and begged that the worshipful court would suffer me to be present at the trial, seeing that my daughter was yet in her nonage, but which the Sheriff, who meanwhile had stepped up to the coach from the terrace, whence he had seen all, had denied me. But his worship Master Samuel Pieper, who was a little round man, with a fat paunch, and a beard mingled with grey hanging down to his middle, reached me his hand, and condoled with me like a Christian in my trouble: I might come into court in God's name; and he wished with all his heart that all whereof my daughter was fyled might prove to be foul lies. Nevertheless I had still to wait full two hours before their worships came down the winding stair again. At last towards nine o'clock I heard the constable moving about the chairs and benches in the judgment-chamber; and as I conceived that the time was now come, I went in and sat myself down on a bench. No one, however, was yet there, save the constable and his young daughter, who was wiping the table, and held a rosebud between her lips. I was fain to beg her to give it me, so that I might have it to smell to; and I believe that I should have been carried *dead out of the* room that day if I had not had it. God is thus

* *Or Usedom*, a small town which gives its name to the whole island.

able to preserve our lives even by means of a poor flower, if so he wills it!

At length their Worships came in and sat round the table, whereupon *Dom. Consul* motioned the constable to fetch in my child. Meanwhile he asked the Sheriff whether he had put *Rea* in chains, and when he said No, he gave him such a reprimand that it went through my very marrow. But the Sheriff excused himself, saying that he had not done so from regard to her quality, but had locked her up in so fast a dungeon, that she could not possibly escape therefrom. Whereupon *Dom. Consul* answered that much is possible to the devil, and that they would have to answer for it should *Rea* escape. This angered the Sheriff, and he replied that if the devil could convey her through walls seven feet thick, and through three doors, he could very easily break her chains too. Whereupon *Dom. Consul* said that hereafter he would look at the prison himself; and I think that the Sheriff had been so kind only because he yet hoped (as, indeed, will hereafter be shown) to talk over my daughter to let him have his will of her.

And now the door opened, and my poor child came in with the constable, but walking backwards,* and without her shoes, the which she was forced to leave without. The fellow had seized her by her long hair, and thus dragged her up to the table, when first she was to turn round and look upon her judges. He had a vast deal to say in the matter, and was in every way a bold and impudent rogue, as will soon be shown. After *Dom. Consul* had heaved a deep sigh, and gazed at her from head to foot, he first asked her her name, and how old she was; *item*, if she knew why she was summoned before them? On the last point she answered that the Sheriff had already told her father the reason; that she wished not to wrong any one, but thought that the Sheriff himself had brought upon her the repute of a witch, in order to gain her to his wicked will. Hereupon she told all his ways with her, from the very first, and how he would by all means have had her for his housekeeper; and that when she would not (although he had many times come himself to her father his house), one day, as he went out of the door, he had muttered in his beard, "I will have her, despite of all!" which

* This ridiculous proceeding always took place at the first examination of a witch, as it was imagined that she would otherwise bewitch the judges with her looks. On this occasion indeed such an event was not unlikely.

their servant Claus Neels had heard, as he stood in the stable; and he had also sought to gain his ends by means of an ungodly woman, one Lizzie Kolken, who had formerly been in his service; that this woman, belike, had contrived the spells which they laid to her charge: she herself knew nothing of witchcraft; *item*, she related what the Sheriff had done to her the evening before, when she had just come, and when he for the first time spoke out plainly, thinking that she was then altogether in his power: nay, more, that he had come to her that very night again, in her dungeon, and had made her the same offers, saying that he would set her free if she would let him have his will of her; and that when she denied him, he had struggled with her, whereupon she had screamed aloud, and had scratched him across the nose, as might yet be seen, whereupon he had left her; wherefore she would not acknowledge the Sheriff as her judge, and trusted in God to save her from the hand of her enemies, as of old he had saved the chaste Susannah.—

When she now held her peace amid loud sobs, *Dom. Consul* started up after he had looked, as we all did, at the Sheriff's nose, and had in truth espied the scar upon it, and cried out in amaze, "Speak, for God his sake, speak, what is this that I hear of your lordship?" Whereupon the Sheriff, without changing colour, answered, that although, indeed, he was not called upon to say anything to their worships, seeing that he was the head of the court, and that *Rea*, as appeared from numberless *indicia*, was a wicked witch, and therefore could not bear witness against him or any one else; he, nevertheless, would speak, so as to give no cause of scandal to the court; that all the charges brought against him by this person were foul lies; it was, indeed, true, that he would have hired her for a housekeeper, whereof he stood greatly in need, seeing that his old Dorothy was already growing infirm; it was also true that he had yesterday questioned her in private, hoping to get her to confess by fair means, whereby her sentence would be softened, inasmuch as he had pity on her great youth; but that he had not said one naughty word to her, nor had he been to her in the night; and that it was his little lap-dog, called Below, which had scratched him, while he played with it that very morning; that his old Dorothy could bear witness to this, and that the cunning witch had only made use of this wile to divide the court against itself, thereby and with the devil's help, to gain her own advantage, inasmuch

as she was a most cunning creature, as the court would soon find out.

Hereupon I plucked up a heart, and declared that all my daughter had said was true, and that the evening before I myself had heard, through the door, how his lordship had made offers to her, and would have done wantonness with her; *item*, that he had already sought to kiss her once at Coserow; *item*, the troubles which his lordship had formerly brought upon me in the matter of the first-fruits.

Howbeit the Sheriff presently talked me down, saying, that if I had slandered him, an innocent man, in church, from the pulpit, as the whole congregation could bear witness, I should doubtless find it easy to do as much here, before the court; not to mention that a father could, in no case, be a witness for his own child.

But *Dom. Consul* seemed quite confounded, and was silent, and leaned his head on the table, as in deep thought. Meanwhile the impudent constable began to finger his beard from under his arm; and *Dom. Consul* thinking it was a fly, struck at him with his hand, without even looking up; but when he felt the constable his hand, he jumped up and asked him what he wanted? whereupon the fellow answered, "O, only a louse was creeping there, and I would have caught it."

At such impudence his worship was so exceeding wroth that he struck the constable on the mouth, and ordered him, on pain of heavy punishment, to leave the room.

Hereupon he turned to the Sheriff, and cried, angrily, "Why, in the name of all the ten devils, is it thus your lordship keeps the constable in order? and truly, in this whole matter, there is something which passes my understanding." But the Sheriff answered, "Not so; should you not understand it all when you think upon the eels?"

Hereat *Dom. Consul* of a sudden turned ghastly pale, and began to tremble, as it appeared to me, and called the Sheriff aside into another chamber. I have never been able to learn what that about the eels could mean.——

Meanwhile *Dominus Camerarius* Gebhard Wenzel sat biting his pen and looking furiously—now at me, and now at my child, but said not a word; neither did he answer Scriba, who often whispered somewhat into his ear, save by a growl. At length

both their worships' came back into the chamber together, and *Dom. Consul*, after he and the Sheriff had seated themselves, began to reproach my poor child violently, saying that she had sought to make a disturbance in the worshipful court; that his lordship had shown him the very dog which had scratched his nose, and that, moreover, the fact had been sworn to by the old housekeeper.

(Truly *she* was not likely to betray him, for the old harlot had lived with him for years, and she had a good big boy by him, as will be seen hereafter.)

Item, he said that so many *indicia* of her guilt had come to light, that it was impossible to believe anything she might say; she was therefore to give glory to God, and openly to confess everything, so as to soften her punishment; whereby she might perchance, in pity for her youth, escape with life, &c.

Hereupon he put his spectacles on his nose, and began to cross-question her, during near four hours, from a paper which he held in his hand. These were the main articles, as far as we both can remember:

Quæstio. Whether she could bewitch?—*Responsio.* No; she knew nothing of witchcraft.

Q. Whether she could charm?—*R.* Of that she knew as little.

Q. Whether she had ever been on the Blocksberg?—*R.* That was too far off for her; she knew few hills save the Streckelberg, where she had been very often.

Q. What had she done there?—*R.* She had looked out over the sea, or gathered flowers; *item*, at time carried home an apron-full of dry brushwood.

Q. Whether she had ever called upon the devil there?—*R.* That had never come into her mind.

Q. Whether, then, the devil had appeared to her there, uncalled?—*R.* God defend her from such a thing.

Q. So she could not bewitch?—*R.* No.

Q. What, then, befel Kit Zuter his spotted cow, that it suddenly died in her presence?—*R.* She did not know; and that was a strange question.

Q. Then it would be as strange a question, why Katie Berow *her little pig* had died?—*R.* Assuredly; she wondered what *they would* lay to her charge.

Q. Then she had not bewitched them?—*R.* No; God forbid it.

Q. Why, then, if she were innocent, had she promised old Katie another little pig, when her sow should litter?—*R.* She did that out of kind-heartedness. (And hereupon she began to weep bitterly, and said she plainly saw that she had to thank old Lizzie Kolken for all this, inasmuch as she had often threatened her when she would not fulfil all her greedy desires, for she wanted everything that came in her way; moreover, that Lizzie had gone all about the village when the cattle were bewitched, persuading the people that if only a pure maid pulled a few hairs out of the beasts' tails they would get better. That she pitied them, and knowing herself to be a maid, went to help them; and indeed, at first it cured them, but latterly not.)

Q. What cattle had she cured?—*R.* Zabel his red cow; *item*, Witthan her pig, and old Lizzie's own cow.

Q. Why could she afterwards cure them no more?—*R.* She did not know, but thought—albeit she had no wish to fyle any one—that old Lizzie Kolken, who for many a long year had been in common repute as a witch, had done it all, and bewitched the cows in her name and then charmed them back again, as she pleased, only to bring her to misfortune.

Q. Why, then, had old Lizzie bewitched her own cow, *item*, suffered her own pig to die, if it was she that had made all the disturbance in the village, and could really charm?—*R.* She did not know; but belike there was some one (and here she looked at the Sheriff) who paid her double for it all.

Q. It was in vain that she sought to shift the guilt from off herself; had she not bewitched old Paasch his crop, nay, even her own father's, and caused it to be trodden down by the devil, *item*, conjured all the caterpillars into her father's orchard?—*R.* The question was almost as monstrous as the deed would have been. There sat her father, and his worship might ask him whether she ever had shown herself an undutiful child to him. (Hereupon I would have risen to speak, but *Dom. Consul* suffered me not to open my mouth, but went on with his examination; whereupon I remained silent and downcast.)

Q. Whether she did likewise deny that it was through her malice that the woman Witthan had given birth to a devil's imp, which straightway started up and flew out at the window, so that

when the midwife sought for it it had disappeared?—*R.* Truly she did; and indeed she had all the days of her life done good to the people instead of harm, for during the terrible famine she had often taken the bread out of her own mouth to share it among the others, especially the little children. To this the whole parish must needs bear witness, if they were asked; whereas witches and warlocks always did evil and no good to men, as our Lord Jesus taught (Matt. xii.), when the Pharisees blasphemed him, saying that he cast out devils by Beelzebub the prince of the devils; hence his worship might see whether she could in truth be a witch.

Q. He would soon teach her to talk of blasphemies; he saw that her tongue was well hung; but she must answer the questions he asked her, and say nothing more. The question was not *what* good she had done to the poor, but *wherewithal* she had done it; she must now show how she and her father had of a sudden grown so rich that she could go pranking about in silken raiment, whereas she used to be so very poor?

Hereupon she looked towards me, and said, "Father, shall I tell?" Whereupon I answered, "Yes, my child, now thou must openly tell all, even though we thereby become beggars." She accordingly told how, when our need was sorest, she had found the amber, and how much we had gotten for it from the Dutch merchants.

Q. What were the names of these merchants?—*R.* Dieterich von Pehnen and Jakob Kiekebusch; but, as we have heard from a schipper, they since died of the plague at Stettin.

Q. Why had we said nothing of such a godsend?—*R.* Out of fear of our enemy the Sheriff, who, as it seemed, had condemned us to die of hunger, inasmuch as he forbade the parishioners, under pain of heavy displeasure, to supply us with anything, saying, that he would soon send them a better parson.

Hereupon *Dom. Consul* again looked the Sheriff sharply in the face, who answered that it was true he had said this, seeing that the parson had preached at him in the most scandalous manner from the pulpit; but that he knew very well, at the time, that *they* were far enough from dying of hunger.

Q. How came so much amber on the Streckelberg? She had *best confess* at once that the devil had brought it to her.—*R.*

She knew nothing about that. But there was a great vein of amber there, as she could show to them all that very day; and she had broken out the amber, and covered the hole well over with fir-twigs, so that none should find it.

Q. When had she gone up the Streckelberg; by day or by night?—*R.* Hereupon she blushed, and for a moment held her peace; but presently made answer, "Sometimes by day, and sometimes by night."

Q. Why did she hesitate? She had better make a full confession of all, so that her punishment might be less heavy. Had she not there given over old Seden to Satan, who had carried him off through the air, and left only a part of his hair and brains sticking to the top of an oak?—*R.* She did not know whether that was his hair and brains at all, nor how it came there. She went to the tree one morning because she heard a woodpecker cry so dolefully. *Item*, old Paasch, who also had heard the cries, came up with his axe in his hand.

Q. Whether the woodpecker was not the devil himself, who had carried off old Seden?—*R.* She did not know: but he must have been dead some time, seeing that the blood and brains which the lad fetched down out of the tree were quite dried up.

Q. How and when, then, had he come by his death?—*R.* That Almighty God only knew. But Zuter his little girl had said that one day, while she gathered nettles for the cows under Seden his hedge, she heard the goodman threaten his squint-eyed wife that he would tell the parson that he now knew of a certainty that she had a familiar spirit; whereupon the goodman had presently disappeared. But that this was a child's tale, and she would fyle no one on the strength of it.

Hereupon *Dom. Consul* again looked the Sheriff steadily in the face, and said, "Old Lizzie Kolken must be brought before us this very day:" whereto the Sheriff made no answer; and he went on to ask,—

Q. Whether, then, she still maintained that she knew nothing of the devil?—*R.* She maintained it now, and would maintain it until her life's end.

Q. And nevertheless, as had been seen by witnesses, she had been *re-baptized by him in the sea* in broad daylight.—Here *again she blushed, and for a moment* was silent.

Q. Why did she blush again? She should for God his sake think on her salvation, and confess the truth.—*R.* She had bathed herself in the sea, seeing that the day was very hot; that was the whole truth.

Q. What chaste maiden would ever bathe in the sea? Thou liest; or wilt thou even yet deny that thou didst bewitch old Paasch his little girl with a white roll?—*R.* Alas! alas! She loved the child as though it were her own little sister; not only had she taught her as well as all the other children without reward, but during the heavy famine she had often taken the bit from her own mouth to put it into the little child's. How then could she have wished to do her such grievous harm?

Q. Wilt thou even yet deny?—Reverend Abraham, how stubborn is your child! See here, is this no witches' salve,* which the constable fetched out of thy coffer last night? Is this no witches' salve, eh?—*R.* It was a salve for the skin, which would make it soft and white, as the apothecary at Wolgast had told her, of whom she bought it.

Q. Hereupon he shook his head, and went on: How! wilt thou then lastly deny that on this last Saturday the 10th July, at 12 o'clock at night, thou didst on the Streckelberg call upon thy paramour the devil in dreadful words, whereupon he appeared to thee in the shape of a great hairy giant, and clipped thee and toyed with thee?

At these words she grew more pale than a corpse, and tottered so that she was forced to hold by a chair; and I, wretched man, who would readily have sworn away my life for her, when I saw and heard this, my senses forsook me, so that I fell down from the bench, and *Dom. Consul* had to call in the constable to help me up.

When I had come to myself a little, and the impudent varlet saw our common consternation, he cried out, grinning at the court the while, "Is it all out? is it all out? has she confessed?" Whereupon *Dom. Consul* again showed him the door with a sharp rebuke, as might have been expected; and it is said that this knave played the pimp for the Sheriff, and indeed I think he would not otherwise have been so bold.

* *It was* believed that the devil gave the witches a salve, by the use of *which they* made themselves invisible, changed themselves into animals, *flew through* the air, &c.

Summa: I should well nigh have perished in my distress, but for the little rose, which by the help of God's mercy kept me up bravely; and now the whole court rose and exhorted my poor fainting child, by the living God, and as she would save her soul, to deny no longer, but in pity to herself and her father to confess the truth.

Hereupon she heaved a deep sigh, and grew as red as she had been pale before, insomuch that even her hand upon the chair was like scarlet, and she did not raise her eyes from the ground.

R. She would now then confess the simple truth, as she saw right well that wicked people had stolen after and watched her at nights. That she had been to seek for amber on the mountain, and that to drive away fear she had, as she was wont to do at her work, recited the Latin *carmen* which her father had made on the illustrious King Gustavus Adolphus: when young Rüdiger of Nienkerken, who had oft-times been at her father's house and talked of love to her, came out of the coppice, and when she cried out for fear, spoke to her in Latin, and clasped her in his arms. That he wore a great wolf's-skin coat, so that folks should not know him if they met him, and tell the lord his father that he had been on the mountain by night.

At this her confession I fell into sheer despair, and cried in great wrath, "O thou ungodly and undutiful child, after all then thou hast a paramour! Did not I forbid thee to go up the mountain by night? What didst thou want on the mountain by night?" and I began to moan and weep and wring my hands, so that *Dom. Consul* even had pity on me, and drew near to comfort me. Meanwhile she herself came towards me, and began to defend herself, saying, with many tears, that she had gone up the mountain by night, against my commands, to get so much amber that she might secretly buy for me, against my birthday, the *Opera Sancti Augustini*, which the Cantor at Wolgast wanted to sell. That it was not her fault that the young lord lay in wait for her one night; and that she would swear to me, by the living God, that naught that was unseemly had happened between them there, and that she was still a maid.

And herewith the first hearing was at end, for after *Dom. Consul* had whispered *somewhat* into the ear of the Sheriff, he called *in the constable again, and* bade him keep good watch over Rea;

item, not to leave her at large in her dungeon any longer, b put her in chains. These words pierced my very heart, and sought his worship to consider my sacred office, and my an noble birth, and not to do me such dishonour as to put my da ter in chains. That I would answer for her to the worsh court with my own head that she would not escape. Where *Dom. Consul*, after he had gone to look at the dungeon hin granted me my request, and commanded the constable to her as she had been hitherto.

CHAPTER XIX.

How Satan, by the permission of the most righteous God, sought altogether to ruin us, and how we lost all hope.

THE same day, at about three in the afternoon, when I was gone to Conrad Seep his ale-house to eat something, seeing that it was now nearly two days since I had tasted aught save my tears, and he had placed before me some bread and sausage, together with a mug of beer, the constable came into the room and greeted me from the Sheriff, without, however, so much as touching his cap, asking whether I would not dine with his lordship; that his lordship had not remembered till now that I belike was still fasting, seeing the trial had lasted so long. Hereupon I made answer to the constable that I already had my dinner before me, as he saw himself, and desired that his lordship would hold me excused. Hereat the fellow wondered greatly, and answered; did I not see that his lordship wished me well, albeit I had preached at him as though he were a Jew? I should think on my daughter, and be somewhat more ready to do his lordship's will, whereby peradventure all would yet end well. For his lordship was not such a rough ass as *Dom. Consul*, and meant well by my child and me, as beseemed a righteous magistrate.

After I had with some trouble rid myself of this impudent fox, I tried to eat a bit, but nothing would go down save the beer. I therefore soon sat and thought again whether I would not lodge with Conrad Seep, so as to be always near my child; *item*, whether I should not hand over my poor misguided flock to M. Vigelius, the pastor of Benz, for such time as the Lord still should prove me. In about an hour I saw through the window how that an empty coach drove to the castle, and the Sheriff and *Dom. Consul* straightway stepped thereinto with my child; *item*, the constable climbed up behind. Hereupon I left everything on the table and ran to the coach, asking humbly whither they were about to take my poor child; and when I heard they were

going to the Streckelberg to look after the amber, I begged them to take me also, and to suffer me to sit by my child, for who could tell how much longer I might yet sit by her! This was granted to me, and on the way the Sheriff offered me to take up my abode in the castle and to dine at his table as often as I pleased, and that he would, moreover, send my child her meat from his own table. For that he had a Christian heart, and well knew that we were to forgive our enemies. But I refused his kindness with humble thanks, as my child did also, seeing we were not yet so poor that we could not maintain ourselves. As we passed by the watermill the ungodly varlet there again thrust his head out of a hole and pulled wry faces at my child; but, dear reader, he got something to remember it by; for the Sheriff beckoned to the constable to fetch the fellow out, and after he had reproached him with the tricks he had twice played my child, the constable had to take the coachman his new whip and to give him fifty lashes, which, God knows, were not laid on with a feather. He bellowed like a bull, which, however, no one heard for the noise of the mill-wheels, and when at last he did as though he could not stir, we left him lying on the ground and went on our way.

As we drove through Uekeritze a number of people flocked together, but were quiet enough, save one fellow who, *salvâ veniâ*, mocked at us with unseemly gestures in the midst of the road when he saw us coming. The constable had to jump down again, but could not catch him, and the others would not give him up, but pretended that they had only looked at our coach and had not marked him. May be this was true! and I am therefore inclined to think that it was Satan himself who did it to mock at us; for mark, for God's sake, what happened to us on the Streckelberg! Alas! through the delusions of the foul fiend, we could not find the spot where we had dug for the amber. For when we came to where we thought it must be, a huge hill of sand had been heaped up as by a whirlwind, and the fir-twigs which my child had covered over it were gone. She was near falling in a swound when she saw this, and wrung her hands and cried out with her Saviour, "My God, my God, why hast thou *forsaken me!*"

Howbeit, the constable and the coachman were ordered to dig,

but not one bit of amber was to be found, even so big as a grain of corn, whereupon *Dom. Consul* shook his head and violently upbraided my child; and when I answered that Satan himself, as it seemed, had filled up the hollow in order to bring us altogether into his power, the constable was ordered to fetch a long stake out of the coppice which we might thrust still deeper into the sand. But no hard *objectum* was anywhere to be felt, notwithstanding the Sheriff, *Dom. Consul*, and myself in my anguish did try everywhere with the stake.

Hereupon my child besought her judges to go with her to Coserow, where she still had much amber in her coffer which she had found here, and that if it were the gift of the devil it would all be changed, since it was well known that all the presents the devil makes to witches straightway turn to mud and ashes.

But, God be merciful to us, God be merciful to us! when we returned to Coserow, amid the wonderment of all the village, and my daughter went to her coffer, the things therein were all tossed about, and the amber gone. Hereupon she shrieked so loud that it would have softened a stone, and cried out, "The wicked constable hath done this! when he fetched the salve out of my coffer, he stole the amber from me, unhappy maid." But the constable, who stood by, would have torn her hair, and cried out, "Thou witch, thou damned witch, is it not enough that thou hast belied my lord, but thou must now belie me too?" But *Dom. Consul* forbade him, so that he did not dare lay hands upon her. *Item*, all the money was gone which she had hoarded up from the amber she had privately sold, and which she thought already came to about ten florins.

But the gown which she had worn at the arrival of the most illustrious King Gustavus Adolphus, as well as the golden chain with his effigy which he had given her, I had locked up as though it were a relic in the chest in the vestry, among the altar and pulpit cloths, and there we found them still; and when I excused myself therefore, saying that I had thought to have saved them up for her there against her bridal day, she gazed with fixed and glazed eyes into the box, and cried out, "Yes, against the day when I shall be burnt; Oh, Jesu, Jesu, Jesu!" Hereat *Dom. Consul* shuddered and said, "See how thou still *dost smite thyself with* thine own words. For the sake of God

and thy salvation, confess, for if thou knowest thyself to be innocent, how, then, canst thou think that thou wilt be burnt?" But she still looked him fixedly in the face, and cried aloud in Latin, "*Innocentia, quid est innocentia! Ubi libido dominatur, innocentia leve præsidium est.*" *

Hereupon *Dom. Consul* again shuddered, so that his beard wagged, and said, "What, dost thou indeed know Latin? Where didst thou learn the Latin?" And when I answered this question as well as I was able for sobbing, he shook his head, and said, "I never in my life heard of a woman that knew Latin." Upon this he knelt down before her coffer, and turned over everything therein, drew it away from the wall, and when he found nothing he bade us show him her bed, and did the same with that. This, at length, vexed the Sheriff, who asked him whether they should not drive back again, seeing that night was coming on? But he answered, "Nay, I must first have the written paction which Satan has given her;" and he went on with his search until it was almost dark.† But they found nothing at all, although *Dom. Consul*, together with the constable, passed over no hole or corner, even in the kitchen and cellar. Hereupon he got up again into the coach, muttering to himself, and bade my daughter sit so that she should not look upon him.

And now we once more had the same *spectaculum* with the accursed old witch Lizzie Kolken, seeing that she again sat at her door as we drove by, and began to sing at the top of her voice, "We praise thee, O Lord." But she screeched like a stuck pig, so that *Dom. Consul* was amazed thereat, and when he had heard who she was, he asked the Sheriff whether he would not that she should be seized by the constable and be tied behind the coach, to run after it, as we had no room for her elsewhere; for that he had often been told that all old women who had red squinting eyes and sharp voices were witches, not to mention the suspicious things which *Rea* had declared against her. But he answered that he could not do this, seeing that old Lizzie was a woman in good repute, and fearing God, as *Dom. Consul* might

* These words are from Cicero, if I do not mistake.

† *At this time it* was believed that as a man bound himself to the devil by *writing, so did the* devil in like manner to the man.

learn for himself; but that, nevertheless, he had had her summoned for the morrow, together with the other witnesses.

Yea, in truth, an excellently devout and worthy woman!—for scarcely were we out of the village, when so fearful a storm of thunder, lightning, wind, and hail burst over our heads, that the corn all around us was beaten down as with a flail, and the horses before the coach were quite maddened; however, it did not last long. But my poor child had to bear all the blame again,* inasmuch as *Dom. Consul* thought that it was not old Lizzie, which, nevertheless, was as clear as the sun at noon-day! but my poor daughter who brewed the storm;—for, beloved reader, what could it have profited her, even if she had known the black art? This, however did not strike *Dom. Consul*, and Satan, by the permission of the all-righteous God, was presently to use us still worse; for just as we got to the Master's Dam,† he came flying over us in the shape of a stork, and dropped a frog so exactly over us that it fell into my daughter her lap: she gave a shrill scream, but I whispered her to sit still, and that I would secretly throw the frog away by one leg.

But the constable had seen it, and cried out, "Hey, sirs! hey, look at the cursed witch! what has the devil just thrown into her lap?" Whereupon the Sheriff and *Dom. Consul* looked round and saw the frog, which crawled in her lap, and the constable, after he had blown upon it three times, took it up and showed it to their lordships. Hereat *Dom. Consul* began to spew, and when he had done, he ordered the coachman to stop, got down from the coach, and said we might drive home, that he felt qualmish, and would go a-foot and see if he got better. But first he privately whispered to the constable, which, howbeit, we heard right well, that when he got home he should lay my poor child in chains, but not so as to hurt her much; to which neither she nor I could answer save by tears and sobs. But the Sheriff had heard it too, and when his worship was out of sight he began to stroke my child her cheeks from behind her back, telling her to be easy, as he also had a word to say in the matter, and that the constable should not lay her in chains. But that she must leave off being so hard to him as she

* Such *sudden storms* were attributed to witches.

† *It is so called to the present day*, and is distant a mile from Coserow.

had been hitherto, and come and sit on the seat beside him, that he might privately give her some good advice as to what was to be done. To this she answered, with many tears, that she wished to sit only by her father, as she knew not how much longer she might sit by him at all; and she begged for nothing more save that his lordship would leave her in peace. But this he would not do, but pinched her back and sides with his knees; and as she bore with this, seeing that there was no help for it, he waxed bolder, taking it for a good sign. Meanwhile *Dom. Consul* called out close behind us (for being frightened he ran just after the coach), "Constable, constable, come here quick; here lies a hedgehog in the midst of the road!" whereupon the constable jumped down from the coach.

This made the Sheriff still bolder; and at last my child rose up and said, "Father, let us also go a-foot; I can no longer guard myself from him here behind!" But he pulled her down again by her clothes, and cried out angrily, "Wait, thou wicked witch, I will help thee to go a-foot if thou art so wilful; thou shalt be chained to the block this very night." Whereupon she answered, "Do you do that which you cannot help doing: the righteous God, it is to be hoped, will one day do unto you what He cannot help doing."

Meanwhile we had reached the castle, and scarcely were we got out of the coach, when *Dom. Consul*, who had run till he was all of a sweat, came up, together with the constable, and straightway gave over my child into his charge, so that I had scarce time to bid her farewell. I was left standing on the floor below, wringing my hands in the dark, and hearkened whither they were leading her, inasmuch as I had not the heart to follow; when *Dom. Consul*, who had stepped into a room with the Sheriff, looked out at the door again, and called after the constable to bring *Rea* once more before them. And when he had done so, and I went into the room with them, *Dom. Consul* held a letter in his hand, and, after spitting thrice, he began thus: "Wilt thou still deny, thou stubborn witch? Hear what the old knight, Hans von Nienkerken, writes to the court!" Whereupon he read out to us, that his son was so disturbed by the tale *the accursed* witch had told of him, that he had fallen sick from *that very hour*, and that he, the father, was not much better.

That his son, Rüdiger, had indeed at times, when he went that way, been to see Pastor Schweidler, whom he had first known upon a journey; but that he swore that he wished he might turn black if he had ever used any folly or jesting with the cursed devil's whore his daughter; much less ever been with her by night on the Streckelberg, or embraced her there.

At this dreadful news we both (I mean my child and I) fell down in a swound together, seeing that we had rested our last hopes on the young lord; and I know not what further happened. For when I came to myself, my host, Conrad Seep, was standing over me, holding a funnel between my teeth, through which he ladled some warm beer down my throat, and I never felt more wretched in all my life; insomuch that Master Seep had to undress me like a little child, and to help me into bed.

CHAPTER XX.

Of the malice of the Governor and of old Lizzie: *item*, of the examination of witnesses.

THE next morning my hairs, which till *datum* had been mingled with grey, were white as snow, albeit the Lord otherwise blessed me wondrously. For near daybreak a nightingale flew into the elder-bush beneath my window, and sang so sweetly that straightway I thought it must be a good angel. For after I had hearkened awhile to it, I was all at once able again to pray, which since last Sunday I could not do; and the spirit of our Lord Jesus Christ began to speak within me, "Abba, Father;"* and straightway I was of good cheer, trusting that God would once more be gracious unto me his wretched child; and when I had given him thanks for such great mercy, I fell into a refreshing slumber, and slept so long that the blessed sun stood high in the heavens when I awoke.

And seeing that my heart was still of good cheer, I sat up in my bed, and sang with a loud voice, "Be not dismayed, thou little flock:" whereupon Master Seep came into the room, thinking I had called him. But he stood reverently waiting till I had done; and after marvelling at my snow-white hair, he told me it was already seven; *item*, that half my congregation, among others my ploughman, Claus Neels, were already assembled in his house to bear witness that day. When I heard this, I bade mine host forthwith send Claus to the castle, to ask when the court would open, and he brought word back that no one knew, seeing that *Dom. Consul* was already gone that morning to Mellenthin to see old Nienkerken, and was not yet come back. This message gave me good courage, and I asked the fellow whether he also had come to bear witness against my poor child? To which he answered, "Nay, I know naught save good of her, and I would *give the fellows* their due, only"——

* Gal. iv. 6.

These words surprised me, and I vehemently urged him to open his heart to me. But he began to weep, and at last said that he knew nothing. Alas! he knew but too much, and could then have saved my poor child if he had willed. But from fear of the torture he held his peace, as he since owned; and I will here relate what had befallen him that very morning.

He had set out betimes that morning, so as to be alone with his sweetheart, who was to go along with him (she is Steffen of Zempin his daughter, not farmer Steffen, but the lame goaty Steffen), and had got to Pudgla about five, where he found no one in the ale-house save old Lizzie Kolken, who straightway hobbled up to the castle; and when his sweetheart was gone home again, time hung heavy on his hands, and he climbed over the wall into the castle-garden, where he threw himself on his face behind a hedge to sleep. But before long the Sheriff came with old Lizzie, and after they had looked all round and seen no one, they went into an arbour close by him, and conversed as follows:—

Ille. Now that they were alone together, what did she want of him?

Illa. She came to get the money for the witchcraft she had contrived in the village.

Ille. Of what use had all this witchcraft been to him? My child, so far from being frightened, defied him more and more; and he doubted whether he should ever have his will of her.

Illa. He should only have patience; when she was laid upon the rack she would soon learn to be fond.

Ille. That might be, but till then she (Lizzie) should get no money.

Illa. What! Must she then do his cattle a mischief?

Ille. Yes, if she felt chilly, and wanted a burning faggot to warm her *podex*, she had better. Moreover, he thought that she had bewitched him, seeing that his desire for the parson's daughter was such as he had never felt before.

Illa (laughing). He had said the same thing some thirty years ago, when he first came after her.

Ille. Ugh! thou old baggage, don't remind me of such things, but see to it that you get three witnesses, as I told you

before, or else methinks they will rack your old joints for you after all.

Illa. She had the three witnesses ready, and would leave the rest to him. But that if she were racked she would reveal all she knew.

Ille. She should hold her ugly tongue, and go to the devil.

Illa. So she would, but first she must have her money.

Ille. She should have no money till he had had his will of my daughter.

Illa. He might at least pay her for her little pig which she herself had bewitched to death, in order that she might not get into evil repute.

Ille. She might choose one when his pigs were driven by, and say she had paid for it. Hereupon, said my Claus, the pigs were driven by, and one ran into the garden, the door being open, and as the swineherd followed it, they parted; but the witch muttered to herself, "Now help, devil, help, that I may"—— but he heard no further.

The cowardly fellow, however, hid all this from me, as I have said above, and only said, with tears, that he knew nothing. I believed him, and sat down at the window to see when *Dom. Consul* should return; and when I saw him I rose and went to the castle, where the constable, who was already there with my child, met me before the judgment-chamber. Alas! she looked more joyful than I had seen her for a long time, and smiled at me with her sweet little mouth: but when she saw my snow-white hair, she gave a cry, which made *Dom. Consul* throw open the door of the judgment-chamber, and say, "Ha, ha! thou knowest well what news I have brought thee; come in, thou stubborn devil's brat!" Whereupon we stepped into the chamber to him, and he lift up his voice and spake to me, after he had sat down with the Sheriff, who was by.

He said that yestereven, after he had caused me to be carried like one dead to Master Seep his ale-house, and that my stubborn child had been brought to life again, he had once more adjured her, to the utmost of his power, no longer to lie before the face of the living God, but to confess the truth; whereupon she had borne herself very unruly, and had wrung her hands and wept and sobbed, and at last answered that the young nobilis never

could have said such things, but that his father must have written them, who hated her, as she had plainly seen when the Swedish king was at Coserow. That he, *Dom. Consul*, had indeed doubted the truth of this at the time, but as a just judge had gone that morning right early with the *scriba* to Mellenthin, to question the young lord himself.

That I might now see myself what horrible malice was in my daughter. For that the old knight had led him to his son's bedside, who still lay sick from vexation, and that he had confirmed all his father had written, and had cursed the scandalous she-devil (as he called my daughter) for seeking to rob him of his knightly honour. "What sayest thou now?" he continued; "wilt thou still deny thy great wickedness? See here the *protocollum* which the young lord hath signed *manu propriâ!*" But the wretched maid had meanwhile fallen on the ground again, and the constable had no sooner seen this than he ran into the kitchen, and came back with a burning brimstone match, which he was about to hold under her nose.

But I hindered him, and sprinkled her face with water, so that she opened her eyes, and raised herself up by a table. She then stood awhile, without saying a word or regarding my sorrow. At last she smiled sadly, and spake thus: That she clearly saw how true was that spoken by the Holy Ghost, "Cursed be the man that trusteth in man;" * and that the faithlessness of the young lord had surely broken her poor heart if the all-merciful God had not graciously prevented him, and sent her a dream that night, which she would tell, not hoping to persuade the judges, but to raise up the white head of her poor father.

"After I had sat and watched all the night," quoth she, "towards morning I heard a nightingale sing in the castle-garden so sweetly that my eyes closed, and I slept. Then methought I was a lamb, grazing quietly in my meadow at Coserow. Suddenly the Sheriff jumped over the hedge, and turned into a wolf, who seized me in his jaws, and ran with me towards the Streckelberg, where he had his lair. I, poor little lamb, trembled and bleated in vain, and saw death before my eyes, when he laid me down before his lair, where lay the she-wolf and her young. But behold a hand, like the hand of a man,

* Jer. xvii. 5.

straightway came out of the bushes, and touched the wolves, each one with one finger, and crushed them so that nought was left of them save a grey powder. Hereupon the hand took me up, and carried me back to my meadow."

Only think, beloved reader, how I felt when I heard all this, and about the dear nightingale too, which no one can doubt to have been the servant of God. I clasped my child with many tears, and told her what had happened to me, and we both won such courage and confidence as we had never yet felt, to the wonderment of *Dom. Consul*, as it seemed; but the Sheriff turned as pale as a sheet when she stepped towards their worships and said, "And now do with me as you will, the lamb fears not, for she is in the hands of the good shepherd!" Meanwhile *Dom. Camerarius* came in with the *scriba*, but was terrified as he chanced to touch my daughter's apron with the skirts of his coat; and stood and scraped at his coat as a woman scrapes a fish. At last, after he had spat out thrice, he asked the court whether it would not begin to examine witnesses, seeing that all the people had been waiting some time both in the castle and at the alehouse. Hereunto they agreed, and the constable was ordered to guard my child in his room, until it should please the court to summon her. I therefore went with her, but we had to endure much from the impudent rogue, seeing he was not ashamed to lay his arm round my child her shoulders, and to ask for a kiss *in meâ presentiâ*. But, before I could get out a word, she tore herself from him, and said, "Ah, thou wicked knave, must I complain of thee to the court; hast thou forgotten what thou hast already done to me?" To which he answered, laughing, "See, see! how coy;" and still sought to persuade her to be more willing, and not to forget her own interest; for that he meant as well by her as his master; she might believe it or not; with many other scandalous words besides which I have forgot; for I took my child upon my knees and laid my head on her neck, and we sat and wept.

CHAPTER XXI.

De confrontatione testium.

WHEN we were summoned before the court again, the whole court was full of people, and some shuddered when they saw us, but others wept; my child told the same tale as before. But when our old Ilse was called, who sat on a bench behind, so that we had not seen her, the strength wherewith the Lord had gifted her was again at an end, and she repeated the words of our Saviour, "He that eateth bread with me hath lift up his heel against me:" and she held fast by my chair. Old Ilse, too, could not walk straight for very grief, nor could she speak for tears, but she twisted and wound herself about before the court, like a woman in travail. But when *Dom. Consul* threatened that the constable should presently help her to her words, she testified that my child had very often got up in the night, and called aloud upon the foul fiend.

Q. Whether she had ever heard Satan answer her?—*R.* She never had heard him at all.

Q. Whether she had perceived that *Rea* had a familiar spirit, and in what shape? She should think upon her oath, and speak the truth.—*R.* She had never seen one.

Q. Whether she had ever heard her fly up the chimney?—*R.* Nay, she had always gone softly out at the door.

Q. Whether she never at mornings had missed her broom or pitchfork?—*R.* Once the broom was gone, but she had found it again behind the stove, and may be left it there herself by mistake.

Q. Whether she had never heard *Rea* cast a spell, or wish harm to this or that person?—*R.* No, never; she had always wished her neighbours nothing but good, and even in the time of bitter famine had taken the bread out of her own mouth to give it to others.

Q. Whether she did not know the salve which had been found

in *Rea* her coffer?—*R.* Oh, yes! her young mistress had brought it back from Wolgast for her skin, and had once given her some when she had chapped hands, and it had done her a vast deal of good.

Q. Whether she had anything further to say?—*R.* No, nothing but good.

Hereupon my man Claus Neels was called up. He also came forward in tears, but answered every question with a "nay," and at last testified that he had never seen nor heard anything bad of my child, and knew naught of her doings by night, seeing that he slept in the stable with the horses; and that he firmly believed that evil folks—and here he looked at old Lizzie—had brought this misfortune upon her, and that she was quite innocent.

When it came to the turn of this old limb of Satan, who was to be the chief witness, my child again declared that she would not accept old Lizzie's testimony against her, and called upon the court for justice, for that she had hated her from her youth up, and had been longer by habit and repute a witch than she herself.

But the old hag cried out, "God forgive thee thy sins; the whole village knows that I am a devout woman, and one serving the Lord in all things;" whereupon she called up old Zuter Witthahn and my churchwarden Claus Bulk, who bore witness hereto. But old Paasch stood and shook his head; nevertheless when my child said, "Paasch, wherefore dost thou shake thy head?" he started, and answered, "Oh, nothing!"

Howbeit, *Dom. Consul* likewise perceived this, and asked him, whether he had any charge to bring against old Lizzie; if so, he should give glory to God, and state the same; *item*, it was competent to every one so to do; indeed the court required of him to speak out all he knew.

But from fear of the old dragon, all were still as mice, so that you might have heard the flies buzz about the inkstand. I then stood up, wretched as I was, and stretched out my arms over my amazed and faint-hearted people, and spake: "Can ye thus crucify me together with my poor child? have I deserved this at *your hands?* Speak, then; alas, will none speak?" I heard, *indeed, how* several wept aloud, but not one spake; and here-*upon my* poor child was forced to submit.

And the malice of the old hag was such that she not only accused my child of the most horrible witchcraft, but also reckoned to a day when she had given herself up to Satan to rob her of her maiden honour; and she said that Satan had, without doubt, then defiled her, when she could no longer heal the cattle, and when they all died. Hereupon my child said naught, save that she cast down her eyes and blushed deep for shame at such filthiness; and to the other blasphemous slander which the old hag uttered with many tears, namely, that my daughter had given up her (Lizzie's) husband, body and soul, to Satan, she answered as she had done before. But when the old hag came to her re-baptism in the sea, and gave out that while seeking for strawberries in the coppice she had recognised my child's voice, and stolen towards her, and perceived these devil's doings, my child fell in smiling, and answered, "Oh, thou evil woman! how couldst thou hear my voice speaking down by the sea, being thyself in the forest upon the mountain? surely thou liest, seeing that the murmur of the waves would make that impossible." This angered the old dragon, and seeking to get out of the blunder she fell still deeper into it, for she said, "I saw thee move thy lips, and from that I knew that thou didst call upon thy paramour the devil!" for my child straightway replied, "Oh, thou ungodly woman! thou saidst thou wert in the forest when thou didst hear my voice; how then up in the forest couldst thou see whether I, who was below by the water, moved my lips or not?"——

Such contradictions amazed even *Dom. Consul*, and he began to threaten the old hag with the rack if she told such lies; whereupon she answered and said, "List, then, whither I lie! When she went naked into the water she had no mark on her body, but when she came out again I saw that she had between her breasts a mark the size of a silver penny, whence I perceived that the devil had given it her, although I had not seen him about her, nor, indeed, had I seen any one, either spirit or child of man, for she seemed to be quite alone."

Hereupon the Sheriff jumped up from his seat, and cried, "Search must straightway be made for this mark;" whereupon *Dom. Consul answered,* "Yea, but not by us, but by two *women of good repute,*" for he would not hearken to what my

child said, that it was a mole, and that she had had it from her youth up, wherefore the constable his wife was sent for, and *Dom. Consul* muttered somewhat into her ear, and as prayers and tears were of no avail, my child was forced to go with her. Howbeit, she obtained this favour, that old Lizzie Kolken was not to follow her, as she would have done, but our old maid Ilse. I, too, went in my sorrow, seeing that I knew not what the women might do to her. She wept bitterly as they undressed her, and held her hands over her eyes for very shame.

Well-a-day, her body was just as white as my departed wife's; although in her childhood, as I remember, she was very yellow, and I saw with amazement the mole between her breasts, whereof I had never heard aught before. But she suddenly screamed violently and started back, seeing that the constable his wife, when nobody watched her, had run a needle into the mole, so deep that the red blood ran down over her breasts. I was sorely angered thereat, but the woman said that she had done it by order of the judge,* which, indeed, was true; for when we came back into court, and the Sheriff asked how it was, she testified that there was a mark of the size of a silver penny, of a yellowish colour, but that it had feeling, seeing that *Rea* had screamed aloud, when she had, unperceived, driven a needle therein. Meanwhile, however, *Dom. Camerarius* suddenly rose, and stepping up to my child, drew her eyelids asunder, and cried out, beginning to tremble, "Behold the sign which never fails:" † whereupon the whole court started to their feet, and looked at the little spot under her right eyelid which in truth had been left there by a stye, but this none would believe. *Dom. Consul* now said, "See, Satan hath marked thee on body and soul! and thou dost still continue to lie unto the Holy Ghost; but it shall not avail thee, and thy punishment will only be the heavier. Oh, thou shameless woman! thou hast refused to accept the testimony of old Lizzie; wilt thou also refuse that of these people, who have all heard thee on the mountain call upon

* It was believed that these marks were the infallible sign of a witch when they were insensible, and that they were given by the devil; and every one *suspected of* witchcraft was invariably searched for them.

† *See, among* other authorities, 'Delrio, Disquisit. magicæ,' lib. v. tit. xiv. *No. 28.*

the devil thy paramour, and seen him appear in the likeness of a hairy giant, and kiss and caress thee?"

Hereupon old Paasch, goodwife Witthahn, and Zuter, came forward and bare witness, that they had seen this happen about midnight, and that on this declaration they would live and die; that old Lizzie had awakened them one Saturday night about eleven o'clock, had given them a can of beer, and persuaded them to follow the parson's daughter privately, and to see what she did upon the mountain. At first they refused; but in order to get at the truth about the witchcraft in the village, they had at last, after a devout prayer, consented, and had followed her in God's name.

They had soon through the bushes seen the witch in the moonshine; she seemed to dig, and spake in some strange tongue the while, whereupon the grim arch-fiend suddenly appeared, and fell upon her neck. Hereupon they ran away in consternation, but, by the help of the Almighty God, on whom from the very first they had set their faith, they were preserved from the power of the Evil One. For, notwithstanding he had turned round on hearing a rustling in the bushes, he had had no power to harm them.

Finally, it was even charged to my child as a crime, that she had fainted on the road from Coserow to Pudgla, and none would believe that this had been caused by vexation at old Lizzie her singing, and not from a bad conscience, as stated by the judge.

When all the witnesses had been examined, *Dom. Consul* asked her whether she had brewed the storm, what was the meaning of the frog that dropped into her lap, *item*, the hedgehog which lay directly in his path? To all of which she answered, that she had caused the one as little as she knew of the other. Whereupon *Dom. Consul* shook his head, and asked her, last of all, whether she would have an advocate, or trust entirely in the good judgment of the court. To this she gave answer, that she would by all means have an advocate. Wherefore I sent my ploughman, Claus Neels, the next day to Wolgast to fetch the *Syndicus* Michelsen, who is a worthy man, and in whose house I have been many times *when I went to* the town, seeing that he courteously *invited me.*

I must also note here that at this time my old Ilse came back to live with me; for after the witnesses were gone she stayed behind in the chamber, and came boldly up to me, and besought me to suffer her once more to serve her old master and her dear young mistress; for that now she had saved her poor soul, and confessed all she knew. Wherefore she could no longer bear to see her old masters in such woeful plight, without so much as a mouthful of victuals, seeing that she had heard that old wife Seep, who had till *datum* prepared the food for me and my child, often let the porridge burn; *item*, over-salted the fish and the meat. Moreover, that I was so weakened by age and misery, that I needed help and support, which she would faithfully give me, and was ready to sleep in the stable, if needs must be; that she wanted no wages for it, I was only not to turn her away. Such kindness made my daughter to weep, and she said to me, "Behold, father, the good folks come back to us again; think you, then, that the good angels will forsake us for ever? I thank thee, old Ilse; thou shalt indeed prepare my food for me, and always bring it as far as the prison-door, if thou mayest come no further; and mark, then, I pray thee, what the constable does therewith."

This the maid promised to do, and from this time forth took up her abode in the stable. May God repay her at the day of judgment for what she then did for me and for my poor child!

CHAPTER XXII.

How the *Syndicus Dom.* Michelson arrived, and prepared his defence of my poor child.

THE next day, at about three o'clock P.M., *Dom. Syndicus* came driving up, and got out of his coach at my inn. He had a huge bag full of books with him, but was not so friendly in his manner as was usual with him, but very grave and silent. And after he had saluted me in my own room, and had asked how it was possible for my child to have come to such misfortune, I related to him the whole affair, whereat, however, he only shook his head. On my asking him whether he would not see my child that same day, he answered, "Nay;" he would rather first study the *acta.* And after he had eaten of some wild duck which my old Ilse had roasted for him, he would tarry no longer, but straightway went up to the castle, whence he did not return till the following afternoon. His manner was not more friendly now than at his first coming, and I followed him with sighs when he asked me to lead him to my daughter. As we went in with the constable, and I, for the first time, saw my child in chains before me—she who in her whole life had never hurt a worm—I again felt as though I should die for very grief. But she smiled and cried out to *Dom. Syndicus*, "Are you indeed the good angel who will cause my chains to fall from my hands, as was done of yore to St. Peter?" * To which he replied, with a sigh, "May the Almighty God grant it;" and as, save the chair whereon my child sat against the wall, there was none other in the dungeon (which was a filthy and stinking hole, wherein were more woodlice than ever I saw in my life), *Dom. Syndicus* and I sat down on her bed, which had been left for her at my prayer; and he ordered the constable to go his ways, until he should call him back. Hereupon he asked my child what she had to say in her justification; and *she had not* gone far in her defence when I

* *The Acts* of the Apostles, xii. 7.

perceived, from the shadow at the door, that some one must be standing without. I therefore went quickly to the door, which was half open, and found the impudent constable, who stood there to listen. This so angered *Dom. Syndicus* that he snatched up his staff in order to hasten his going, but the arch-rogue took to his heels as soon as he saw this. My child took this opportunity to tell her worshipful *defensor* what she had suffered from the impudence of this fellow, and to beg that some other constable might be set over her, seeing that this one had come to her last night again with evil designs, so that she at last had shrieked aloud and beaten him on the head with her chains; whereupon he had left her. This *Dom. Syndicus* promised to obtain for her; but with regard to the *defensio*, wherewith she now went on, he thought it would be better to make no further mention of the *impetus* which the Sheriff had made on her chastity. "For," said he, "as the princely central court at Wolgast has to give sentence upon thee, this statement would do thee far more harm than good, seeing that the *præses* thereof is a cousin of the Sheriff, and oft-times goes a hunting with him. Besides, thou being charged with a capital crime hast no *fides*, especially as thou canst bring no witnesses against him. Thou couldst, therefore, gain no belief even if thou didst confirm the charge on the rack, wherefrom, moreover, I am come hither to save thee by my *defensio*." These reasons seemed sufficient to us both, and we resolved to leave vengeance to Almighty God, who seeth in secret, and to complain of our wrongs to him, as we might not complain to men. But all my daughter said about old Lizzie —*item*, of the good report wherein she herself had, till now, stood with everybody—he said he would write down, and add thereunto as much and as well of his own as he was able, so as, by the help of Almighty God, to save her from the torture. That she was to make herself easy and commend herself to God; within two days he hoped to have his *defensio* ready and to read it to her. And now, when he called the constable back again, the fellow did not come, but sent his wife to lock the prison, and I took leave of my child with many tears: *Dom. Syndicus* told the woman the while what her impudent rogue of a husband had done, that she might let him hear more of it. Then he sent the woman away again and came back to my daughter, saying

that he had forgotten to ascertain whether she really knew the Latin tongue, and that she was to say her *defensio* over again in Latin, if she was able. Hereupon she began and went on therewith for a quarter of an hour or more, in such wise that not only *Dom. Syndicus* but I myself also was amazed, seeing that she did not stop for a single word, save the word "hedgehog," which we both had forgotten at the moment when she asked us what it was.—*Summa. Dom. Syndicus* grew far more gracious when she had finished her oration, and took leave of her, promising that he would set to work forthwith.

After this I did not see him again till the morning of the third day at ten o'clock, seeing that he sat at work in a room at the castle, which the Sheriff had given him, and also ate there, as he sent me word by old Ilse when she carried him his breakfast next day.

At the above-named time he sent the new constable for me, who, meanwhile, had been fetched from Uzdom at his desire. For the Sheriff was exceeding wrath when he heard that the impudent fellow had attempted my child in the prison, and cried out in a rage, "S'death and 'ouns, I'll mend thy coaxing!" Whereupon he gave him a sound threshing with a dog-whip he held in his hand, to make sure that she should be at peace from him.

But, alas! the new constable was even worse than the old, as will be shown hereafter. His name was Master Köppner, and he was a tall fellow with a grim face, and a mouth so wide that at every word he said the spittle ran out at the corners, and stuck in his long beard like soapsuds, so that my child had an especial fear and loathing of him. Moreover, on all occasions he seemed to laugh in mockery and scorn, as he did when he opened the prison-door to us, and saw my poor child sitting in her grief and distress. But he straightway left us without waiting to be told, whereupon *Dom. Syndicus* drew his defence out of his pocket, and read it to us; we have remembered the main points thereof, and I will recount them here, but most of the *auctores* we have forgotten.

1. He began by saying that my daughter had ever till now stood in good *repute, as not* only the whole village, but even my *servants, bore witness; ergo,* she could not be a witch, inasmuch

as the Saviour hath said, "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit" (Matt. vii.).

2. With regard to the witchcraft in the village, that belike was the contrivance of old Lizzie, seeing that she bore a great hatred towards *Rea*, and had long been in evil repute, for that the parishioners dared not to speak out, only from fear of the old witch; wherefore Zuter her little girl must be examined, who had heard old Lizzie her goodman tell her she had a familiar spirit, and that he would tell it to the parson; for that notwithstanding the above-named was but a child, still it was written in Ps. viii., "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength . . . ;" and the Saviour himself appealed (Matt. xxi.) to the testimony of little children.

3. Furthermore, old Lizzie might have bewitched the crops, *item*, the fruit-trees, inasmuch as none could believe that *Rea*, who had ever shown herself a dutiful child, would have bewitched her own father's corn, or made caterpillars come on his trees; for no one, according to Scripture, can serve two masters.

Item, she (old Lizzie) might very well have been the woodpecker that was seen by *Rea* and old Paasch on the Streckelberg, and herself have given over her goodman to the Evil One for fear of the parson, inasmuch as Spitzel *De Expugnatione Orci* asserts; *item*, the *Malleus Maleficarum*,* proves beyond doubt, that the wicked children of Satan oft-times change themselves into all manner of beasts, as the foul fiend himself likewise seduced our first parents in the shape of a serpent (Gen. iii.).

5. That old Lizzie had most likely made the wild weather when *Dom. Consul* was coming home with *Rea* from the Streckelberg, seeing it was impossible that *Rea* could have done it, as she was sitting in the coach, whereas witches when they raise storms always stand in the water, and throw it over their heads backwards; *item*, beat the stones soundly with a stick, as Hannold relates. Wherefore she too, may be, knew best about the frog and the hedgehog.

6. That *Rea* was erroneously charged with that as a *crimen*

* *The celebrated* 'Hammer for Witches' of Innocent VIII., which *appeared in 1489*, and gave directions for the whole course of proceeding to *be observed at trials* for witchcraft.

which ought rather to serve as her justification, namely, her sudden riches. For the *Malleus Maleficarum* expressly says that a witch can never grow rich, seeing that Satan, to do dishonour to God, always buys them for a vile price, so that they should not betray themselves by their riches.* Wherefore that as *Rea* had grown rich, she could not have got her wealth from the foul fiend, but it must be true that she had found amber on the mountain; that the spells of old Lizzie might have been the cause why they could not find the vein of amber again, or that the sea might have washed away the cliff below, as often happens, whereupon the top had slipped down, so that only a *miraculum naturale* had taken place. The proof which he brought forward from Scripture we have quite forgotten, seeing it was but middling.

7. With regard to her re-baptism, the old hag had said herself that she had not seen the devil or any other spirit or man about *Rea*, wherefore she might in truth have been only naturally bathing, in order to greet the King of Sweden next day, seeing that the weather was hot, and that bathing was not of itself sufficient to impair the modesty of a maiden. For that she had as little thought any would see her as Bathsheba the daughter of Eliam, and wife of Uriah the Hittite, who in like manner did bathe herself, as is written (2 Sam. xi. 2), without knowing that David could see her. Neither could her mark be a mark given by Satan, inasmuch as there was feeling therein; *ergo*, it must be a natural mole, and it was a lie that she had it not before bathing. Moreover, that on this point the old harlot was nowise to be believed, seeing that she had fallen from one contradiction into another about it, as stated in the *Acta*.

8. Neither was it just to accuse *Rea* of having bewitched Paasch his little daughter; for as old Lizzie was going in and out of the room, nay, even sat herself down on the little girl her belly when the pastor went to see her, it most likely was that wicked woman (who was known to have a great spite against *Rea*) that contrived the spell through the power of the foul

* The original words of the 'Hammer for Witches,' tom. i. quest. 18, in answer to the question, *Cur maleficæ non ditentur?* are, Ut juxta complacentiam dæmonis in contumeliam Creatoris, quantum possibile est, pro viliissimo pretio emantur, et secundo, ne in divitis notentur.

fiend, and by permission of the all-just God; for that Satan was "a liar and the father of it," as our Lord Christ says (John viii.).

9. With regard to the appearance of the foul fiend on the mountain in the shape of a hairy giant, that indeed was the heaviest *gravamen*, inasmuch as not only old Lizzie, but likewise three trustworthy witnesses, had seen him. But who could tell whether it was not old Lizzie herself who had contrived this devilish apparition in order to ruin her enemy altogether; for that notwithstanding the apparition was not the young nobleman, as *Rea* had declared it to be, it still was very likely that she had not lied, but had mistaken Satan for the young lord, as he appeared in his shape; *exemplum*, for this was to be found even in Scripture: for that all *Theologi* of the whole Protestant Church were agreed, that the vision which the witch of Endor showed to King Saul was not Samuel himself, but the arch-fiend; nevertheless, Saul had taken it for Samuel. In like manner the old harlot might have conjured up the devil before *Rea*, who did not perceive that it was not the young lord, but Satan, who had put on that shape in order to seduce her; for as *Rea* was a fair woman, none could wonder that the devil gave himself more trouble for her than for an old withered hag, seeing he has ever sought after fair women to lie with them.*

Lastly, he argued that *Rea* was in nowise marked as a witch, for that she neither had bleared and squinting eyes nor a hooked nose, whereas old Lizzie had both, which Theophrastus Paracelsus declares to be an unfailing mark of a witch, saying, "Nature marketh none thus unless by abortion, for these are the chiefest signs whereby witches be known whom the spirit *Asiendens* hath subdued unto himself."

When *Dom. Syndicus* had read his *defensio*, my daughter was so rejoiced thereat that she would have kissed his hand, but he snatched it from her and breathed upon it thrice, whereby we could easily see that he himself was nowise in earnest with his *defensio*. Soon after he took leave in an ill-humour, after commending her to the care of the Most High, and begged that I would make my farewell as short as might be, seeing that he purposed to return home that very day, the which, alas! I very unwillingly did.

* Gen. vi. 2.

CHAPTER XXIII.

How my poor child was sentenced to be put to the question.

AFTER *acta* had been sent to the honourable the central court, about fourteen days passed over before any answer was received. My lord the Sheriff was especially gracious toward me the while, and allowed me to see my daughter as often as I would (seeing that the rest of the court were gone home), wherefore I was with her nearly all day. And when the constable grew impatient of keeping watch over me, I gave him a fee to lock me in together with my child. And the all-merciful God was gracious unto us, and caused us often and gladly to pray, for we had a steadfast hope, believing that the cross we had seen in the heavens would now soon pass away from us, and that the ravening wolf would receive his reward when the honourable high court had read through the *acta*, and should come to the excellent *defensio* which *Dom. Syndicus* had constructed for my child. Wherefore I began to be of good cheer again, especially when I saw my daughter her cheeks growing of a right lovely red. But on Thursday, 25th *mensis Augusti*, at noon, the worshipful court drove into the castle-yard again as I sat in the prison with my child, as I was wont; and old Ilse brought us our food, but could not tell us the news for weeping. But the tall constable peeped in at the door grinning, and cried, "Oh, ho! they are come, they are come; now the tickling will begin:" whereat my poor child shuddered, but less at the news than at sight of the fellow himself. Scarce was he gone than he came back again to take off her chains and to fetch her away. So I followed her into the judgment-chamber, where *Dom. Consul* read out the sentence of the honourable high court as follows:—that she should once more be questioned in kindness touching the articles contained in the indictment; and if she then continued stubborn she should be subjected to the *peine forte* et dure, for that the *defensio she had set* up did not suffice, and that there were

indicia legitima, prægnantia et sufficientia ad torturam ipsam; to wit,—

1. *Mala fama.*
2. *Maleficium, publicè commissum.*
3. *Apparitio dæmonis in monte.*

Whereupon the most honourable central court cited about 20 *auctores*, whereof, howbeit, we remember but little. When *Dom. Consul* had read out this to my child, he once more lift up his voice and admonished her with many words to confess of her own free will, for that the truth must now come to light.

Hereupon she steadfastly replied, that after the *defensio* of *Dom. Syndicus* she had indeed hoped for a better sentence; but that, as it was the will of God to try her yet more hardly, she resigned herself altogether into his gracious hands, and could not confess aught save what she had said before, namely, that she was innocent, and that evil men had brought this misery upon her. Hereupon *Dom. Consul* motioned the constable, who straightway opened the door of the next room, and admitted *Pastor Benzensis* * in his surplice, who had been sent for by the court to admonish her still better out of the word of God. He heaved a deep sigh, and said, "Mary, Mary, is it thus I must meet thee again!" Whereupon she began to weep bitterly, and to protest her innocence afresh. But he heeded not her distress; and as soon as he had heard her pray, "Our Father," "the eyes of all wait upon thee," and "God the Father dwell with us," he lift up his voice and declared to her the hatred of the living God to all witches and warlocks, seeing that not only is the punishment of fire awarded to them in the Old Testament, but that the Holy Ghost expressly saith in the New Testament (Gal. v.), "That they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God;" but "shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone; which is the second death." (Apocal. xxi.) Wherefore she must not be stubborn nor murmur against the court when she was tormented, seeing that it was all done out of Christian love, and to save her poor soul. That, for the sake of God and her salvation, she should no longer delay repentance, and thereby cause her body to be tormented and give over

* *The minister* at Bentz, a village situated at a short distance from *Pudgla.*

her wretched soul to Satan, who certainly would not fulfil those promises in hell which he had made her here upon earth; seeing that "He was a murderer from the beginning—a liar and the father of it" (John viii.). "Oh!" cried he, "Mary, my child, who so oft hast sat upon my knees, and for whom I now cry every morning and every night unto my God, if thou wilt have no pity upon thee and me, have pity at least upon thy worthy father, whom I cannot look upon without tears, seeing that his hairs have turned snow white within a few days, and save thy soul, my child, and confess! Behold, thy heavenly father grieveth over thee no less than thy fleshly father, and the holy angels veil their faces for sorrow that thou, who wert once their darling sister, art now become the sister and bride of the devil. Return therefore, and repent! This day thy Saviour calleth thee, poor stray lamb, back into his flock, 'And ought not this woman, being a daughter of Abraham, whom Satan hath bound .. be loosed from this bond? Such are his merciful words (Luke xiii.); *item*, 'Return, thou backsliding Israel, saith the Lord, and I will not cause mine anger to fall upon you, for I am merciful' (Jer. iii.). Return then, thou backsliding soul, unto the Lord thy God! He who heard the prayer of the idolatrous Manasseh when 'he besought the Lord his God and humbled himself' (2 Chron. xxxiii.); who, through Paul, accepted the repentance of the sorcerers at Ephesus (Acts xix.), the same merciful God now crieth unto thee as unto the angel of the church of Ephesus, 'Remember, therefore, from whence thou art fallen and repent' (Apocal, ii.). Oh, Mary, Mary, remember, my child, from whence thou art fallen, and repent!"

Hereupon he held his peace, and it was some time before she could say a word for tears and sobs; but at last she answered, "If lies are no less hateful to God than witchcraft, I may not lie, but must rather declare, to the glory of God, as I have ever declared, that I am innocent."

Hereupon *Dom. Consul* was exceeding wrath, and frowned, and asked the tall constable if all was ready, *item*, whether the women were at hand to undress *Rea;* whereupon he answered with a grin, as he was wont, "Ho, ho, I have never been wanting in my duty, nor will I be wanting to-day; I will tickle her in such wise that she shall soon confess."

When he had said this, *Dom. Consul* turned to my daughter and said, "Thou art a foolish thing, and knowest not the torment which awaits thee, and therefore is it that thou still art stubborn. Now then follow me to the torture-chamber, where the executioner shall show thee the *instrumenta*, and thou mayest yet think better of it, when thou hast seen what the question is like."

Hereupon he went into another room, and the constable followed him with my child. And when I would have gone after them, *Pastor Benzensis* held me back, with many tears, and conjured me not to do so, but to tarry where I was. But I hearkened not unto him, and tore myself from him, and swore that so long as a single vein should beat in my wretched body, I would never forsake my child. I therefore went into the next room, and from thence down into a vault, where was the torture-chamber, wherein were no windows, so that those without might not hear the cries of the tormented. Two torches were already burning there when I went in, and although *Dom. Consul* would at first have sent me away, after a while he had pity upon me, so that he suffered me to stay.

And now that hell-hound the constable stepped forward, and first showed my poor child the ladder, saying with savage glee, "See here! first of all, thou wilt be laid on that, and thy hands and feet will be tied. Next the thumb-screw here will be put upon thee, which straightway will make the blood to spirt out at the tips of thy fingers; thou mayest see that they are still red with the blood of old Gussy Biehlke, who was burnt last year, and who, like thee, would not confess at first. If thou still wilt not confess, I shall next put these Spanish boots on thee, and should they be too large, I shall just drive in a wedge, so that the calf, which is now at the back of thy leg, will be driven to the front, and the blood will shoot out of thy feet, as when thou squeezest blackberries in a bag.

"Again, if thou wilt not yet confess—holla!" shouted he, and kicked open a door behind him, so that the whole vault shook, and my poor child fell upon her knees for fright. Before long *two women* brought in a bubbling cauldron, full of boiling pitch *and brimstone*. This cauldron the hell-hound ordered them to *set down* on the ground, and drew forth, from under the red cloak

he wore, a goose's wing, wherefrom he plucked five or six quills, which he dipped into the boiling brimstone. After he had held them awhile in the cauldron he threw them upon the earth, where they twisted about and spirted the brimstone on all sides. And then he called to my poor child again, "See! these quills I shall throw upon thy white loins, and the burning brimstone will presently eat into thy flesh down to the very bones, so that thou wilt thereby have a foretaste of the joys which await thee in hell."

When he had spoken thus far, amid sneers and laughter, I was so overcome with rage that I sprang forth out of the corner where I stood leaning my trembling joints against an old barrel, and cried, "Oh, thou hellish dog! sayest thou this of thyself, or have others bidden thee?" Whereupon, however, the fellow gave me such a blow upon the breast that I fell backwards against the wall, and *Dom. Consul* called out in great wrath, "You old fool, if you needs must stay here, at any rate leave the constable in peace, for if not I will have you thrust out of the chamber forthwith. The constable has said no more than is his duty; and it will thus happen to thy child if she confess not, and if it appear that the foul fiend have given her some charm against the torture."* Hereupon this hell-hound went on to speak to my poor child, without heeding me, save that he laughed in my face: "Look here! when thou hast thus been well shorn, ho, ho, ho! I shall pull thee up by means of these two rings in the floor and the roof, stretch thy arms above thy head, and bind them fast to the ceiling; whereupon I shall take these two torches, and hold them under thy shoulders, till thy skin will presently become like the rind of a smoked ham. Then thy hellish paramour will help thee no longer, and thou wilt confess the truth. And now thou hast seen and heard all that I shall do to thee, in the name of God, and by order of the magistrates."

And now *Dom. Consul* once more came forward and admonished her to confess the truth. But she abode by what she had said from the first; whereupon he delivered her over to the two

* It was believed that when witches endured the torture with unusual patience, or even slept *during the operation*, which, strange to say, frequently *occurred, the devil had gifted them* with insensibility to pain by means of an *amulet which they concealed in* some secret part of their persons.—Zedler's *Universal Lexicon, vol. xliv., art.* "Torture."

women who had brought in the cauldron, to strip her naked as she was born, and to clothe her in the black torture-shift; after which they were once more to lead her barefooted up the steps before the worshipful court. But one of these women was the Sheriff his housekeeper (the other was the impudent constable his wife), and my daughter said that she would not suffer herself to be touched save by honest women, and assuredly not by the housekeeper, and begged *Dom. Consul* to send for her maid, who was sitting in her prison reading the Bible, if he knew of no other decent woman at hand. Hereupon the housekeeper began to pour forth a wondrous deal of railing and ill words, but *Dom. Consul* rebuked her, and answered my daughter that he would let her have her wish in this matter too, and bade the impudent constable his wife call the maid hither from out of the prison. After he had said this, he took me by the arm, and prayed me so long to go up with him, for that no harm would happen to my daughter as yet, that I did as he would have me.

Before long she herself came up, led between the two women, barefooted, and in the black torture-shift, but so pale that I myself should scarce have known her. The hateful constable, who followed close behind, seized her by the hand, and led her before the worshipful court.

Hereupon the admonitions began all over again, and *Dom. Consul* bade her look upon the brown spots that were upon the black shift, for that they were the blood of old wife Biehlke, and to consider that within a few minutes it would in like manner be stained with her own blood. Hereupon she answered, "I have considered that right well, but I hope that my faithful Saviour, who hath laid this torment upon me, being innocent, will likewise help me to bear it, as he helped the holy martyrs of old; for if these, through God's help, overcame by faith the torments inflicted on them by blind heathens, I also can overcome the torture inflicted on me by blind heathens, who, indeed, call themselves Christians, but who are more cruel than those of yore; for the old heathens only caused the holy virgins to be torn of savage beasts, but ye which have received the new commandment, 'That ye love one another; as your Saviour hath loved you, that ye *also love one* another. By this shall all men know that ye are *his disciples*' (St. John xiii.); yourselves will act the part of

savage beasts, and tear with your own hands the body of an innocent maiden, your sister, who has never done aught to harm you. Do, then, as ye list, but have a care how ye will answer it to the highest Judge of all. Again, I say, the lamb feareth naught, for it is in the hand of the good Shepherd."

When my matchless child had thus spoken, *Dom. Consul* rose, pulled off the black skull-cap which he ever wore, because the top of his head was already bald, bowed to the court, and said, "We hereby make known to the worshipful court, that the question ordinary and extraordinary of the stubborn and blaspheming witch, Mary Schweidler, is about to begin, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Hereupon all the court rose save the Sheriff, who had got up before, and was walking uneasily up and down in the room. But of all that now follows, and of what I myself did, I remember not one word, but will relate it all as I have received it from my daughter and other *testes*, and they have told me as follows:—

That when *Dom. Consul* after these words had taken up the hour-glass which stood upon the table, and walked on before, I would go with him, whereupon *Pastor Benzensis* first prayed me with many words and tears to desist from my purpose, and when that was of no avail my child herself stroked my cheeks, saying, "Father, have you ever read that the Blessed Virgin stood by when her guileless Son was scourged? Depart, therefore, from me. You shall stand by the pile whereon I am burned, that I promise you; for in like manner did the Blessed Virgin stand at the foot of the cross. But, now, go; go I pray you, for you will not be able to bear it, neither shall I!"

And when this also failed, *Dom. Consul* bade the constable seize me, and by main force lock me into another room; whereupon, however, I tore myself away, and fell at his feet, conjuring him by the wounds of Christ not to tear me from my child; that I would never forget his kindness and mercy, but pray for him day and night; nay, that at the day of judgment I would be his intercessor with God and the holy angels if that he would but let me go with with my child; that I would be quite quiet, and not speak one single word, but that I must go with my child, &c.

This so moved the worthy man that he burst into tears, and so trembled *with pity for me* that the hour-glass fell from his

hands and rolled right before the feet of the Sheriff, as though God himself would signify to him that his glass was soon to run out; and, indeed, he understood it right well, for he grew white as any chalk when he picked it up, and gave it back to *Dom. Consul.* The latter at last gave way, saying that this day would make him ten years older; but he bade the impudent constable, who also went with us, lead me away if I made any *rumor* during the torture. And hereupon the whole court went below, save the Sheriff, who said his head ached, and that he believed his old *malum*, the gout, was coming upon him again, wherefore he went into another chamber; *item, Pastor Benzensis* likewise departed.

Down in the vault the constables first brought in tables and chairs, whereon the court sat, and *Dom. Consul* also pushed a chair toward me, but I sat not thereon, but threw myself upon my knees in a corner. When this was done they began again with their vile admonitions, and as my child, like her guileless Saviour before his unrighteous judges, answered not a word, *Dom. Consul* rose up and bade the tall constable lay her on the torture-bench.

She shook like an aspen leaf when he bound her hands and feet; and when he was about to bind over her sweet eyes a nasty old filthy clout wherein my maid had seen him carry fish but the day before, and which was still all over shining scales, I perceived it, and pulled off my silken neckerchief, begging him to use that instead, which he did. Hereupon the thumb-screw was put on her, and she was once more asked whether she would confess freely, but she only shook her poor blinded head, and sighed with her dying Saviour, "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani," and then in Greek, "Θεέ μου, Θεέ μου, ἵνα τί με ἐγκατέλιπες."* Whereat *Dom. Consul* started back, and made the sign of the cross (for inasmuch as he knew no Greek, he believed, as he afterwards said himself, that she was calling upon the devil to help her), and then called to the constable with a loud voice, "Screw!"

But when I heard this I gave such a cry that the whole vault shook; and when my poor child, who was dying of terror and despair, had heard my voice, she first struggled with her bound hands and feet like a lamb that lies dying in the slaughter-house,

* *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?*—Matt. xxvii. 46.

and then cried out, "Loose me, and I will confess whatsoe'er you will." Hereat *Dom. Consul* so greatly rejoiced, that while the constable unbound her, he fell on his knees, and thanked God for having spared him this anguish. But no sooner was my poor desperate child unbound, and had laid aside her crown of thorns (I mean my silken neckerchief), than she jumped off the ladder, and flung herself upon me, who lay for dead in the corner in a deep swound.

This greatly angered the worshipful court, and when the constable had borne me away, *Rea* was admonished to make her confession according to promise. But seeing she was too weak to stand upon her feet, *Dom. Consul* gave her a chair to sit upon, although *Dom. Camerarius* grumbled thereat, and these were the chief questions which were put to her by order of the most honourable high central court, as *Dom. Consul* said, and which were registered *ad protocollum.*

Q. Whether she could bewitch?—*R.* Yes, she could bewitch.

Q. Who taught her to do so?—*R.* Satan himself.

Q. How many devils had she?—*R.* One devil was enough for her.

Q. What was this devil called?—*Illa* (considering). His name was *Disidæmonia.**

Hereat *Dom. Consul* shuddered and said that that must be a very terrible devil indeed, for that he had never heard such a name before, and that she must spell it, so that *Scriba* might make no *error;* which she did, and he then went on as follows:—

Q. In what shape had he appeared to her?—*R.* In the shape of the Sheriff, and sometimes as a goat with terrible horns.

Q. Whether Satan had re-baptized her, and where?—*R.* In the sea.

Q. What name had he given her?—*R.* ——.†

Q. Whether any of the neighbours had been by when she was re-baptized, and which of them?—*R.* Hereupon my matchless child cast up her eyes towards heaven, as though doubting whether she should fyle old Lizzie or not, but at last she said, No!

Q. She must have had sponsors; who were they? and what

* Δεισιδαιμονία—Superstition. What an extraordinary woman!

† *It was impossible to decipher this name in the MS.*

gift had they given her as christening money?—*R.* There were none there save spirits; wherefore old Lizzie could see no one when she came and looked on at her re-baptism.

Q. Whether she had ever lived with the devil?—*R.* She never had lived anywhere save in her father's house.

Q. She did not choose to understand. He meant whether she had ever played the wanton with Satan, and known him carnally? Hereupon she blushed, and was so ashamed that she covered her face with her hands, and presently began to weep and to sob: and as, after many questions, she gave no answer, she was again admonished to speak the truth, or that the executioner should lift her up on the ladder again. At last she said "No!" which, howbeit the worshipful court would not believe, and bade the executioner seize her again, whereupon she answered "Yes!"

Q. Whether she had found the devil hot or cold?—*R.* She did not remember which.

Q. Whether she had ever conceived by Satan, and given birth to a changeling, and of what shape?—*R.* No, never.

Q. Whether the foul fiend had given her any sign or mark about her body, and in what part thereof?—*R.* That the mark had already been seen by the worshipful court.

She was next charged with all the witchcraft done in the village, and owned to it all, save that she still said that she knew naught of old Seden his death, *item*, of little Paasch her sickness, nor, lastly, would she confess that she had, by the help of the foul fiend, raked up my crop or conjured the caterpillars into my orchard. And albeit they again threatened her with the question, and even ordered the executioner to lay her on the bench and put on the thumb-screw to frighten her; she remained firm, and said, "Why should you torture me, seeing that I have confessed far heavier crimes than these, which it will not save my life to deny?"

Hereupon the worshipful court at last were satisfied, and suffered her to be lifted off the torture-bench, especially as she confessed the *articulus principalis;* to wit, that Satan had really appeared to her on the mountain in the shape of a hairy giant. Of the storm and the frog, *item*, of the hedgehog, nothing was said, inasmuch as the worshipful court had by this time seen the folly of supposing that she could have brewed a storm while she

quietly sat in the coach. Lastly, she prayed that it might be granted to her to suffer death clothed in the garments which she had worn when she went to greet the King of Sweden; *item*, that they would suffer her wretched father to be driven with her to the stake, and to stand by while she was burned, seeing that she had promised him this in the presence of the worshipful court.

Hereupon she was once more given into the charge of the tall constable, who was ordered to put her into a stronger and severer prison. But he had not led her out of the chamber before the Sheriff his bastard, whom he had had by the housekeeper, came into the vault with a drum, and kept drumming and crying out, "Come to the roast goose! come to the roast goose!" whereat *Dom. Consul* was exceeding wroth, and ran after him, but he could not catch him, seeing that the young varlet knew all the ins and outs of the vault. Without doubt it was the Lord who sent me the swound, so that I should be spared this fresh grief; wherefore to him alone be honour and glory. Amen.

CHAPTER XXIV.

How in my presence the devil fetched old Lizzie Kolken.

When I recovered from my above-mentioned swound, I found my host, his wife, and my old maid standing over me, and pouring warm beer down my throat. The faithful old creature shrieked for joy when I opened my eyes again, and then told me that my daughter had not suffered herself to be racked, but had freely confessed her crimes and fyled herself as a witch. This seemed pleasant news to me in my misery, inasmuch as I deemed the death by fire to be a less heavy punishment than the torture. Howbeit when I would have prayed I could not, whereat I again fell into heavy grief and despair, fearing that the Holy Ghost had altogether turned away his face from me, wretched man that I was. And albeit the old maid, when she had seen this, came and stood before my bed and began to pray aloud to me; it was all in vain, and I remained a hardened sinner. But the Lord had pity upon me, although I deserved it not, insomuch that I presently fell into a deep sleep, and did not awake until next morning when the prayer-bell rang; and then I was once more able to pray, whereat I greatly rejoiced, and still thanked God in my heart, when my ploughman Claus Neels came in and told me that he had come yesterday to tell me about my oats, seeing that he had gotten them all in; and that the constable came with him who had been to fetch old Lizzie Kolken, inasmuch as the honourable high court had ordered her to be brought up for trial. Hereat the whole village rejoiced, but *Rea* herself laughed, and shouted, and sang, and told him and the constable, by the way (for the constable had let her get up behind for a short time), that this should bring great luck to the Sheriff. They need only bring her up before the court, and in good sooth she would not hold her tongue within her teeth, but *that all men* should marvel at her confession; that such a court

as that was a laughing-stock to her, and that she spat, *salvâ veniâ*, upon the whole brotherhood, *et cet.*

Upon hearing this I once more felt a strong hope, and rose to go to old Lizzie. But I was not quite dressed before she sent the impudent constable to beg that I would go to her with all speed and give her the sacrament, seeing that she had become very weak during the night. I had my own thoughts on the matter, and followed the constable as fast as I could, though not to give her the sacrament, as indeed anybody may suppose. But in my haste I, weak old man that I was, forgot to take my witnesses with me; for all the misery I had hitherto suffered had so clouded my senses that it never once came into my head. None followed me save the impudent constable; and it will soon appear how that this villain had given himself over body and soul to Satan to destroy my child, whereas he might have saved her. For when he had opened the prison (it was the same cell wherein my child had first been shut up), we found old Lizzie lying on the ground on a truss of straw, with a broom for a pillow (as though she were about to fly to hell upon it, as she no longer could fly to Blockula), so that I shuddered when I caught sight of her.

Scarce was I come in when she cried out fearfully, "I'm a witch, I'm a witch! Have pity upon me, and give me the sacrament quick, and I will confess everything to you!" And when I said to her, "Confess then!" she owned that she, with the help of the Sheriff, had contrived all the witchcraft in the village, and that my child was as innocent thereof as the blessed sun in heaven. Howbeit that the Sheriff had the greatest guilt, inasmuch as he was a warlock and a witch's priest, and had a spirit far stronger than her's, called Dudaim,* which spirit had given her such a blow on the head in the night as she should never recover. This same Dudaim it was that had raked up the crops, heaped sand over the amber, made the storm, and dropped the

* This remarkable word occurs in the 1 Mos. xxx. 15 ff. as the name of a plant which produces fruitfulness in women; but the commentators are by no means agreed as to its nature and its properties. The LXX. render it by *Mandragoras*, which has been understood by the most eminent ancient and modern theologians to mean the mandrake (Alraunwurzel) so famous in the history of witchcraft. In many instances the devils, strangely enough, receive Christian names; thus the familiar spirit of old Lizzie is afterwards called Kit, *i. e. Christopher.*

frog into my daughter her lap; *item*, carried off her old goodman through the air.

And when I asked her how that could be, seeing that her goodman had been a child of God until very near his end, and much given to prayer; albeit I had indeed marvelled why he had other thoughts in his last illness; she answered, that one day he had seen her spirit, which she kept in a chest, in the shape of a black cat, and whose name was Kit, and had threatened that he would tell me of it; whereupon she, being frightened, had caused her spirit to make him so ill that he despaired of ever getting over it. Thereupon she had comforted him, saying that she would presently heal him if he would deny God, who, as he well saw, could not help him. This he promised to do; and when she had straightway made him quite hearty again, they took the silver which I had scraped off the new sacrament cup, and went by night down to the sea-shore, where he had to throw it into the sea with these words: "When this silver returns again to the chalice, then shall my soul return to God." Whereupon the Sheriff, who was by, re-baptized him in the name of Satan, and called him Jack. He had had no sponsors save only herself, old Lizzie. Moreover that on St. John's eve, when he went with them to Blockula for the first time (the Herrenberg * was their Blockula), they had talked of my daughter, and Satan himself had sworn to the Sheriff that he should have her. For that he would show the old one (wherewith the villain meant God) what he could do, and that he would make the carpenter's son sweat for vexation (fie upon thee, thou arch villain, that thou couldst thus speak of my blessed Saviour!). Whereupon her old goodman had grumbled, and as they had never rightly trusted him, the spirit Dudaim one day flew off with him through the air by the Sheriff's order, seeing that her own spirit, called Kit, was too weak to carry him. That the same Dudaim had also been the woodpecker who afterwards 'ticed my daughter and old Paasch to the spot with his cries, in order to ruin her. But that the giant who had appeared on the Streckelberg was not a devil,

* A hill near Coserow. In almost all trials of witches hills of this kind in the neighbourhood of the accused are mentioned, where the devil on Walpurgis night and St. John's eve feasts, dances and wantons with them, and where warlock priests administer Satanic sacraments, which are mere *mockeries of those of* Divine institution.

but the young lord of Mellenthin himself, as her spirit, Kit, had told her.

And this she said was nothing but the truth, whereby she would live and die; and she begged me, for the love of God, to take pity upon her, and, after her repentant confession, to speak forgiveness of her sins, and to give her the Lord's Supper; for that her spirit stood there behind the stove, grinning like a rogue, because he saw that it was all up with her now. But I answered, "I would sooner give the sacrament to an old sow than to thee, thou accursed witch, who not only didst give over thine own husband to Satan, but hast likewise tortured me and my poor child almost unto death with pains like those of hell." Before she could make any answer, a loathsome insect, about as long as my finger, and with a yellow tail, crawled in under the door of the prison. When she espied it, she gave a yell, such as I never before heard, and never wish to hear again. For once, when I was in Silesia, in my youth, I saw one of the enemy's soldiers spear a child before its mother's face, and I thought *that* a fearful shriek which the mother gave; but her cry was child's play to the cry of old Lizzie. All my hair stood on end, and her own red hair grew so stiff that it was like the twigs of the broom whereon she lay; and then she howled, "That is the spirit Dudaim, whom the accursed Sheriff has sent to me—the sacrament, for the love of God, the sacrament!—I will confess a great deal more—I have been a witch these thirty years!—the sacrament, the sacrament!" While she thus bellowed and flung about her arms and legs, the loathsome insect rose into the air, and buzzed and whizzed about her where she lay, insomuch that it was fearful to see and to hear. And this she-devil called by turns on God, on her spirit Kit, and on me, to help her, till the insect all of a sudden darted into her open jaws, whereupon she straightway gave up the ghost, and turned all black and blue like a blackberry.

I heard nothing more save that the window rattled, not very loud, but as though one had thrown a pea against it, whereby I straightway perceived that Satan had just flown through it with her soul. May the all-merciful God keep every mother's child from such an end, for the sake of Jesus Christ our blessed Lord and Saviour! Amen.

As soon as I was somewhat recovered, which, however, was not for a long time, inasmuch as my blood had turned to ice, and my feet were as stiff as a stake; I began to call out after the impudent constable, but he was no longer in the prison. Thereat I greatly marvelled, seeing that I had seen him there but just before the vermin crawled in, and straightway I suspected no good, as, indeed, it turned out; for when at last he came upon my calling him, and I told him to let this carrion be carted out which had just died in the name of the devil, he did as though he was amazed; and when I desired him that he would bear witness to the innocence of my daughter, which the old hag had confessed on her death-bed, he pretended to be yet more amazed, and said that he had heard nothing. This went through my heart like a sword, and I leaned against a pillar without, where I stood for a long time: but as soon as I was come to myself I went to *Dom. Consul*, who was about to go to Uzedom, and already sat in his coach. At my humble prayer he went back into the judgment-chamber with the *Camerarius* and the *Scriba*, whereupon I told all that had taken place, and how the wicked constable denied that he had heard the same. But they say that I talked a great deal of nonsense beside; among other things that all the little fishes had swam into the vault to release my daughter. Nevertheless, *Dom. Consul*, who often shook his head, sent for the impudent constable, and asked him for his testimony. But the fellow pretended that as soon as he saw that old Lizzie wished to confess, he had gone away, so as not to get any more hard words, wherefore he had heard nothing. Hereupon I, as *Dom. Consul* afterwards told the pastor of Benz, clenched my fists and answered, "What, thou arch-rogue, didst thou not crawl about the room in the shape of a reptile?" whereupon he would hearken to me no longer, thinking me distraught, nor would he make the constable take an oath, but left me standing in the midst of the room, and got into his coach again.

Neither do I know how I got out of the room; but next morning when the sun rose, and I found myself lying in bed at Master Seep his alehouse, the whole *casus* seemed to me like a *dream; neither* was I able to rise, but lay a-bed all the blessed *Saturday and* Sunday, talking all manner of allotria. It was *not till* towards evening on Sunday when I began to vomit and

threw up green bile (no wonder!), that I got somewhat better. About this time *Pastor Benzensis* came to my bedside, and told me how distractedly I had borne myself, but so comforted me from the word of God, that I was once more able to pray from my heart. May the merciful God reward my dear gossip, therefore, at the day of judgment! For prayer is almost as brave a comforter as the Holy Ghost himself, from whom it comes; and I shall ever consider that so long as a man can still pray, his misfortunes are not unbearable, even though in all else "his flesh and his heart faileth" (Ps. lxxiii.).

CHAPTER XXV.

How Satan sifted me like wheat, whereas my daughter withstood him right bravely.

On Monday I left my bed betimes, and as I felt in passable good case, I went up to the castle to see whether I might peradventure get to my daughter, but I could not find either constable, albeit I had brought a few groats with me to give them as beer-money; neither would the folks that I met tell me where they were; *item*, the impudent constable his wife, who was in the kitchen making brimstone matches. And when I asked her when her husband would come back, she said not before to-morrow morning early; *item*, that the other constable would not be here any sooner. Hereupon I begged her to lead me to my daughter herself, at the same time showing her the two groats; but she answered that she had not the keys, and knew not how to get at them: moreover she said she did not know where my child was now shut up, seeing that I would have spoken to her through the door; *item*, the cook, the huntsman, and whomsoever else I met in my sorrow, said they knew not in what hole the witch might lie.

Hereupon I went all round about the castle, and laid my ear against every little window that looked as though it might be her window, and cried, "Mary, my child, where art thou?" *Item*, at every grating I found I kneeled down, bowed my head, and called in like manner into the vault below. But all in vain; I got no answer anywhere. The Sheriff at length saw what I was about, and came down out of the castle to me with a very gracious air, and taking me by the hand, he asked me what I sought? But when I answered him that I had not seen my only child since last Thursday, and prayed him to show pity upon me, and let me be led to her, he said that could not be, but that I was to come up into his chamber, and talk further of the matter. By the way he said, "Well, so the old witch told you fine things about me, but you see how Almighty God

has sent his righteous judgment upon her. She has long been ripe for the fire; but my great long-suffering, wherein a good magistrate should ever strive to be like unto the Lord, has made me overlook it till *datum*, and in return for my goodness she raises this outcry against me." And when I replied, "How does your lordship know that the witch raised such an outcry against you?" he first began to stammer, and then said, "Why you yourself charged me thereon before the judge. But I bear you no anger therefore, and God knows that I pity you, who are a poor weak old man, and would gladly help you if I were able." Meanwhile he led me up four or five flights of stairs, so that I, old man that I am, could follow him no further, and stood still gasping for breath. But he took me by the hand and said, "Come, I must first show you how matters really stand, or I fear you will not accept my help, but will plunge yourself into destruction." Hereupon we stepped out upon a terrace at the top of the castle, which looked toward the water; and the villain went on to say, "Reverend Abraham, can you see well afar off?" and when I answered that I once could see very well, but that the many tears I had shed had now peradventure dimmed my eyes, he pointed to the Streckelberg, and said, "Do you then see nothing there?" *Ego.* "Nought save a black speck, which I cannot make out." *Ille.* "Know then that that is the pile whereon your daughter is to burn at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, and which the constables are now raising." When this hell-hound had thus spoken, I gave a loud cry and swounded. Oh, blessed Lord! I know not how I lived through such distress; thou alone didst strengthen me beyond nature, in order, "after so much weeping and wailing, to heap joys and blessings upon me;" without thee I never could have lived through such misery: "therefore to thy name ever be all honour and glory, oh thou God of Israel!"*

When I came again to myself I lay on a bed in a fine room, and perceived a taste in my mouth like wine. But as I saw none near me save the Sheriff, who held a pitcher in his hand, I shuddered and closed mine eyes, considering what I should say or do. This he presently observed, and said, "Do not shudder thus; I

* Tobit iii. 22, 23, Luther's Version.

mean well by you, and only wish to put a question to you, which you must answer me on your conscience as a priest. Say, reverend Abraham, which is the greater sin, to commit whoredom, or to take the lives of two persons?" and when I answered him, "To take the lives of two persons," he went on, "Well, then, is not that what your stubborn child is about to do? Rather than give herself up to me, who have ever desired to save her, and who can even yet save her, albeit her pile is now being raised, she will take away her own life and that of her wretched father, for I scarcely think that you, poor man, will outlive this sorrow. Wherefore do you, for God his sake, persuade her to think better of it while I am yet able to save her. For know that about ten miles from hence I have a small house in the midst of the forest, where no human being ever goes; thither will I send her this very night, and you may dwell there with her all the days of your life, if so it please you. You shall live as well as you can possibly desire, and to-morrow morning I will spread a report betimes that the witch and her father have run away together during the night, and that nobody knows whither they are gone." Thus spake the serpent to me, as whilom to our mother Eve; and, wretched sinner that I am, the tree of death which he showed me seemed to me also to be a tree of life, so pleasant was it to the eye. Nevertheless I answered, "My child will never save her miserable life by doing aught to peril the salvation of her soul." But now too the serpent was more cunning than all the beasts of the field (especially such an old fool as I), and spake thus: "Why, who would have her peril the salvation of her soul? Reverend Abraham, must I teach you Scripture? Did not our Lord Christ pardon Mary Magdalene, who lived in open whoredom? and did he not speak forgiveness to the poor adulteress who had committed a still greater *crimen?* nay more, doth not St. Paul expressly say that the harlot Rahab was saved, Hebrews xi.? *item*, St. James ii. says the same. But where have ye read that any one was saved who had wantonly taken her own life and that of her father? Wherefore, for the love of God, persuade your child not to give herself up, body and soul, to the devil, by her stubbornness, but to suffer herself to be saved while it is yet time. You can abide with her, and pray away all the sins she may commit, and likewise aid

me with your prayers, who freely own that I am a miserable sinner, and have done you much evil, though not so much evil by far, reverend Abraham, as David did to Uriah, and he was saved, notwithstanding he put the man to a shameful death, and afterwards lay with his wife. Wherefore I, poor man, likewise hope to be saved, seeing that my desire for your daughter is still greater than that which this David felt for Bathsheba; and I will gladly make it all up to you twofold as soon as we are in my cottage."

When the tempter had thus spoken, methought his words were sweeter than honey, and I answered, "Alas, my lord, I am ashamed to appear before her face with such a proposal." Whereupon he straightway said, "Then do you write it to her; come, here is pen, ink, and paper."

And now, like Eve, I took the fruit and ate, and gave it to my child that she might eat also; that is to say, that I recapitulated on paper all that Satan had prompted, but in the Latin tongue, for I was ashamed to write it in mine own; and lastly I conjured her not to take away her own life and mine, but to submit to the wondrous will of God. Neither were mine eyes opened when I had eaten (that is written), nor did I perceive that the ink was gall instead of honey, and I translated my letter to the Sheriff (seeing that he understood no Latin), smiling like a drunken man the while; whereupon he clapped me on the shoulder, and after I had made fast the letter with his signet, he called his huntsman, and gave it to him to carry to my daughter; *item*, he sent her pen, ink, and paper, together with his signet, in order that she might answer it forthwith.

Meanwhile he talked with me right graciously, praising my child and me, and made me drink to him many times from his great pitcher, wherein was most goodly wine; moreover he went to a cupboard and brought out cakes for me to eat, saying that I should now have such every day. But when the huntsman came back in about half an hour, with her answer, and I had read the same, then, first, were mine eyes opened, and I knew good and evil; had I had a fig-leaf, I should have covered them therewith for shame; but as it was, I held my hand over them and wept so bitterly that the Sheriff waxed very wroth, and cursing bade me tell *him what she had written*. Thereupon I interpreted the *letter to him, the which I* likewise place here, in order that all

may see my folly, and the wisdom of my child. It was as follows:*

IESVS!

Pater infelix!

Ego cras non magis pallebo rogum aspectura, et rogus non magis erubescet, me suscipiens, quam pallui et iterum erubescui, literas tuas legens. Quid? et te, pium patrem, pium servum Domini, ita Satanas sollicitavit, ut communionem facias cum inimicis meis, et non intelligas: in tali vitâ esse mortem, et in tali morte vitam? Scilicet si clementissimus Deus Mariæ Magdalenæ aliisque ignovit, ignovit, quia resipiscerent ob carnis debilitatem, et non iterum peccarent. Et ego peccarem cum quavis detestatione carnis, et non semel, sed iterum atque iterum sine reversione usque ad mortem? Quomodo clementissimus Deus hoc sceleratissima ignoscere posset? infelix pater! recordare quid mihi dixisti de sanctis martyribus et virginibus Domini, quæ omnes mallent vitam quam pudicitiam perdere. His et ego

* It is evidently written by a female hand, and probably the original letter; there are, however, no traces of sealing-wax or wax upon it, whence I infer that it was sent open, which, from its being written in a foreign language, would have been perfectly safe. I have purposely left the few grammatical errors it contains, as the smallest alteration of this gem would appear to me in the light of a treason against the character of this incomparable woman.

Translation.

JESUS!

Unhappy Father!

I shall not to-morrow grow more pale at sight of the pile, nor will the pile grow more red on receiving me, than I grew pale and then red while reading thy letter. How? and hath Satan so tempted thee, pious father, pious servant of the Lord, that thou hast made common cause with mine enemies, and that thou understandest not that in such life is death, and in such death is life? For if the all-merciful God forgave Mary Magdalene and other sinners, he forgave them because they repented of the weakness of their flesh, and sinned not again. And shall I sin with so great abhorrence of the flesh, and that not once, but again and again without return even until death? How could the all-merciful God forgive this to the vilest of women? Unhappy father! remember what thou hast told me of the holy martyrs, and of the virgins of the Lord, who all lost their lives rather than lose their chastity. These will I follow, hoping that my spouse Jesus Christ will also give to wretched me a crown of eternal glory, although, indeed, I have not less offended through the weakness of the flesh than Mary, declaring myself to be guilty, whereas I am innocent. Be strong, therefore, and pray for me unto God, and not unto the devil, so that I may soon pray for thee before the face of God.

MARY S., a Prisoner.

sequar, et sponsus meus, Jesus Christus, et mihi miseræ, ut spero, coronam æternam dabit, quamvis eum non minus offendi ob debilitatem carnis ut Maria, et me sontem declaravi, cum insons sum. Fac igitur, ut valeas et ora pro me apud Deum et non apud Satanam, ut et ego mox coram Deo pro te orare possim.

MARIA S., captiva.

When the Sheriff heard this he flung the pitcher which he held in his hand to the ground, so that it flew in pieces, and cried, "The cursed devil's whore! the constable shall make her squeak for this a good hour longer;" with many more such things beside, which he said in his malice, and which I have now forgotten; but he soon became quite gracious again, and said, "She is foolish; do you go to her and see whether you cannot persuade her to her own good as well as yours; the huntsman shall let you in, and should the fellow listen, give him a good box on the ears in my name; do you hear, reverend Abraham? Go now forthwith and bring me back an answer as quickly as possible!" I therefore followed the huntsman, who led me into a vault where was no light save what fell through a hole no bigger than a crown-piece; and here my daughter sat upon her bed and wept. Any one may guess that I straightway began to weep too, and was no better able to speak than she. We thus lay mute in each other's arms for a long time, until I at last begged her to forgive me for my letter, but of the Sheriff his message I said nought, although I had purposed so to do. But before long we heard the Sheriff himself call down into the vault from above, "What (and here he gave me a heavy curse) are you doing there so long? Come up this moment, reverend Johannes!" Thus I had scarce time to give her one kiss before the huntsman came back with the keys and forced us to part; albeit we had as yet scarcely spoken, save that I had told her in a few words what had happened with old Lizzie. It would be hard to believe into what grievous anger the Sheriff fell when I told him that my daughter remained firm and would not hearken unto him; he struck me on the breast, and said, "Go to the devil then, thou infamous parson!" and when I turned myself away and would have gone, he pulled me back, and said, "If thou breathest but one word of all that has passed, I will have thee

burnt too, thou grey-headed old father of a witch; so look to it!" Hereupon I plucked up a heart, and answered that that would be the greatest joy to me, especially if I could be burnt tomorrow with my child. Hereunto he made no answer, but clapped to the door behind me. Well, clap the door as thou wilt, I greatly fear that the just God will one day clap the doors of heaven in thy face!——

CHAPTER XXVI.

How I received the Holy Sacrament with my daughter and the old maid-servant, and how she was then led for the last time before the court, with the drawn sword and the outcry, to receive sentence.

Now any one would think that during that heavy Tuesday night I should not have been able to close mine eyes; but know, dear reader, that the Lord can do more than we can ask or understand, and that his mercy is new every morning. For toward daybreak I fell asleep as quietly as though I had had no care upon my heart; and when I awoke I was able to pray more heartily than I had done for a long time; so that, in the midst of my tribulation, I wept for joy at such great mercy from the Lord. But I prayed for nought save that he would endow my child with strength and courage to suffer the martyrdom he had laid upon her with Christian patience, and to send his angel to me, woeful man, so to pierce my heart with grief when I should see my child burn, that it might straightway cease to beat, and I might presently follow her. And thus I still prayed when the maid came in all dressed in black, and with the silken raiment of my sweet lamb hanging over her arm; and she told me, with many tears, that the dead-bell had already tolled from the Castle tower, for the first time, and that my child had sent for her to dress her, seeing that the court was already come from Usedom, and that in about two hours she was to set out on her last journey. Moreover, she had sent her word that she was to take her some blue and yellow flowers for a garland; wherefore she asked me what flowers she should take; and seeing that a jar, filled with fire lilies and forget-me-nots, stood in my window, which she had placed there yesterday, I said, "Thou canst gather no better flowers for her than these, wherefore do thou carry them to her, and tell her that I will follow thee in about half-an-hour, in order to receive the sacrament *with her.*" Hereupon the faithful old creature *prayed me to suffer her to* go to the sacrament with us, the which

I promised her. And scarce had I dressed myself and put on my surplice when *Pastor Benzensis* came in at the door and fell upon my neck, weeping, and as mute as a fish. As soon as he came to his speech again he told me of the great *miraculum* (*dæmonis* I mean) which had befallen at the burial of old Lizzie. For that, just as the bearers were about to lower the coffin into the grave, a noise was heard therein as though of a carpenter boring through a deal board; wherefore they thought the old hag must be come to life again, and opened the coffin. But there she lay as before, all black and blue in the face and as cold as ice; but her eyes had started wide open, so that all were horror-stricken, and expected some devilish apparition; and, indeed, a live rat presently jumped out of the coffin and ran into a skull which lay beside the grave. Thereupon they all ran away, seeing that old Lizzie had ever been in evil repute as a witch. Howbeit at last he himself went near the grave again, whereupon the rat disappeared, and all the others took courage and followed him. This the man told me, and any one may guess that this was in fact Satan, who had flown down the hag her throat as an insect, whereas his proper shape was that of a rat: albeit I wonder what he could so long have been about in the carrion; unless indeed it were that the evil spirits are as fond of all that is loathsome as the angels of God are of all that is fair and lovely. Be that as it may; *Summa:* I was not a little shocked at what he told me, and asked him what he now thought of the Sheriff? whereupon he shrugged his shoulders, and said, that he had indeed been a wicked fellow as long as he could remember him, and that it was full ten years since he had given him any first-fruits; but that he did not believe that he was a warlock, as old Lizzie had said. For although he had indeed never been to the table of the Lord in his church, he had heard that he often went, at Stettin, with his Princely Highness the Duke, and that the Pastor at the castle church had shown him the entry in his communion-book. Wherefore he likewise could not believe that he had brought this misery upon my daughter, if she were innocent, as the hag had said; besides, that my daughter had freely confessed herself a witch. Hereupon I answered, that she had done that for fear of the torture; but that she was not afraid of death; whereupon I told him, with

many sighs, how the Sheriff had yesterday tempted me, miserable and unfaithful servant, to evil, insomuch that I had been willing to sell my only child to him and to Satan, and was not worthy to receive the sacrament to-day. Likewise how much more steadfast a faith my daughter had than I, as he might see from her letter, which I still carried in my pocket; herewith I gave it into his hand, and when he had read it, he sighed as though he had been himself a father, and said, "Were this true, I should sink into the earth for sorrow; but come, brother, come, that I may prove her faith myself."

Hereupon we went up to the castle, and on our way we found the greensward before the hunting-lodge, *item*, the whole space in front of the castle, already crowded with people, who, nevertheless, were quite quiet as we went by: we gave our names again to the huntsman. (I have never been able to remember his name, seeing that he was a Polak; he was not, however, the same fellow who wooed my child, and whom the Sheriff had therefore turned off.) The man presently ushered us into a fine large room, whither my child had been led when taken out of her prison. The maid had already dressed her, and she looked lovely as an angel. She wore the chain of gold with the effigy round her neck again, *item*, the garland in her hair, and she smiled as we entered, saying, "I am ready!" Whereat the reverend Martinus was sorely angered and shocked, saying, "Ah, thou ungodly woman, let no one tell me further of thine innocence! Thou art about to go to the holy sacrament, and from thence to death, and thou flauntest as a child of this world about to go to the dancing-room." Whereupon she answered and said, "Be not wroth with me, dear godfather, because that I would go into the presence of my good King of Heaven in the same garments wherein I appeared some time since before the good King of Sweden. For it strengthens my weak and trembling flesh, seeing I hope that my righteous Saviour will in like manner take me to his heart, and will also hang his effigy upon my neck when I stretch out my hands to him in all humility, and recite my *carmen*, saying, 'Oh, Lamb of God, innocently slain upon the cross, give me thy peace, oh, Jesu!'" These words softened my dear gossip, and he spoke, saying, "Ah, child, child, I thought to have reproached thee, but thou hast constrained me to weep

with thee: art thou then indeed innocent?" "Verily," said she, "to you, my honoured godfather, I may now own that I am innocent, as truly as I trust that God will aid me in my last hour through Jesus Christ, amen."

When the maid heard this, she made such outcries that I repented that I had suffered her to be present, and we all had enough to do to comfort her from the word of God till she became somewhat more tranquil; and when this was done my dear gossip thus spake to my child: "If, indeed, thou dost so steadfastly maintain thine innocence, it is my duty, according to my conscience as a priest, to inform the worshipful court thereof;" and he was about to leave the room. But she withheld him, and fell upon the ground and clasped his knees, saying, "I beseech you, by the wounds of Jesus, to be silent. They would stretch me on the rack again, and uncover my nakedness, and I, wretched weak woman, would in such torture confess all that they would have me, especially if my father again be there, whereby both my soul and my body are tortured at once: wherefore stay, I pray you, stay; is it then a misfortune to die innocent, and is it not better to die innocent than guilty?"

My good gossip at last gave way, and after standing awhile and praying to himself, he wiped away his tears, and then spake the exhortation to confession, in the words of Isa. xliii. 1, 2, "But now thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel, fear not; for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour."

And when he had ended this comfortable address, and asked her whether she would willingly bear until her last hour that cross which the most merciful God according to his unsearchable will had laid upon her, she spake such beautiful words that my gossip afterwards said he should not forget them so long as he should live, seeing that he had never witnessed a bearing at once *so full of faith* and joy, and withal so deeply sorrowful. She spake *after this* manner: "Oh, holy cross, which my Jesus hath sanc-

tified by his innocent suffering; oh, dear cross, which is laid upon me by the hand of a merciful father; oh, blessed cross, whereby I am made like unto my Lord Jesus, and am called unto eternal glory and blessedness: how! shall I not willingly bear thee, thou sweet cross of my bridegroom, of my brother?" The reverend Johannes had scarce given us absolution, and after this, with many tears, the holy sacrament, when we heard a loud trampling upon the floor, and presently the impudent constable looked into the room and asked whether we were ready, seeing that the worshipful court was now waiting for us; and when he had been told that we were ready, my child would have first taken leave of me, but I forbade her, saying, "Not so; thou knowest that which thou hast promised me; . . . . . 'and whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge: . . . . . where thou diest will I die . . . . .' * if that the Lord, as I hope, will hear the ardent sighs of my poor soul." Hereupon she let me go, and embraced only the old maid-servant, thanking her for all the kindness she had shown her from her youth up, and begging her not to go with her to make her death yet more bitter by her cries. The faithful old creature was unable for a long time to say a word for tears. Howbeit at last she begged forgiveness of my child for that she had unwittingly accused her, and said, that out of her wages she had bought five pounds' weight of flax to hasten her death; that the shepherd of Pudgla had that very morning taken it with him to Coserow, and that she should wind it closely round her body; for that she had seen how old wife Schurne, who was burnt in Liepe, had suffered great torments before she came to her death, by reason of the damp wood.

But ere my child could thank her for this, the dreadful outcry of blood began in the judgment-chamber; for a voice cried as loudly as might be, "Woe upon the accursed witch, Mary Schweidler, because that she hath fallen off from the living God!" Then all the folk without cried, "Woe upon the accursed witch!" When I heard this I fell back against the wall, but my sweet child stroked my cheeks with her darling hands, and said, "Father, father, do but remember that the people likewise cried out against *the innocent Jesus*, 'Crucify him, crucify him!'

* Ruth i. 16.

Shall not we then drink of the cup which our heavenly Father hath prepared for us?"

Hereupon the door opened, and the constable walked in, amid a great tumult among the people, holding a drawn sword in his hand which he bowed thrice before my child and cried, "Woe upon the accursed witch, Mary Schweidler, because that she hath fallen off from the living God!" and all the folks in the hall and without the castle cried as loud as they could, "Woe upon the accursed witch!"

Hereupon he said, "Mary Schweidler, come before the high and worshipful court, to hear sentence of death passed upon thee!" Whereupon she followed him with us two miserable men (for *Pastor Benzensis* was no less cast down than myself). As for the old maid-servant, she lay on the ground for dead.

After we had with great pains pushed our way through all the people, the constable stood still before the open judgment-chamber, and once more bowed his sword before my child and cried for the third time, "Woe upon the accursed witch, Mary Schweidler, because that she hath fallen off from the living God!" And all the people, as well as the cruel judges themselves, cried as loud as they could, "Woe upon the accursed witch!"

When we had entered the room, *Dom. Consul* first asked my worthy gossip whether the witch had abode by her free avowal in confession; whereupon, after considering a short time, he answered, that he had best ask herself, for there she stood. Accordingly, taking up a paper which lay before him on the table, he spake as follows:—"Mary Schweidler, now that thou hast confessed, and received the holy and most honourable sacrament of the Lord's Supper, answer me once again these following questions:—

1. Is it true that thou hast fallen off from the living God and given thyself up to Satan?

2. Is it true that thou hadst a spirit called *Disidæmonia*, who re-baptised thee and carnally knew thee?

3. Is it true that thou hast done all manner of mischief to the cattle?

4. Is it true that Satan appeared to thee on the Streckelberg *in the likeness* of a hairy giant?"

When she had with many sighs said "Yes" to all these ques-

tions, he rose, took a wand in one hand and a second paper in the other, put his spectacles on his nose, and said, "Now, then, hear thy sentence." (This sentence I since copied: he would not let me see the other *Acta*, but pretended that they were at Wolgast. The sentence, however, was word for word as follows.)

"We, the Sheriff and the Justices appointed to serve the high and worshipful criminal court. Inasmuch as Mary Schweidler, the daughter of Abraham Schweidlerus, the pastor of Coserow, hath, after the appointed inquisition, repeatedly made free confession, that she hath a devil named *Disidæmonia*, the which did re-baptise her in the sea, and did also know her carnally; *item*, that she by his help did mischief to the cattle; that he also appeared to her on the Streckelberg in the likeness of a hairy giant. We do therefore by these presents make known and direct, that *Rea* be first duly torn four times on each breast with red-hot iron pincers, and after that be burned to death by fire, as a rightful punishment to herself and a warning to others. Nevertheless, we, in pity for her youth, are pleased of our mercy to spare her the tearing with red-hot pincers, so that she shall only suffer death by the simple punishment of fire. Wherefore she is hereby condemned and judged accordingly on the part of the criminal court.

"*Publicatum* at the castle of Pudgla, the 30th day *mensis Augusti*, *anno Salutis* 1630." *

As he spake the last word he brake his wand in two and threw the pieces before the feet of my innocent lamb, saying to the constable, "Now, do your duty!" But so many folks, both men and women, threw themselves on the ground to seize the pieces of the wand (seeing they are said to be good for the gout in the joints, *item*, for cattle when troubled with lice), that the

* Readers who are unacquainted with the atrocious administration of justice in those days, will be surprised at this rapid and arbitrary mode of proceeding. But I have seen authentic witch-trials wherein a mere notary condemned the accused to the torture and to death without the smallest hesitation; and it may be considered as a mark of humanity whenever the acts on which judgment was given were sent to an university, or to some other tribunal. For the sentence of death appears to have been almost invariably passed by the inferior courts, and no appeal seems to have been possible; indeed in these affairs their *worships*, as in this case, usually made incredible haste, which, it must be admitted, is perhaps the only good quality which the modern courts of justice might borrow from the old ones.

constable fell to the earth over a woman who was on her knees before him, and his approaching death was thus foreshadowed to him by the righteous God. Something of the same sort likewise befel the Sheriff now for the second time; for when the worshipful court rose, throwing down tables, stools, and benches, a table, under which two boys were fighting for the pieces of the wand, fell right upon his foot, whereupon he flew into a violent rage, and threatened the people with his fist, saying that they should have fifty right good lashes a-piece, both men and women, if they were not quiet forthwith, and did not depart peaceably out of the room. This frighted them, and after the people were gone out into the street, the constable took a rope out of his pocket, wherewith he bound my lamb her hands so tightly behind her back that she cried aloud; but when she saw how this wrung my heart, she straightway constrained herself and said, "Oh, father, remember that it fared no better with the blessed Saviour!" Howbeit, when my dear gossip, who stood behind her, saw that her little hands, and more especially her nails, had turned black and blue, he spoke for her to the worshipful court, whereupon the abominable Sheriff only said, "Oh, let her be; let her feel what it is to fall off from the living God." But *Dom. Consul* was more merciful, inasmuch as, after feeling the cords, he bade the constable bind her hands less cruelly and slacken the rope a little, which accordingly he was forced to do. But my dear gossip was not content herewith, and begged that she might sit in the cart without being bound, so that she should be able to hold her hymn-book, for he had summoned the school to sing a hymn by the way for her comfort, and he was ready to answer for it with his own head that she should not escape out of the cart. Moreover, it is the custom for fellows with pitchforks always to go with the carts wherein condemned criminals, and more especially witches, are carried to execution. But this the cruel Sheriff would not suffer, and the rope was left upon her hands, and the impudent constable seized her by the arm and led her from the judgment-chamber. But in the hall we saw a great *scandalum*, which again pierced my very heart. For the housekeeper and the impudent constable his wife were fighting for my child her bed, and her linen, and wearing apparel, which the housekeeper had taken for herself, and which the other woman wanted to have.

The latter now called to her husband to help her, whereupon he straightway let go my daughter and struck the housekeeper on her mouth with his fist, so that the blood ran out therefrom, and she shrieked and wailed fearfully to the Sheriff, who followed us with the court. He threatened them both in vain, and said that when he came back he would inquire into the matter and give to each her due share. But they would not hearken to this, until my daughter asked *Dom. Consul* whether every dying person, even a condemned criminal, had power to leave his goods and chattels to whomsoever he would? and when he answered, "Yes, all but the clothes, which belong of right to the executioner," she said, "Well, then, the constable may take my clothes, but none shall have my bed save my faithful old maid-servant Ilse!" Hereupon the housekeeper began to curse and revile my child loudly, who heeded her not, but stepped out at the door toward the cart, where there stood so many people that nought could be seen save head against head. The folks crowded about us so tumultuously that the Sheriff, who, meanwhile, had mounted his grey horse, constantly smote them right and left across their eyes with his riding-whip, but they nevertheless would scarce fall back. Howbeit, at length he cleared the way, and when about ten fellows with long pitchforks, who for the most part also had rapiers at their sides, had placed themselves round about our cart, the constable lifted my daughter up into it, and bound her fast to the rail. Old Paasch, who stood by, lifted me up, and my dear gossip was likewise forced to be lifted in, so weak had he become from all the distress. He motioned his sexton, Master Krekow, to walk before the cart with the school, and bade him from time to time lead a verse of the goodly hymn, "On God alone I rest my fate," which he promised to do. And here I will also note, that I myself sat down upon the straw by my daughter, and that our dear confessor the reverend Martinus sat backwards. The constable was perched up behind with his drawn sword. When all this was done, *item*, the court mounted up into another carriage, the Sheriff gave the order to set out.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Of that which befel us by the way: *item*, of the fearful death of the Sheriff at the mill.

We met with many wonders by the way, and with great sorrow; for hard by the bridge, over the brook which runs into the Schmolle,* stood the housekeeper her hateful boy, who beat a drum and cried aloud, "Come to the roast goose! come to the roast goose!" whereupon the crowd set up a loud laugh, and called out after him, "Yes, indeed, to the roast goose! to the roast goose!" Howbeit, when Master Krekow led the second verse the folks became somewhat quieter again, and most of them joined in singing it from their books, which they had brought with them. But when he ceased singing awhile the noise began again as bad as before. Some cried out, "The devil hath given her these clothes, and hath adorned her after that fashion;" and seeing the Sheriff had ridden on before, they came close round the cart, and felt her garments, more especially the women and young maidens. Others, again, called loudly, as the young varlet had done, "Come to the roast goose! come to the roast goose!" whereupon one fellow answered, "She will not let herself be roasted yet; mind ye that: she will quench the fire!" This, and much filthiness beside, which I may not for very shame write down, we were forced to hear, and it especially cut me to the heart to hear a fellow swear that he would have some of her ashes, seeing he had not been able to get any of the wand; and that nought was better for the fever and the gout than the ashes of a witch. I motioned the *Custos* to begin singing again, whereupon the folks were once more quiet for a while—*i. e.* for so long as the verse lasted; but afterwards they rioted worse than before. But we were now come among the meadows, and when my child saw the beauteous flowers which grew *along the sides* of the ditches, she fell into deep thought, and

* A lake near Pudgla.

began again to recite aloud the sweet song of St. Augustinus as follows:—

> "Flos perpetuus rosarum ver agit perpetuum,
> Candent lilia, rubescit crocus, sudat balsamum,
> Virent prata, vernant sata, rivi mellis influunt,
> Pigmentorum spirat odor liquor et aromatum,
> Pendent poma floridorum non lapsura nemorum
> Non alternat luna vices, sol vel cursus syderum
> Agnus est fœlicis urbis lumen inocciduum." *

By this *Casus* we gained that all the folk ran cursing away from the cart, and followed us at the distance of a good musket-shot, thinking that my child was calling on Satan to help her. Only one lad, of about five-and-twenty, whom, however, I did not know, tarried a few paces behind the cart, until his father came, and seeing he would not go away willingly, pushed him into the ditch, so that he sank up to his loins in the water. Thereat even my poor child smiled, and asked me whether I did not know any more Latin hymns wherewith to keep the stupid and foul-mouthed people still further from us. But, dear reader, how could I then have been able to recite Latin hymns, even had I known any? But my *Confrater*, the reverend Martinus, knew such an one; albeit, it is indeed heretical; nevertheless, seeing that it above measure pleased my child, and that she made him repeat to her sundry verses thereof three and four times, until she could say them after him, I said nought; otherwise I have ever been very severe against aught that is heretical. Howbeit I comforted myself therewith that our Lord God would forgive her in consideration of her ignorance. And the first line ran as follows:—*dies iræ dies illa.*† But these two verses pleased her more than all the rest, and she recited them many times with great edification, wherefore I will insert them here.

> "Judex ergo cum sedebit
> Quidquid latet apparebit
> Nil inultum remanebit:

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* Around them, bright with endless Spring, perpetual roses bloom,
Warm balsams gratefully exude luxurious perfume;
Red crocusses, and lilies white, shine dazzling in the sun;
Green meadows yield them harvests green, and streams with honey run;
Unbroken droop the laden boughs, with heavy fruitage bent,
Of incense and of odours strange the air is redolent:
And neither sun, nor moon, nor stars dispense their changeful light,
But *the Lamb's eternal glory* makes the happy city bright!

† *Day of wrath, that dreadful day*; one of the most beautiful of the *Catholic hymns.*

Item,
Rex tremendæ majestatis
Qui salvandos salvas gratis
Salva me, fons pietatis!" *

When the men with the pitchforks, who were round about the cart, heard this, and at the same time saw a heavy storm coming up from the Achterwater,† they straightway thought no other but that my child had made it; and, moreover, the folk behind cried out, "The witch hath done this; the damned witch hath done this!" and all the ten, save one who stayed behind, jumped over the ditch, and ran away. But *Dom. Consul*, who, together with the worshipful court, drove behind us, no sooner saw this than he called to the constable, "What is the meaning of all this?" Whereupon the constable cried aloud to the Sheriff, who was a little way on before us, but who straightway turned him about, and when he had heard the cause, called after the fellows that he would hang them all upon the first tree, and feed his falcons with their flesh, if they did not return forthwith. This threat had its effect; and when they came back he gave each of them about half a dozen strokes with his riding-whip, whereupon they tarried in their places, but as far off from the cart as they could for the ditch.

Meanwhile, however, the storm came up from the southward, with thunder, lightning, hail, and such a wind, as though the all-righteous God would manifest his wrath against these ruthless murderers; and the tops of the lofty beeches around us were beaten together like besoms, so that our cart was covered with leaves as with hail, and no one could hear his own voice for the noise. This happened just as we were entering the forest from the convent dam, and the Sheriff now rode close behind us, beside the coach wherein was *Dom. Consul.* Moreover, just as we were crossing the bridge over the mill-race, we were seized by the blast, which swept up a hollow from the Achterwater with such force that we conceived it must drive our cart down the

* The judge ascends his awful throne,
He makes each secret sin be known,
And all with shame confess their own.

Thou mighty formidable king!
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
Some comfortable pity bring.—*Old version.*

† A wash formed by the river Peene.

abyss, which was at least forty feet deep or more; and seeing that, at the same time, the horses did as though they were upon ice, and could not stand, the driver halted to let the storm pass over, the which the Sheriff no sooner perceived, than he galloped up and bade him go on forthwith. Whereupon the man flogged on the horses, but they slipped about after so strange a fashion, that our guards with the pitchforks fell back, and my child cried aloud for fear; and when we were come to the place where the great water-wheel turned just below us, the driver fell with his horse, which broke one of its legs. Then the constable jumped down from the cart, but straightway fell too, on the slippery ground; *item*, the driver, after getting on his legs again, fell a second time. Hereupon the Sheriff with a curse spurred on his grey charger, which likewise began to slip as our horses had also done. Nevertheless, he came sliding towards us, without, however, falling down; and when he saw that the horse with the broken leg still tried to get up, but always straightway fell again on the slippery ground, he hallooed and beckoned the fellows with pitchforks to come and unharness the mare; *item*, to push the cart over the bridge, lest it should be carried down the precipice. Presently a long flash of lightning shot into the water below us, followed by a clap of thunder so sudden and so awful that the whole bridge shook, and the Sheriff his horse (our horses stood quite still) started back a few paces, lost its footing, and, together with its rider, shot headlong down upon the great mill-wheel below, whereupon a fearful cry arose from all those that stood behind us on the bridge. For a while naught could be seen for the white foam, until the Sheriff his legs and body were borne up into the air by the wheel, his head being stuck fast between the fellies; and thus, fearful to behold, he went round and round upon the wheel. Nought ailed the grey charger, which swam about in the mill-pond below. When I saw this, I seized the hand of my innocent lamb, and cried, "Behold, Mary, our Lord God yet liveth! 'and he rode upon a cherub, and did fly; yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind. Then did he beat them small as the dust before the wind; he did cast them out as the dirt in the streets.'* Look down, and see what the Almighty God hath done." While she hereupon raised

* *Ps.* xviii. 10-42.

her eyes toward heaven with a sigh, we heard *Dom. Consul* calling out behind us as loudly as he could: and, seeing that none could understand his words for the fearful storm and the tumult of the waters, he jumped down from the coach, and would have crossed the bridge on foot, but straightway he fell upon his nose, so that it bled, and he crept back again on his hands and feet, and held a long talk with *Dom. Camerarius*, who, howbeit, did not stir out of the coach. Meanwhile the driver and the constable had unyoked the maimed horse, bound it, and dragged it off the bridge, and now they came back to the cart, and bade us get down therefrom, and cross the bridge on foot, the which we did after that the constable had unbound my child, with many curses and ill words, threatening that, in return for her malice, he would keep her roasting till late in the evening. (I could not blame him much therefore; for truly this was a strange thing!) But, albeit, my child herself got safe across; we two—I mean reverend Martinus and myself—like all the others, fell two or three times to the ground. At length we all, by God his grace, got safe and sound to the miller's house, where the constable delivered my child into the miller his hands, to guard her on forfeit of his life, while he ran down to the mill-pond to save the Sheriff his grey charger. The driver was bidden the while to get the cart and the other horses off the bewitched bridge. We had, however, stood but a short time with the miller, under the great oak before his door, when *Dom. Consul*, with the worshipful court, and all the folks, came over the little bridge, which is but a couple of musket-shots off from the first one, and he could scarce prevent the crowd from falling upon my child and tearing her in pieces, seeing that they all, as well as *Dom. Consul* himself, imagined that none other but she had brewed the storm, and bewitched the bridge (especially as she herself had not fallen thereon), and had likewise caused the Sheriff his death; all of which, nevertheless, were foul lies, as ye shall hereafter hear. He, therefore, railed at her for a cursed she-devil, who, even after having confessed and received the holy Sacrament, had not yet renounced Satan; but that naught should save her, and she should, nevertheless, receive her reward. And, seeing that she *kept silence*, I hereupon answered, "Did he not see that the *all-righteous* God had so ordered it, that the Sheriff, who would

have robbed my innocent child of her honour and her life, had here forfeited his own life as a fearful example to others?" But *Dom. Consul* would not see this, and said that a child might perceive that our Lord God had not made this storm, or did I peradventure believe that our Lord God had likewise bewitched the bridge? I had better cease to justify my wicked child, and rather begin to exhort her to repent, seeing that this was the second time that she had brewed a storm, and that no man with a grain of sense could believe what I said, &c.

Meanwhile the miller had already stopped the mill, *item*, turned off the water, and some four or five fellows had gone with the constable down to the great water-wheel, to take the Sheriff out of the fellies, wherein he had till *datum* still been carried round and round. This they could not do until they had first sawn out one of the fellies; and when at last they brought him to the bank, his neck was found to be broken, and he was as blue as a corn-flower. Moreover, his throat was frightfully torn, and the blood ran out of his nose and mouth. If the people had not reviled my child before, they reviled her doubly now, and would have thrown dirt and stones at her, had not the worshipful court interfered with might and main, saying that she would presently receive her well-deserved punishment.

Also, my dear gossip, the reverend Martinus, climbed up into the cart again, and admonished the people not to forestall the law; and seeing that the storm had somewhat abated, he could now be heard. And when they had become somewhat more quiet, *Dom. Consul* left the corpse of the Sheriff in charge with the miller, until such time as, by God's help, he should return. *Item*, he caused the grey charger to be tied up to the oak-tree till the same time, seeing that the miller swore that he had no room in the mill, inasmuch as his stable was filled with straw; but that he would give the grey horse some hay, and keep good watch over him. And now were we wretched creatures forced to get into the cart again, after that the unsearchable will of God had once more dashed all our hopes. The constable gnashed his teeth with rage, while he took the cords out of his pocket to bind my poor child to the rail withal. As I saw right well what he was about to do, I pulled a few groats out of my pocket, and whispered into his ear, "Be merciful, for she cannot possibly run

away, and do you hereafter help her to die quickly, and you shall get ten groats more from me!" This worked well, and albeit he pretended before the people to pull the ropes tight, seeing they all cried out with might and main, "Haul hard, haul hard," in truth, he bound her hands more gently than before, and even without making her fast to the rail; but he sat up behind us again with the naked sword, and after that *Dom. Consul* had prayed aloud, "God the Father, dwell with us," likewise the *Custos* had led another hymn (I know not what he sang, neither does my child), we went on our way, according to the unfathomable will of God, after this fashion: the worshipful court went before, whereas all the folks to our great joy fell back, and the fellows with the pitchforks lingered a good way behind us, now that the Sheriff was dead.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

How my daughter was at length saved by the help of the all-merciful, yea, of the all-merciful God.

MEANWHILE, by reason of my unbelief, wherewith Satan again tempted me, I had become so weak that I was forced to lean my back against the constable his knees, and expected not to live even till we should come to the mountain; for the last hope I had cherished was now gone, and I saw that my innocent lamb was in the same plight. Moreover, the reverend Martinus began to upbraid her, saying that he, too, now saw that all her oaths were lies, and that she really could brew storms. Hereupon, she answered with a smile, although, indeed, she was as white as a sheet, "Alas, reverend godfather, do you then really believe that the weather and the storms no longer obey our Lord God? Are storms, then, so rare at this season of the year, that none save the foul fiend can cause them? Nay, I have never broken the baptismal vow you once made in my name, nor will I ever break it, as I hope that God will be merciful to me in my last hour, which is now at hand." But the reverend Martinus shook his head doubtingly, and said, "The Evil One must have promised thee much, seeing thou remainest so stubborn even unto thy life's end, and blasphemest the Lord thy God; but wait, and thou wilt soon learn with horror that the devil 'is a liar, and the father of it'" (St. John viii.). Whilst he yet spake this, and more of a like kind, we came to Uekeritze, where all the people, both great and small, rushed out of their doors, also Jacob Schwarten his wife, who, as we afterwards heard, had only been brought to bed the night before, and her goodman came running after her to fetch her back; in vain. She told him he was a fool, and had been one for many a weary day, and that if she had to crawl up the mountain on her bare knees, she would go to see the parson's witch burnt; that she had reckoned upon it for so long, and if he did not let her go, she would give him a thump on the *chaps, &c.*

Thus did the coarse and foul-mouthed people riot around the cart wherein we sat, and as they knew not what had befallen, they ran so near us that the wheel went over the foot of a boy. Nevertheless they all crowded up again, more especially the lasses, and felt my daughter her clothes, and would even see her shoes and stockings, and asked her how she felt. *Item*, one fellow asked whether she would drink somewhat, with many more fooleries besides, till at last, when several came and asked her for her garland and her golden chain, she turned towards me and smiled, saying, "Father, I must begin to speak some Latin again, otherwise the folks will leave me no peace." But it was not wanted this time; for our guards, with the pitchforks, had now reached the hindmost, and, doubtless, told them what had happened, as we presently heard a great shouting behind us, for the love of God to turn back before the witch did them a mischief; and as Jacob Schwarten his wife heeded it not, but still plagued my child to give her her apron to make a christening coat for her baby, for that it was pity to let it be burnt, her goodman gave her such a thump on her back with a knotted stick which he had pulled out of the hedge, that she fell down with loud shrieks; and when he went to help her up she pulled him down by his hair, and, as reverend Martinus said, now executed what she had threatened; inasmuch as she struck him on the nose with her fist with might and main, until the other people came running up to them, and held her back. Meanwhile, however, the storm had almost passed over, and sank down toward the sea.

And when we had gone through the little wood, we suddenly saw the Streckelberg before us, covered with people, and the pile and stake upon the top, upon the which the tall constable jumped up when he saw us coming, and beckoned with his cap with all his might. Thereat my senses left me, and my sweet lamb was not much better; for she bent to and fro like a reed, and stretching her bound hands toward heaven, she once more cried out:

> "Rex tremendæ majestatis
> Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
> Salva me, fons pietatis!"*

And, behold, scarce had she spoken these words, when the sun

* Vide p. 146.

came out and formed a rainbow right over the mountain most pleasant to behold; and it is clear that this was a sign from the merciful God, such as he often gives us, but which we blind and unbelieving men do not rightly mark. Neither did my child heed it; for albeit she thought upon that first rainbow which shadowed forth our troubles, yet it seemed to her impossible that she could now be saved, wherefore she grew so faint, that she no longer heeded the blessed sign of mercy, and her head fell forwards (for she could no longer lean it upon me, seeing that I lay my length at the bottom of the cart), till her garland almost touched my worthy gossip his knees. Thereupon, he bade the driver stop for a moment, and pulled out a small flask filled with wine, which he always carries in his pocket when witches are to be burnt,* in order to comfort them therewith in their terror. (Henceforth, I myself will ever do the like, for this fashion of my dear gossip pleases me well.) He first poured some of this wine down my throat, and afterwards down my child's; and we had scarce come to ourselves again, when a fearful noise and tumult arose among the people behind us, and they not only cried out in deadly fear, "The Sheriff is come back! the Sheriff is come again!" but as they could neither run away forwards or backwards (being afraid of the ghost behind and of my child before them), they ran on either side, some rushing into the coppice, and others wading into the Achterwater up to their necks. *Item*, as soon as *Dom. Camerarius* saw the ghost come out of the coppice with a grey hat and a grey feather, such as the Sheriff wore, riding on the grey charger, he crept under a bundle of straw in the cart: and *Dom. Consul* cursed my child again, and bade the coachmen drive on as madly as they could, even should all the horses die of it, when the impudent constable behind us called to him, "It is not the Sheriff, but the young lord of Nienkerken, who will surely seek to save the witch: shall I, then, cut her throat with my sword?" At these fearful words my child and I came to ourselves again, and the fellow had already lift up his naked sword to smite her, seeing *Dom. Consul* had made him a sign with his hand, when my dear gossip,

* Which so often happened at that time, that in many parishes of Pomerania six or seven of these unhappy women were brought to the stake every year.

who saw it, pulled my child with all his strength back into his lap. (May God reward him on the day of judgment, for I never can.) The villain would have stabbed her as she lay in his lap; but the young lord was already there, and seeing what he was about to do, thrust the boarspear, which he held in his hand, in between the constable's shoulders, so that he fell headlong on the earth, and his own sword, by the guidance of the most righteous God, went into his ribs on one side, and out again at the other. He lay there and bellowed, but the young lord heeded him not, but said to my child, "Sweet maid, God be praised that you are safe!" When, however, he saw her bound hands, he gnashed his teeth, and, cursing her judges, he jumped off his horse, and cut the rope with his sword, which he held in his right hand, took her hand in his, and said, "Alas, sweet maid, how have I sorrowed for you! but I could not save you, as I myself also lay in chains, which you may see from my looks."

But my child could answer him never a word, and fell into a swound again for joy; howbeit, she soon came to herself again, seeing my dear gossip still had a little wine by him. Meanwhile the dear young lord did me some injustice, which, however, I freely forgive him; for he railed at me and called me an old woman, who could do naught save weep and wail. Why had I not journeyed after the Swedish king, or why had I not gone to Mellenthin myself to fetch his testimony, as I knew right well what he thought about witchcraft? (But, blessed God, how could I do otherwise than believe the judge, who had been there? Others besides old women would have done the same; and I never once thought of the Swedish king; and say, dear reader, how could I have journeyed after him, and left my own child? But young folks do not think of these things, seeing they know not what a father feels.)

Meanwhile, however, *Dom. Camerarius*, having heard that it was the young lord, had again crept out from beneath the straw, *item*, *Dom. Consul* had jumped down from the coach and ran towards us, railing at him loudly, and asking him by what power and authority he acted thus, seeing that he himself had heretofore denounced the ungodly witch? But the young lord pointed with his sword to his people, who now came riding out of the coppice, about eighteen strong, armed with sabres, pikes, and

muskets, and said, "There is my authority, and I would let you feel it on your back if I did not know that you were but a stupid ass. When did you hear any testimony from me against this virtuous maiden? You lie in your throat if you say you did." And as *Dom. Consul* stood and straightway forswore himself, the young lord, to the astonishment of all, related as follows:—That as soon as he heard of the misfortune which had befallen me and my child, he ordered his horse to be saddled forthwith, in order to ride to Pudgla to bear witness to our innocence: this, however, his old father would nowise suffer, thinking that his nobility would receive a stain if it came to be known that his son had conversed with a reputed witch by night on the Streckelberg. He had caused him therefore, as prayers and threats were of no avail, to be bound hand and foot, and confined in the donjon-keep, where till *datum* an old servant had watched him, who refused to let him escape, notwithstanding he offered him any sum of money; whereupon he fell into the greatest anguish and despair at the thought that innocent blood would be shed on his account; but that the all-righteous God had graciously spared him this sorrow; for his father had fallen sick from vexation, and lay a-bed all this time, and it so happened that this very morning about prayer time, the huntsman, in shooting at a wild duck in the moat, had by chance sorely wounded his father's favourite dog, called Packan, which had crept howling to his father's bedside, and had died there; whereupon the old man, who was weak, was so angered that he was presently seized with a fit and gave up the ghost too. Hereupon his people released him, and after he had closed his father's eyes and prayed an "Our Father" over him, he straightway set out with all the people he could find in the castle, in order to save the innocent maiden. For he testified here himself before all, on the word and honour of a knight, nay, more, by his hopes of salvation, that he himself was that devil which had appeared to the maiden on the mountain in the shape of a hairy giant; for having heard by common report that she oft-times went thither, he greatly desired to know what she did there, and that from fear of his hard father he disguised himself in a wolf's skin, so that none might know him, and he had already spent two nights there, when on the third the maiden came, and he then saw her dig for amber on the mountain, and

that she did not call upon Satan, but recited a Latin *carmen* aloud to herself. This he would have testified at Pudgla, but, from the cause aforesaid, he had not been able: moreover, his father had laid his cousin, Claus von Nienkerken, who was there on a visit, in his bed, and made him bear false witness; for as *Dom. Consul* had not seen him (I mean the young lord) for many a long year, seeing he had studied in foreign parts, his father thought that he might easily be deceived, which accordingly happened.

When the worthy young lord had stated this before *Dom. Consul* and all the people, which flocked together on hearing that the young lord was no ghost, I felt as though a mill-stone had been taken off my heart; and seeing that the people (who had already pulled the constable from under the cart, and crowded round him, like a swarm of bees) cried to me that he was dying, but desired first to confess somewhat to me, I jumped from the cart as lightly as a young bachelor, and called to *Dom. Consul* and the young lord to go with me, seeing that I could easily guess what he had on his mind. He sat upon a stone, and the blood gushed from his side like a fountain (now that they had drawn out the sword); he whimpered on seeing me, and said that he had in truth hearkened behind the door to all that old Lizzie had confessed to me, namely, that she herself, together with the Sheriff, had worked all the witchcraft on man and beast, to frighten my poor child, and force her to play the wanton. That he had hidden this, seeing that the Sheriff had promised him a great reward for so doing; but that he would now confess it freely, since God had brought my child her innocence to light. Wherefore he besought my child and myself to forgive him. And when *Dom. Consul* shook his head, and asked whether he would live and die on the truth of this confession, he answered, "Yes!" and straightway fell on his side to the earth and gave up the ghost.

Meanwhile time hung heavy with the people on the mountain, who had come from Coserow, from Zitze, from Gnitze, &c., to see my child burnt, and they all came running down the hill in long rows like geese, one after the other, to see what had happened. And among them was my ploughman, Claus Neels. When the worthy fellow saw and heard what had befallen us, he began to weep aloud for joy; and straightway he too told

what he had heard the Sheriff say to old Lizzie in the garden, and how he had promised her a pig in the room of her own little pig, which she had herself bewitched to death in order to bring my child into evil repute. *Summa:* All that I have noted above, and which till *datum* he had kept to himself for fear of the question. Hereat all the people marvelled, and greatly bewailed her misfortunes; and many came, among them old Paasch, and would have kissed my daughter her hands and feet, as also mine own, and praised us now as much as they had before reviled us. But thus it ever is with the people. Wherefore my departed father used to say:

> "The people's hate is death,
> Their love, a passing breath!"

My dear gossip ceased not from fondling my child, holding her in his lap, and weeping over her like a father (for I could not have wept more myself than he wept). Howbeit she herself wept not, but begged the young lord to send one of his horsemen to her faithful old maid-servant at Pudgla, to tell her what had befallen us, which he straightway did to please her. But the worshipful court (for *Dom. Camerarius* and the *scriba* had now plucked up a heart, and had come down from the coach) was not yet satisfied, and *Dom. Consul* began to tell the young lord about the bewitched bridge, which none other save my daughter could have bewitched. Hereto the young lord gave answer that this was indeed a strange thing, inasmuch as his own horse had also broken a leg thereon, whereupon he had taken the Sheriff his horse, which he saw tied up at the mill; but he did not think that this could be laid to the charge of the maiden, but that it came about by natural means, as he had half discovered already, although he had not had time to search the matter thoroughly. Wherefore he besought the worshipful court and all the people, together with my child herself, to return back thither, where, with God's help, he would clear her from this suspicion also, and prove her perfect innocence before them all.

Thereunto the worshipful court agreed; and the young lord, having given the Sheriff his grey charger to my ploughman to carry the corpse, which had been laid across the horse's neck, to Coserow, the young lord got into the cart by us, but did not seat himself beside my child, but backward by my dear gossip: moreover, he bade one of his own people drive us instead of

the old coachman, and thus we turned back in God his name. *Custos Benzenzis*, who, with the children, had run in among the vetches by the wayside (my defunct *Custos* would not have done so, he had more courage), went on before again with the young folks, and by command of his reverence the pastor led the Ambrosian *Te Deum*, which deeply moved us all, more especially my child, insomuch that her book was wetted with her tears, and she at length laid it down and said, at the same time giving her hand to the young lord, "How can I thank God and you for that which you have done for me this day?" Whereupon the young lord answered, saying, "I have greater cause to thank God than yourself, sweet maid, seeing that you have suffered in your dungeon unjustly, but I justly, inasmuch as by my thoughtlessness I brought this misery upon you. Believe me that this morning when, in my donjon-keep, I first heard the sound of the dead-bell, I thought to have died; and when it tolled for the third time, I should have gone distraught in my grief, had not the Almighty God at that moment taken the life of my strange father, so that your innocent life should be saved by me. Wherefore I have vowed a new tower, and whatsoe'er beside may be needful, to the blessed house of God; for naught more bitter could have befallen me on earth than your death, sweet maid, and naught more sweet than your life!"

But at these words my child only wept and sighed; and when he looked on her, she cast down her eyes and trembled, so that I straightway perceived that my sorrows were not yet come to an end, but that another barrel of tears was just tapped for me, and so indeed it was. Moreover, the ass of a *Custos*, having finished the *Te Deum* before we were come to the bridge, straightway struck up the next following hymn, which was a funeral one, beginning, "The body let us now inter." (God be praised that no harm has come of it till *datum*.) My beloved gossip rated him not a little, and threatened him that for his stupidity he should not get the money for the shoes which he had promised him out of the Church-dues. But my child comforted him, and promised him a pair of shoes at her own charges, seeing that peradventure a funeral-hymn was better for her than a song of gladness.

And when this vexed the young lord, and he said, "How now, sweet maid, you know not how enough to thank God and me for your rescue, and yet you speak thus?" She answered, smiling

sadly, that she had only spoken thus to comfort the poor *Custos*. But I straightway saw that she was in earnest, for that she felt that although she had escaped one fire, she already burned in another.

Meanwhile we were come to the bridge again, and all the folks stood still, and gazed open-mouthed, when the young lord jumped down from the cart, and after stabbing his horse, which still lay kicking on the bridge, went on his knees, and felt here and there with his hand. At length he called to the worshipful court to draw near, for that he had found out the witchcraft. But none save *Dom. Consul* and a few fellows out of the crowd, among whom was old Paasch, would follow him; *item*, my dear gossip and myself, and the young lord, showed us a lump of tallow about the size of a large walnut, which lay on the ground, and wherewith the whole bridge had been smeared, so that it looked quite white, but which all the folks in their fright had taken for flour out of the mill; *item*, with some other *materia*, which stunk like fitchock's dung, but what it was we could not find out. Soon after a fellow found another bit of tallow, and shewed it to the people; whereupon I cried, "Aha! none hath done this but that ungodly miller's man, in revenge for the stripes which the Sheriff gave him for reviling my child." Whereupon I told what he done, and *Dom. Consul*, who also had heard thereof, straightway sent for the miller.

He, however, did as though he knew naught of the matter, and only said that his man had left his service about an hour ago. But a young lass, the miller's maid-servant, said that that very morning, before day-break, when she had got up to let out the cattle, she had seen the man scouring the bridge. But that she had given it no further heed, and had gone to sleep for another hour; and she pretended to know no more than the miller whither the rascal was gone. When the young lord had heard this news, he got up into the cart, and began to address the people, seeking to persuade them no longer to believe in witchcraft, now that they had seen what it really was. When I heard this, I was horror-stricken (as was but right) in my conscience, as a priest, and I got upon the cart-wheel, and whispered into his ear, for God his sake, to leave this *materia*, seeing that if the people no longer feared the devil, neither would they fear our Lord God.*

* Maybe a profound truth.

The dear young lord forthwith did as I would have him, and only asked the people whether they now held my child to be perfectly innocent? and when they had answered, yes! he begged them to go quietly home, and to thank God that he had saved innocent blood. That he, too, would now return home, and that he hoped that none would molest me and my child if he let us return to Coserow alone. Hereupon he turned hastily towards her, took her hand and said: "Farewell, sweet maid, I trust that I shall soon clear your honour before the world, but do you thank God therefore, not me." He then did the like to me and to my dear gossip, whereupon he jumped down from the cart, and went and sat beside *Dom. Consul* in his coach. The latter also spake a few words to the people, and likewise begged my child and me to forgive him (and I must say it to his honour, that the tears ran down his cheeks the while), but he was so hurried by the young lord that he brake short his discourse, and they drove off over the little bridge, without so much as looking back. Only *Dom. Consul* looked round once, and called out to me, that in his hurry he had forgotten to tell the executioner that no one was to be burned to-day: I was therefore to send the churchwarden of Uekeritze up the mountain, to say so in his name; the which I did. And the blood-hound was still on the mountain, albeit he had long since heard what had befallen; and when the bailiff gave him the orders of the worshipful court, he began to curse so fearfully that it might have awakened the dead; moreover he plucked off his cap, and trampled it under foot, so that any one might have guessed what he felt.

But to return to ourselves, my child sat as still and as white as a pillar of salt, after the young lord had left her so suddenly and so unawares, but she was somewhat comforted when the old maid-servant came running with her coats tucked up to her knees, and carrying her shoes and stockings in her hand. We heard her afar off, as the mill had stopped, blubbering for joy, and she fell at least three times on the bridge, but at last she got over safe, and kissed now mine and now my child her hands and feet; begging us only not to turn her away, but to keep her until her life's end; the which we promised to do. She had to climb up behind where the impudent constable had sat, seeing that my dear gossip would not leave me until I should be back in mine own manse. And as the young lord his servant had got up behind

the coach, old Paasch drove us home, and all the folks who had waited till *datum*, ran beside the cart, praising and pitying as much as they had before scorned and reviled us. Scarce, however, had we passed through Uekeritze, when we again heard cries of "Here comes the young lord, here comes the young lord!" so that my child started up for joy, and became as red as a rose, but some of the folks ran into the buckwheat, by the road, again, thinking it was another ghost. It was, however, in truth, the young lord who galloped up on a black horse, calling out as he drew near us, "Notwithstanding the haste I am in, sweet maid, I must return and give you safe conduct home, seeing that I have just heard that the filthy people reviled you by the way, and I know not whether you are yet safe." Hereupon he urged old Paasch to mend his pace, and as his kicking and trampling did not even make the horses trot, the young lord struck the saddle horse from time to time with the flat of his sword, so that we soon reached the village and the manse. Howbeit, when I prayed him to dismount awhile, he would not, but excused himself, saying that he must still ride through Uzedom to Anclam, but charged old Paasch, who was our bailiff, to watch over my child as the apple of his eye, and should anything unusual happen, he was straightway to inform the town clerk at Pudgla or *Dom. Consul* at Uzedom thereof, and when Paasch had promised to do this, he waved his hand to us, and galloped off as fast as he could.

But before he got round the corner by Pagel his house, he turned back for the third time: and when we wondered thereat he said we must forgive him, seeing his thoughts wandered to-day.

That I had formerly told him that I still had my patent of nobility, the which he begged me to lend him for a time. Hereupon I answered that I must first seek for it, and that he had best dismount the while. But he would not, and again excused himself, saying he had no time. He therefore stayed without the door, until I brought him the patent, whereupon he thanked me and said, "Do not wonder hereat, you will soon see what my purpose is." Whereupon he struck his spurs into his horse's sides, and did not *come back* again.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Of our next great sorrow, and final joy.

And now might we have been at rest, and have thanked God on our knees by day and night. For, besides mercifully saving us out of such great tribulation, he turned the hearts of my beloved flock, so that they knew not how to do enough for us. Every day they brought us fish, meat, eggs, sausages, and whatsoe'er besides they could give me, and which I have since forgotten. Moreover, they, every one of them, came to church the next Sunday, great and small (except goodwife Kliene of Zempin, who had just got a boy, and still kept her bed), and I preached a thanksgiving sermon on Job v. 17, 18, and 19 verses, "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth; therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty: for he maketh sore, and bindeth up; and his hands make whole. He shall deliver thee in six troubles, yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee." And during my sermon I was oft-times forced to stop by reason of all the weeping, and to let them blow their noses. And I might truly have compared myself to Job, after that the Lord had mercifully released him from his troubles, had it not been for my child, who prepared much fresh grief for me.

She had wept when the young lord would not dismount, and now that he came not again, she grew more uneasy from day to day. She sat and read first the Bible, then the hymn-book, *item*, the history of Dido in *Virgilius*, or she climbed up the mountain to fetch flowers (likewise sought after the vein of amber there, but found it not, which shows the cunning and malice of Satan). I saw this for a while with many sighs, but spake not a word (for, dear reader, what could I say?) until it grew worse and worse; and as she now recited her *carmina* more than ever both at home and abroad, I feared lest the people should again repute her a witch, and one day I followed her up the mountain. Well-a-day, she sat on the pile which still stood

there, but with her face turned towards the sea, reciting the *Versus* where Dido mounts the funeral pile in order to stab herself for love of Æneas,

> "At trepida et cœptis immanibus effera Dido
> Sanguineam volvens aciem, maculisque trementes
> Interfusa genas, et pallida morte futurâ
> Interiora domus irrumpit limina et altos
> Conscendit furibunda rogos . . . "*

When I saw this, and heard how things really stood with her, I was affrighted beyond measure, and cried, "Mary, my child, what art thou doing?" She started when she heard my voice, but sat still on the pile, and answered, as she covered her face with her apron, "Father, I am burning my heart." I drew near to her and pulled the apron from her face, saying, "Wilt thou then again kill me with grief?" whereupon she covered her face with her hands, and moaned, "Alas, father, wherefore was I not burned here? My torment would then have endured but for a moment, but now it will last as long as I live!" I still did as though I had seen naught, and said, "Wherefore, dear child, dost thou suffer such torment?" whereupon she answered, "I have long been ashamed to tell you; for the young lord, the young lord, my father, do I suffer this torment! He no longer thinks of me; and albeit he saved my life he scorns me, or he would surely have dismounted and come in awhile; but we are of far too low degree for him!" Hereupon I indeed began to comfort her and to persuade her to think no more of the young lord, but the more I comforted her the worse she grew. Nevertheless I saw that she did yet in secret cherish a strong hope by reason of the patent of nobility which he had made me give him. I would not take this hope from her, seeing that I felt the same myself, and to comfort her I flattered her hopes, whereupon she was more quiet for some days, and did not go up the mountain,

> * But furious Dido, with dark thoughts involv'd,
> Shook at the mighty mischief she resolv'd.
> With livid spots distinguish'd was her face,
> Red were her rolling eyes, and discompos'd her pace;
> Ghastly she gazed, with pain she drew her breath,
> And nature shiver'd at approaching death.
> Then swiftly *to the fatal* place she pass'd,
> *And mounts the funeral* pile with furious haste.
>
> DRYDEN'S Virgil.

the which I had forbidden her. Moreover, she began again to teach little Paasch, her god-daughter, out of whom, by the help of the all-righteous God, Satan was now altogether departed. But she still pined, and was as white as a sheet; and when soon after a report came that none in the castle at Mellenthin knew what was become of the young lord, and that they thought he had been killed, her grief became so great that I had to send my ploughman on horseback to Mellenthin to gain tidings of him. And she looked at least twenty times out of the door and over the paling to watch for his return; and when she saw him coming she ran out to meet him as far as the corner by Pagels. But, blessed God! he brought us even worse news than we had heard before, saying, that the people at the castle had told him that their young master had ridden away the self-same day whereon he had rescued the maiden. That he had, indeed, returned after three days to his father's funeral, but had straightway ridden off again, and that for five weeks they had heard nothing further of him, and knew not whither he was gone, but supposed that some wicked ruffians had killed him.

And now my grief was greater than ever it had been before; so patient and resigned to the will of God as my child had shown herself heretofore, and no martyr could have met her last hour stronger in God and Christ, so impatient and despairing was she now. She gave up all hope, and took it into her head that in these heavy times of war the young lord had been killed by robbers. Nought availed with her, not even prayer, for when I called upon God with her, on my knees, she straightway began so grievously to bewail that the Lord had cast her off, and that she was condemned to nought save misfortunes in this world; that it pierced through my heart like a knife, and my thoughts forsook me at her words. She lay also at night, and "like a crane or a swallow so did she chatter; she did mourn like a dove; her eyes did fail with looking upward,"* because no sleep came upon her eye-lids. I called to her from my bed, "Dear child, wilt thou then never cease? sleep, I pray thee!" and she answered and said, "Do you sleep, dearest father; I cannot sleep until I sleep the sleep of death. Alas, my father; that I was not *burned!*" But how could I sleep when she could not? I, indeed,

* Isa. xxxviii. 14.

said, each morning, that I had slept awhile, in order to content her; but it was not so; but, like David, "all the night made I my bed to swim; I watered my couch with my tears."* Moreover I again fell into heavy unbelief, so that I neither could nor would pray. Nevertheless the Lord "did not deal with me after my sins, nor reward me according to mine iniquities. For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great was his mercy toward" me, miserable sinner!†

For mark what happened on the very next Saturday! Behold, our old maid-servant came running in at the door quite out of breath, saying that a horseman was coming over the Master's Mount, with a tall plume waving on his hat; and that she believed it was the young lord. When my child, who sat upon the bench combing her hair, heard this, she gave a shriek of joy, which would have moved a stone under the earth, and straightway ran out of the room to look over the paling. She presently came running in again, fell upon my neck, and cried without ceasing, "The young lord! the young lord!" whereupon she would have run out to meet him, but I forbade her, saying she had better first bind up her hair, which she then remembered, and laughing, weeping, and praying, all at once, she bound up her long hair. And now the young lord came galloping round the corner, attired in a green velvet doublet with red silk sleeves, and a gray hat with a heron's feather therein; *summa*, gaily dressed as beseems a wooer. And when we now ran out at the door, he called aloud to my child in the Latin, from afar off, "*Quomodo stat dulcissima virgo?*" Whereupon she gave answer, saying, "*bene, te aspecto.*" He then sprang smiling off his horse and gave it into the charge of my ploughman, who meanwhile had come up together with the maid; but he was affrighted when he saw my child so pale, and taking her hand spake in the vulgar tongue, "My God! what is it ails you, sweet maid? you look more pale than when about to go to the stake." Whereupon she answered, "I have been at the stake daily since you left us, good my lord, without coming into our house, or so much as sending us tidings of whither you were gone."

This pleased him well, and he said, "Let us first of all go into the chamber, and you shall hear all." And when he had wiped the

* *Ps. vi. 6.* † Ps. ciii. 10, 11.

sweat from his brow, and sat down on the bench beside my child, he spake as follows:—"That he had straightway promised her that he would clear her honour before the whole world, and the self-same day whereon he left us he made the worshipful court draw up an authentic record of all that had taken place, more especially the confession of the impudent constable, *item*, that of my ploughboy, Claus Neels; wherewith he rode throughout the same night, as he had promised, to Anclam, and next day to Stettin, to our gracious sovereign Duke Bogislaw: who marvelled greatly when he heard of the wickedness of his Sheriff, and of that which he had done to my child: moreover, he asked whether she were the pastor's daughter who once upon a time had found the signet-ring of his Princely Highness Philippus Julius of most Christian memory in the castle-garden at Wolgast? and as he did not know thereof, the Duke asked, whether she knew Latin? And he, the young lord, answered yes, that she knew the Latin better than he did himself. His Princely Highness said, "Then, indeed, it must be the same," and straightway he put on his spectacles, and read the *acta* himself. Hereupon, and after his Princely Highness had read the record of the worshipful court, shaking his head the while, the young lord humbly besought his Princely Highness to give him an *amende honorable* for my child, *item, literas commendatitias* for himself to our most gracious Emperor at Vienna, to beg for a renewal of my patent of nobility, seeing that he was determined to marry none other maiden than my daughter so long as he lived.

When my child heard this, she gave a cry of joy, and fell back in a swound with her head against the wall. But the young lord caught her in his arms, and gave her three kisses (which I could not then deny him, seeing, as I did with joy, how matters went), and when she came to herself again, he asked her, whether she would not have him, seeing that she had given such a cry at his words? Whereupon she said, "Whether I will not have you, my lord! Alas! I love you as dearly as my God and my Saviour! You first saved my life, and now you have snatched my heart from the stake whereon, without you, it would have burned all the days of my life!" Hereupon I wept for joy, when *he drew her* into his lap, and she clasped his neck with her little *hands.*

They thus sat and toyed a while, till the young lord again perceived me, and said, "What say you thereto; I trust it is also your will, reverend Abraham?" Now, dear reader, what could I say, save my hearty good-will? seeing that I wept for very joy, as did my child, and I answered, how should it not be my will, seeing that it was the will of God? But whether the worthy, good young lord had likewise considered that he would stain his noble name if he took to wife my child, who had been habit and repute a witch, and had been well nigh bound to the stake.

Hereupon he said, By no means; for that he had long since prevented this, and he proceeded to tell us how he had done it, namely, his Princely Highness had promised him to make ready all the *scripta* which he required, within four days, when he hoped to be back from his father's burial. He therefore rode straightway back to Mellenthin, and after paying the last honour to my lord his father, he presently set forth on his way again, and found that his Princely Highness had kept his word meanwhile. With these *scripta* he rode to Vienna, and albeit he met with many pains, troubles, and dangers by the way (which he would relate to us at some other time), he nevertheless reached the city safely. There he by chance met with a Jesuit with whom he had once upon a time had his *locamentum* for a few days at Prague, while he was yet a *studiosus*, and this man having heard his business, bade him be of good cheer, seeing that his Imperial Majesty, stood sorely in need of money in these hard times of war, and that he, the Jesuit, would manage it all for him. This he really did, and his Imperial Majesty not only renewed my patent of nobility, but likewise confirmed the *amende honorable* to my child granted by his Princely Highness the Duke, so that he might now maintain the honour of his betrothed bride against all the world, as also hereafter that of his wife.

Hereupon he drew forth the *acta* from his bosom and put them into my hand, saying, "And now, reverend Abraham, you must also do me a pleasure, to wit, to-morrow morning, when I hope to go with my betrothed bride to the Lord's table, you must publish the banns between me and your daughter, and on the day after you must marry us. Do not say nay thereto, for my pastor the reverend Philippus says that this no uncommon custom among the nobles in Pomerania, and I have already given notice of the

wedding for Monday at mine own castle, whither we will then go, and where I purpose to bed my bride." I should have found much to say against this request, more especially that in honour of the holy Trinity he should suffer himself to be called three times in church according to custom, and that he should delay awhile the espousals; but when I perceived that my child would gladly have the marriage held right soon, for she sighed and grew red as scarlet, I had not the heart to refuse them, but promised all they asked. Whereupon I exhorted them both to prayer, and when I had laid my hands upon their heads, I thanked the Lord more deeply than I had ever yet thanked him, so that at last I could no longer speak for tears, seeing that they drowned my voice.

Meanwhile the young lord his coach had driven up to the door, filled with chests and coffers: and he said, "Now, sweet maid, you shall see what I have brought you," and he bade them bring all the things into the room. Dear reader, what fine things were there, such as I had never seen in all my life! all that women can use was there, especially of clothes, to wit, boddices, plaited gowns, long robes, some of them bordered with fur, veils, aprons, *item*, the bridal shift with gold fringes, whereon the merry lord had laid some six or seven bunches of myrtle to make herself a wreath withal. *Item*, there was no end to the rings, neck-chains, ear-drops, &c., the which I have in part forgotten. Neither did the young lord leave me without a gift, seeing he had brought me a new surplice (the enemy had robbed me of my old one), also doublets, hosen, and shoes, *summa*, whatsoever appertains to a man's attire; wherefore I secretly besought the Lord not to punish us again in his sore displeasure for such pomps and vanities. When my child beheld all these things she was grieved that she could bestow upon him nought save her heart alone, and the chain of the Swedish king, the which she hung round his neck, and begged him, weeping the while, to take it as a bridal gift. This he at length promised to do, and likewise to carry it with him into the grave: but that my child must first wear it at her wedding, as well as the blue silken gown, for that this and no other should be her bridal dress, *and this he* made her promise to do.

And now a merry chance befel with the old maid, the which

I will here note. For when the faithful old soul had heard what had taken place, she was beside herself for joy, danced and clapped her hands, and at last said to my child, "Now to be sure you will not weep when the young lord is to lie in your bed," whereat my child blushed scarlet for shame, and ran out of the room; and when the young lord would know what she meant therewith she told him that he had already once slept in my child her bed when he came from Gützkow with me, whereupon he bantered her all the evening after that she was come back again. Moreover, he promised the maid that as she had once made my child her bed for him, she should make it again, and that on the day after to-morrow, she and the ploughman too should go with us to Mellenthin, so that masters and servants should all rejoice together after such great distress.

And seeing that the dear young lord would stop the night under my roof, I made him lie in the small closet together with me (for I could not know what might happen). He soon slept like a top, but no sleep came into my eyes, for very joy, and I prayed the livelong blessed night, or thought over my sermon. Only near morning I dosed a little; and when I rose the young lord already sat in the next room with my child, who wore the black silken gown which he had brought her, and, strange to say, she looked fresher than even when the Swedish king came, so that I never in all my life saw her look fresher or fairer. *Item*, the young lord wore his black doublet, and picked out for her the best bits of myrtle for the wreath she was twisting. But when she saw me, she straightway laid the wreath beside her on the bench, folded her little hands, and said the morning prayer, as she was ever wont to do, which humility pleased the young lord right well, and he begged her that in future she would ever do the like with him, the which she promised.

Soon after we went to the blessed church to confession, and all the folk stood gaping open-mouthed because the young lord led my child on his arm. But they wondered far more when, after the sermon, I first read to them in the vulgar tongue the *amende honorable* to my child from his Princely Highness, together with the confirmation of the same by his Imperial Majesty, and *after that my* patent of nobility; and, lastly, began *to publish the banns between* my child and the young lord.

Dear reader, there arose a murmur throughout the church like the buzzing of a swarm of bees. (N.B. These *scripta* were burnt in the fire which broke out in the castle a year ago, as I shall hereafter relate, wherefore I cannot insert them here *in origine.*)

Hereupon my dear children went together with much people to the Lord's table, and after church nearly all the folks crowded round them and wished them joy. *Item*, old Paasch came to our house again that afternoon, and once more besought my daughter's forgiveness because that he had unwittingly offended her; that he would gladly give her a marriage-gift, but that he now had nothing at all; howbeit that his wife should set one of her hens in the spring, and he would take the chickens to her at Mellenthin himself. This made us all to laugh, more especially the young lord, who at last said: "As thou wilt bring me a marriage-gift, thou must also be asked to the wedding, wherefore thou mayest come to-morrow with the rest."

Whereupon my child said: "And your little Mary, my godchild, shall come too, and be my bridemaiden, if my lord allows it." Whereupon she began to tell the young lord all that had befallen the child by the malice of Satan, and how they laid it to her charge until such time as the all-righteous God brought her innocence to light; and she begged that since her dear lord had commanded her to wear the same garments at her wedding which she had worn to salute the Swedish king, and afterwards to go to the stake, he would likewise suffer her to take for her bridemaiden her little godchild, as *indicium secundum* of her sorrows.

And when he had promised her this, she told old Paasch to send hither his child to her, that she might fit a new gown upon her which she had cut out for her a week ago, and which the maid would finish sewing this very day. This so went to the heart of the good old fellow that he began to weep aloud, and at last said, she should not do all this for nothing, for instead of the one hen his wife should set three for her in the spring.

When he was gone, and the young lord did nought save talk with his betrothed bride both in the vulgar and in the Latin tongue, I did better—namely, went up the mountain to pray, wherein, moreover, I followed my child's example, and clomb up upon the pile, there in loneliness to offer up my whole heart

to the Lord as an offering of thanksgiving, seeing that with this sacrifice he is well pleased, as in Ps. li. 19, "The sacrifice of God is a troubled spirit; a broken and contrite heart, O God, shalt thou not despise."

That night the young lord again lay in my room, but next morning, when the sun had scarce risen ———

Here end these interesting communications, which I do not intend to dilute with any additions of my own. My readers, more especially those of the fair sex, can picture to themselves at pleasure the future happiness of this excellent pair.

All further historical traces of their existence, as well as that of the pastor, have disappeared, and nothing remains but a tablet fixed in the wall of the Church at Mellenthin, on which the incomparable lord, and his yet more incomparable wife, are represented. On his faithful breast still hangs "the golden chain, with the effigy of the Swedish King." They both seem to have died within a short time of each other, and to have been buried in the same coffin. For in the vault under the church there is still a large double coffin, in which, according to tradition, lies a chain of gold of incalculable value. Some twenty years ago, the owner of Mellenthin, whose unequalled extravagance had reduced him to the verge of beggary, attempted to open the coffin in order to take out this precious relic, but he was not able. It appeared as if some powerful spell held it firmly together; and it has remained unopened down to the present time. May it remain so until the last awful day, and may the impious hand of avarice or curiosity never desecrate these holy ashes of holy beings!

FINIS.

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SELECT BIOGRAPHIES.

CROMWELL

AND

BUNYAN.

BY

ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq., LL.D.

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LIFE OF CROMWELL.*

THE pedigree of the Protector's family commences about the middle of the eleventh century with Glothyan Lord of Powys, who married Morveth the daughter and heiress of Edwyn ap Tydwell, Lord of Cardigan;—a Welsh genealogist no doubt would be able to trace the Lords of Cardigan and Powys up to Cadwallader and so on to Brennus and Belinus. William ap Yevan, the representative of the family in the fifteenth century,

* 1. 'Histoire de Cromwell, d'après les Mémoires du Temps et les Recueils Parlementaires.' Par M. Villemain. 2 tom. 8vo. Paris, 1819.—2. 'Memoirs of the Protector, Oliver Cromwell, and of his Sons Richard and Henry. Illustrated by Original Letters, and other Family Papers.' By Oliver Cromwell, Esq., a Descendant of the family. With Portraits from Original Pictures. London. 1820. 4to.—3. 'Oliver Cromwell and his Times.' By Thomas Cromwell. London. 1821.—4. 'Cromwelliana. A Chronological Detail of Events in which Oliver Cromwell was engaged from the year 1642 to his Death 1658: with a continuation of other Transactions to the Restoration.' Westminster. 1810. Folio.

The first of these works is in all respects a very good book; the second, which contains much less original matter than we had hoped to find there, is the commendable attempt of an old and respectable gentleman to vindicate the character of his great ancestor. Mr. Thomas Cromwell, the author of the third work, appears *not* to be a descendant of the family: his book, though very inferior to M. Villemain's, and composed in too ambitious a style, is on the whole so fairly written and intended, that we advise the author to ask himself whether some of his statements are not more conformable to the prejudices with which he took up the subject, than to the facts with which he became acquainted in pursuing it,—to reconsider the grounds and the consistency of some of his opinions—and if a second edition of his book should be called for, to introduce it by a preface somewhat more modest and decorous. The fourth and last article consists of a series of extracts from the Diurnalls, and other publications of those times. With these works before us, and with the aid of such other materials as the rich memoirs of that disastrous age afford, and the industry of later writers has supplied (among whom Mr. Noble deserves especial mention as one of the most laborious and accurate and *useful of the pioneer* class), we shall endeavour to present a *compendious and faithful account* of Oliver Cromwell's eventful life.

was in the service first of Jasper Duke of Bedford, Henry the Seventh's uncle, afterwards of that king himself. His son, Morgan Williams, married the sister of that Cromwell whose name is conspicuous in the history of the Reformation, and who, though not irreproachable for his share in the transactions of a portentous reign, is on the whole largely entitled to commiseration and respect. The eldest son of this marriage called himself Richard Cromwell, *alias* Williams, and as the former was the more popular and distinctive name, the *alias*, though long retained by the family in their deeds and wills, was dropt in ordinary use. This Richard was one of the six challengers who held a tournament in 1540 at Westminster against all comers. The justs were proclaimed in France, Flanders, Spain, and Scotland. The challengers entered the field richly accoutred, and their horses trapped in white velvet; the knights and gentlemen who rode before them were apparelled in velvet and white sarsnet, and their servants were all in white doublets, and "hosen cut after the Burgonian fashion."* Sir Richard was knighted on the second day, and performed his part in the justs so well that the king cried out to him, "formerly thou wast my Dick, but hereafter thou shalt be my diamond;" and then dropping a diamond ring from his finger bade him take it, and ever after bear such a one in the fore gamb of the demy-lion in his crest. As a further proof of the royal favour, he and each of the challengers had a house and an hundred marks annually, to them and their heirs for ever, granted out of the property of the Knights of Rhodes, the last prior of that religion dying at this time broken-hearted for the dissolution of his order.

Sir Richard Cromwell was one of those persons who were enriched by the spoils of the Church. He was appointed one of the visitors of the Religious Houses, and received for his reward so large a portion of the plunder, that the church lands which he had possessed in Huntingdonshire only, were let in Charles the Second's reign for more than £30,000 a year; and besides these he had very great estates in the adjoining counties of Cambridge, Bedford, Rutland, and Northampton. The donors of estates to monasteries and churches usually inserted in their deeds of *gift* a solemn imprecation against all persons who should usurp

[* Stow, by Howes, ed. 1631, p. 579.]

the property so bequeathed, or convert it to other purposes than those for which it was consecrated. Though this proved no defence for the estates which had been piously disposed, it was long believed by the people that the property sacrilegiously obtained at the dissolution carried a curse with it; and, in a great majority of instances, the facts were such as to strengthen the opinion. Without consigning the rapacious courtiers of that age to the bottomless pit, "there to be tormented for ever with Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, and with Judas Iscariot," it may safely be said that no conscientious man would have taken property clogged with such an entail.

Henry, the eldest son and heir of Sir Richard, was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, who esteemed him highly, and honoured him by sleeping at his seat, once the nunnery, at Hinchinbrook, on her return from visiting Cambridge. He was called the Golden Knight for his wealth and for his liberality, which was of a splendid kind; for, dividing his time between Hinchinbrook and Ramsey, whenever he returned to the latter place he used to throw large sums of money to the poor townsmen. The death of his second wife was one of the alleged crimes for which the witches of Warboys were accused and executed; the property of these poor wretches, amounting to 40*l.*, was forfeited to Sir Henry as lord of the manor, and he gave it to the Corporation of Huntingdon on condition that they should procure from Queen's College, Cambridge, every year on Lady-Day, a Doctor or Bachelor of Divinity to preach in that town against the sin of witchcraft. That condition was regularly fulfilled about fifty years ago: in what manner it is performed at present we know not. Robert, the second son of Sir Henry, was the father of Oliver, so named after his uncle, the head of the family. That uncle, Sir Oliver, was a magnificent personage, for whose expenses even the enormous property which he inherited proved inadequate.

Sir Henry left his younger sons estates of about 300*l.* a year each: those to which Robert Cromwell succeeded lay in and near the town of Huntingdon, having chiefly or wholly belonged to the Augustinian Monastery of St. Mary. The house in which he resided was either part of the Hospital of St. John, or built upon the site and with materials from its ruins. He married

Elizabeth, daughter of William Steward, of the city of Ely, a family which, it is not doubted, was allied to the royal house of Scotland. She was the widow of a Mr. Lynne, and is supposed to have brought him little other fortune than her jointure. They had ten children; Oliver was the second, and the only one of the three boys who lived to grow up. Mr. Cromwell was member for his own borough of Huntingdon in the parliament held in the 35th of Elizabeth [1592-3], and he was in the commission of the peace. This satisfied all his ambition: but, to provide for so large a family, he entered into a large brewing business; it was carried on by servants, and Mrs. Cromwell inspected their accounts, which rendered her better able to conduct the business for herself* after her husband's death in 1617. Oliver was born April 25, 1599. A nonjuror, who afterwards purchased and inhabited the house, used, when he showed the room in which the Protector was born, to observe that the devil was behind the door, alluding to a figure of Satan in the hangings. It is said, on the authority of the same person, who was curious in collecting what traditions remained concerning so eminent a man, that Oliver, when an infant, was in as much danger from a great monkey as Gulliver was at Brobdignag. At his grandfather's house one of these mischievous creatures took him out of the cradle, carried him upon the leads of the house, to the dreadful alarm of the family (who made beds and blankets ready, in the forlorn hope

* Mr. O. Cromwell says, "all this has been said by Cromwell's enemies, for the purpose of degrading him; but no evidence to be relied on is produced in support of these assertions. The truth is, nothing certain is likely to be known of his early life, or the pecuniary circumstances of his parents." "And," he adds, "that, as Cromwell, in a speech to his Parliament, said he was a gentleman, neither living in any considerable height, nor yet in obscurity, such an account of himself is a sufficient confutation of his and his family's narrow circumstances, and their engagements in trade in consequence." This gentleman very justly observes that the statement, "if true, could not be deemed discreditable to the family, the youngest brothers of the best families in this country engaging in trade and thereby raising themselves to fortune and independency." With this feeling there is an inconsistency in resenting the statement as a wrong. Of such facts no other proof is possible than contemporary assertions, uncontradicted at the time; these are so numerous that it is almost absurd to question them; and what renders the fact highly probable is, that Mrs. Cromwell "lived in a very handsome, frugal manner, and gave each of her daughters fortune sufficient to marry them to *persons* of genteel families;" which she could never have done from her *dowry* alone, being only 60*l.* a year.

[† Noble, ed. 1787, vol. i. p. 92.]

of catching him), and at last brought him safely down. He was saved from drowning in his youth by Mr. Johnson, the curate of Cunnington.

Oliver was educated at the free grammar-school of his native town, by Dr. Beard,* whose severity towards him is said to have been more than what was usual even in that age of barbarous school-discipline. He was a resolute, active boy, fond of engaging in hazardous exploits, and more capable of hard study than inclined to it. His ambition was of a different kind, and that peculiar kind discovered itself even in his youth. He is said to have displayed a more than common emotion in playing the part of Tactus who finds a royal robe and a crown, in the old comedy of Lingua. The comedy was certainly performed at the free-school of Huntingdon in his time, and if Oliver played the part, the scene in question is one which he must have remembered with singular feeling, whatever he may have felt in enacting it.

> "Was ever man so fortunate as I,
> To break his shins at such a stumbling-block!
> Roses and bays pack hence! this Crown and Robe
> My brows and body circles and invests.
> How gallantly it fits me! Sure the slave
> Measured my head that wrought this coronet.
> They lie that say complexions cannot change;
> My blood 's ennobled, and I am transform'd
> Unto the sacred temper of a king.
> Methinks I hear my noble parasites
> Styling me Cæsar or great Alexander,
> Licking my feet, and wondering where I got
> This precious ointment. How my pace is mended!
> How princely do I speak, how sharp I threaten!—
> Peasants, I'll curb your headstrong impudence,
> And make you tremble when the lion roars,
> Ye earth-bred worms!—
> Poets will write whole volumes of this change." †

He himself is said often, in the height of his fortune, to have

* The frontispiece to the Theatre of God's Judgments is said to be a portrait of this severe schoolmaster. It represents him with two scholars standing behind, a rod in his hand, and *As in præsenti* proceeding from his mouth.

[† Dodsley's Old Plays, ed. 1825, vol. v. p. 114. The first edition of 'Lingua,' a play attributed to Anthony Brewer, is dated 1607. That Cromwell had acted a part in this play, we are told by Simon Miller, a stationer, in a list of publications appended to Heath's New Book of Loyal Martyrs. This Heath wrote the earliest printed Life of Oliver Cromwell, entitled "Flagellum, or the Life and Death, Birth and Burial of Oliver Cromwell the late *Usurper*." *(1663)*. Miller was the publisher of an edition of *'Lingua' in 1657, and may have had his information from Heath.*]

mentioned a gigantic figure which, when he was a boy, opened the curtains of his bed, and told him he should be the greatest person in the kingdom. Such a dream he may very probably have had; and nothing can be more likely than that he should seek to persuade himself it was a prophetic vision, when events seemed to place the fulfilment within his reach. But that his uncle Steward told him it was traitorous to relate it, and that he was flogged for the relation by Dr. Beard, at his father's particular desire, are additions to the story which are disproved by their absurdity; however loyal his parents, and however addicted to the use of the rod his master, they would no more have punished him at that time for such a fancy, than for dreaming that he was to become Grand Turk or Prester John. There is another tale concerning his childhood, which, as well as all these anecdotes, the living historian of the family treats as an absolute falsehood; that being at his uncle's house at Hinchinbrook, when the royal family rested there on their way from Scotland, in 1604, he was brought to play with Prince Charles, then Duke of York,* quarrelled with him, beat him, and made his nose bleed profusely, —which was remembered as a bad omen for the king when Cromwell began to distinguish himself in the civil wars. Mr. Noble relates this only as the tradition of the place, adding that Hinchinbrook was generally one of the resting-places of the royal family on the northern road. Such anecdotes relating to such a man, even though they may be of doubtful authenticity, are not unworthy of preservation. The fabulous history of every country is a part of its history, and ought not to be omitted by later and more enlightened historians; because it has been believed at one time, and while it was believed it influenced the imagination, and thereby, in some degree, the opinions and the character of the people. Biographical fables, on the other hand, are worthy of notice, because they show in what manner the celebrity of the personage, in whose honour or dishonour they have been invented, has acted upon his countrymen. Moreover, there is in the curiosity which we feel concerning the earliest actions of remarkable men, an interest akin to that which is attached to the source of a great river. There are many springs in this country

[* *Among* Prince Henry's expenses is a "payment of xxxiiii^li. for three *Hawkes* bought of Sir Oliver Cromwell."]

more beautiful in themselves and in their accompaniments than the fountains of the Thames, or the Danube, or the Nile, but how inferior in kind and in degree is the feeling which they excite!

Before Cromwell had quite completed his seventeenth year he was removed from the school at Huntingdon to Sydney Sussex College, Cambridge.* Though his passion for athletic exercises still continued, so much so that he is said to have acquired the name of a royster in the university, it appears certain, that the short time which he passed there was not mis-spent, but that he made a respectable proficiency in his studies. He had not, however, been there more than a year when his father died, and his mother, to whose care he appears to have been left, removed him from college. It has been affirmed that he was placed at Lincoln's Inn, but that instead of attending to the law he wasted his time "in a dissolute course of life, and good-fellowship and gaming." His descendant denies this, because his name is not to be found in the records of Lincoln's Inn; to which sufficient disproof he adds, that "it is not likely a youth of eighteen or nineteen should in those days have been sent to an inn of court." The unlikelihood is not apparent; there is no imaginable reason why he should have been represented as a student of law if he had never been so, and the probability is that he was entered at some other of the inns of court. Returning thence to reside upon his paternal property, he is said to have led a low and boisterous life; and for proof of this, a letter to his cousin, Mrs. St. John, is quoted, in which he says,—"You know what my manner of life hath been. Oh, I lived in and loved darkness, and hated the light; I was a chief, the chief of sinners. This is true; I hated godliness, yet God had mercy on me." The present Mr. Oliver Cromwell argues that no such meaning is to be inferred from the words, but that such "it is conceived would be the language of any person of the present day, who, after professing christianity in the common loose way in which it is commonly professed, and even preserving themselves free from the commission of all gross sins and immoral acts, should become a convert to the stricter doctrines and precepts of the Scriptures, as held by those who

[* *23rd April, 1616.* Noble, i. 254. ed. 1787.]

are deemed to be the evangelical or orthodox believers of these times." Mr. Cromwell is right; the letter proves nothing, except that there is a good deal of the same canting now that there was then, cant indeed being a coin which always passes current. The language of an evangelical professor concerning his own sins and the sense of his own wickedness, is no more to be taken literally than that of an amorous sonnetteer who complains of flames and torments.

The course of Cromwell's conduct, however, at this time was such as to offend his paternal uncle, Sir Oliver, and his maternal one, Sir Thomas Steward. The offence given to the former is said to have been by a beastly frolic, for which the master of Misrule very properly condemned him to the discipline of a horse-pond. The story, from its very filthiness, is incredible: Bates, however, would not have related it unless he had believed it, and Oliver's practical jests were sometimes dirty as well as coarse. The means by which he displeased Sir Thomas are less doubtful and of a blacker dye:—wishing to get possession of his estate, he represented him as not able to govern it, and petitioned for a commission of lunacy against him, which was refused. Because Sir Thomas was reconciled to him afterwards, and ultimately left him the estate, the present Mr. O. Cromwell denies the fact, saying, "this supposed attempt to deprive his uncle of his estate would have been so atrocious and unpardonable, that the reasonable conclusion must be, that this disposition in favour of Cromwell proves the falsehood of the story." A better ground of defence would have been to maintain that the uncle was not in his sound senses, and to allege the bequest, after such provocation, in proof of it. The story is most certainly true; it is established by a speech of Archbishop Williams to the king concerning Cromwell, wherein he says, "Your Majesty did him but justice in refusing his petition against Sir Thomas Steward of the isle of Ely; but he takes them all for his enemies that would not let him undo his best friend." Mr. O. Cromwell has overlooked this evidence. But he is not the only modern biographer who has thought proper to contradict the facts which are recorded of an ancestor, because it is not agreeable to believe them. The *probability* is, that Cromwell, who was not naturally a wicked *man, thought* his petition well grounded.

Whatever may have been the follies and vices of his youth, it is certain that he had strength and resolution enough to shake them off. As soon as he came of age he married* Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Bourchier, of Felsted, in Essex, a woman whose irreproachable life might have protected her from obloquy and insult, if in the heat of party-spirit any thing were held sacred. She brought him some fortune, and, in the year 1625, he was returned to King Charles's first parliament for the borough of Huntingdon. There was no disaffection in his family either to the church or state; they had indeed enjoyed in a peculiar manner the bounty as well as the favour of the crown. But Cromwell was not likely to behold the measures of the government with indifference or complacency; a man so capable of governing well perceived the errors which were committed; and the displeasure, thus reasonably excited, was heightened by accidental and personal circumstances till it became a rooted disaffection. To this some of his family connexions must have contributed in no slight degree. Hampden was his first cousin; and St. John, who was connected with the Cromwells by his first marriage, married for his second wife one who stood in the same degree of near relationship to him. They were unquestionably two of the ablest men in that distinguished age; and Hampden, who had sagacity enough to perceive the talents of his kinsman when they were not suspected by others, possessed a great influence over his mind; Cromwell "followed his advice whilst living, and revered his memory when dead." These eminent men were both deadly enemies at heart to the established church, and the puritanical bias which their conversation was likely to impart was increased by his own disposition, for in the early part of his life it is certain that he was of a fanatical constitution. He often supposed himself to be dying, and called up his physician at unseasonable hours in causeless alarm; and that physician's account of him is, that "he was quite a splenetic, and had fancies about the Cross in the town."†

Cromwell sate for the same borough in the parliament of 1628, and spoke severely and justly against the promotion of Dr.

[* 20th August, 1620. In the church of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, the church in which *Milton is buried.* Noble, i. 123.]

[† *Sir Philip Warwick's Memoirs*, ed. 1702, p. 249.]

Manwaring; but by complaining at the same time of persons who "preached flat popery," which was a flat falsehood, he lessened the effect of his opinion upon unprejudiced and judicious minds. Three years afterwards he sold some of his estates for 1800*l.*; stocked a grazing farm at St. Ives, and removed thither from Huntingdon. The barn which he built here was still standing, and bore his name, when Mr. Noble published his Memoirs of the Protectoral House;* and the farmer who then rented the estate marked his sheep with the identical marking irons which Oliver used, and which had O. C. upon them.† While he resided here he returned some money which he had formerly won by gaming, and which he considered it sinful to keep. The sums were not inconsiderable for that time and for his means, one of them being 30*l.* and another 120*l.* The death of Sir Thomas Steward placed him in affluence, and, in 1635, he removed to the Glebe House, in the city of Ely. He had now a large family, and took his full share in local business as an active country gentleman, not always as a useful one, for the scheme of draining the fens of Lincolnshire and the Isle of Ely, which his father and many others of his relations had promoted, was defeated chiefly by his opposition. There was a popular cry against the measure, because the inhabitants enjoyed a customary right of commoning and fishing there; Cromwell therefore became so great a favourite with them for espousing their immediate interest, that he was called the Lord of the Fens. It is more likely that he was actuated by a desire of ingratiating himself with the people of the country on this occasion, than that so far-sighted and able a man should not have perceived the great and obvious utility of the measure which he resisted. Afterwards, when the act passed under the Commonwealth, he was appointed one of the Commissioners; and the work proceeded with his favour when he was Protector.

The state of England, though the country was rapidly improving, and prosperous beyond all former example, was such as might well trouble every upright and thoughtful observer. The wisest man could not possibly foresee in what the conflict of opi-

[* The first edition of Noble's Memoirs was published in 1784.]
[† *Noble*, i. 262.]

sions, which had begun, was likely to terminate: this only was certain, that there must inevitably be great evil in the process, and that whatever extreme prevailed, the end must needs be one which no good man, or true friend of his country, could contemplate without sorrow. In any other age, Charles I. would have been the best and the most popular of kings. His unambitious and conscientious spirit would have preserved the kingdom in peace; his private life would have set an example of dignified virtue, such as had rarely been seen in courts; and his love of arts and letters would have conferred permanent splendour upon his age, and secured for himself the grateful applause of after generations. But he succeeded to a crown whose prerogatives had been largely asserted and never defined; to a scanty revenue, and to a popular but expensive war, no ways honourable to the nation either in its cause or conduct. The history of his reign thus far had been a series of errors and faults on all sides, so that an impartial observer would have found it difficult to satisfy himself whether the King and his ministers or the Parliaments were the most reprehensible; or which party had given the greatest provocation, and thereby afforded most excuse for the conduct of the other. Unable to govern with a parliament, and impatient of being governed by one, Charles had tried the perilous experiment of governing without one. There can be no doubt that the liberties of Great Britain must have been destroyed if that experiment had been successful; and successful in all human probability it would have been, if a spirit of religious discord had not possessed the nation. For though the system of Charles's administration was arbitrary, and therefore tyrannical, the revenue which he raised by extraordinary means was not greater than what would cheerfully have been granted him in the ordinary and just course of government; it was frugally administered, and applied in a manner suitable to the interest and honour of the kingdom, which, for twelve years, in the words of Lord Clarendon, "enjoyed the greatest calm and the fullest measure of felicity that any people in any age, for so long time together, have been blessed with, to the wonder and envy of all the other parts of Christendom." Foreign and domestic trade flourished and increased; towns grew, not with a *forced and unhealthy growth*, occasioned by the unnatural

activity of a manufacturing system, but in just proportion to the growing industry and wealth of the country. England was respected abroad and prosperous at home; it even seemed as if the physical condition of the island had undergone a beneficial change, for the visitations of pestilence were abating, which had been so frequent in the preceding reign. But a severer judgment was impending over a headstrong generation, insensible of the blessings with which they were favoured, and ungrateful for them.

While this long calm endured, the most sagacious politicians were so far from perceiving any indications of the storm which they were to direct, that, believing the country was doomed and resigned to the loss of its liberties, they resolved upon leaving it, and transporting themselves, in voluntary exile, to a land of freedom. Lord Brooke, Lord Say and Sele and his sons, Pym, and other distinguished men of the same sentiments, were about to remove to a settlement in New England, where the name of Saybrooke, in honour of the two noble leaders, had already been given to a township in which they were expected. Eight vessels with emigrants on board were ready to sail from the Thames, when the King by an order of council forbade their departure, and compelled the intended passengers to come on shore, fatally for himself; for among those passengers Haslerigge and Hampden, and Cromwell, with all his family, had actually embarked. There are few facts in history which have so much the appearance of fatality as this.

Charles and his ministers feared that so many discontented and stirring spirits would be perilous in a colony which, being decidedly hostile to the Church of England, might easily be alienated from the state. They saw clearly the remote danger, but they were blind to the nearer and greater evil; and in that error they stopt the issue which the peccant humours had opened for themselves. Cromwell returned to Ely, and there continued to lead a respectable and pious life. A letter which he wrote at this time to Mrs. St. John (already mentioned) has been preserved; it is better expressed than most of his compositions, and is remarkable not merely for its characteristic language, but for a passage which may perhaps be thought to imply the hope, if not the expectation, *of making* himself conspicuous in defence of his religious sentiments. "Dear Cousin," he says, "I thankfully acknowledge your

love in your kind remembrance of me upon this opportunity. Alas, you do too highly prize my lines, and my company! I may be ashamed to own your expressions, considering how unprofitable I am and the mean improvement of my talent. Yet to honour my God by declaring what he hath done for my soul, in this I am confident, and I will be so. Truly then this I find, that He giveth springs in a dry and barren wilderness, where no water is. I live (you know where) in Mesheck, which they say signifies prolonging; in Kedar, which signifieth blackness: yet the Lord forsaketh me not. Though He do prolong, yet He will, I trust, bring me to his tabernacle, to his resting place. My soul is with the congregation of the first born: my body rests in hope; *and if here I may honour my God, either by doing or suffering, I shall be more glad. Truly no poor creature hath more cause to put forth himself in the cause of his God than I.* I have had plentiful wages before hand, and I am sure I shall never earn the least mite. The Lord accept me in his Son, and give me to walk in the light, and give us to walk in the light, as he is in the light: He it is that enlighteneth our blackness, our darkness. I dare not say he hideth his face from me; he giveth me to see light in his light. One beam in a dark place hath exceeding much refreshment in it; blessed be his name for shining upon so dark a heart as mine!"

This readiness *to do* and *to suffer* in a righteous cause might have been confined to the ignoble theatre of a Bishop's court, if a wider field had not soon been opened for puritanical ambition. Cromwell had usually attended the church-service, joining probably, like Baxter, "in the common prayer, with as hearty fervency, as afterwards he did with other prayers:"—"As long as I had no prejudice against it," says that good man, "I had no stop in my devotions from any of its imperfections." But even before he left Huntingdon his house had been a retreat for those non-conforming preachers who had provoked the law; and a building behind it is shown, which he is said to have erected for their use, and in which, according to the same tradition, he sometimes edified them by a discourse himself. It is certain that he put himself forward in their cause so as to be looked upon as the head of their party in that country; and Williams, who was then *Bishop of Lincoln, and whom* he often troubled on such occa-

sions, says that he was a common spokesman for sectaries, and maintained their part with stubbornness. Whatever part indeed Cromwell took up would be well maintained, and the time was now approaching when he was to take a conspicuous one.

A rebellion broke out in Scotland, where no disaffection had been suspected. By prudent measures it might easily have been averted, by vigorous ones it might easily have been crushed; and both were wanting. The King raised an army which, by the management of designing persons, and the mismanagement of others, was rendered useless. A treaty was made by which nothing was concluded; all the savings of the preceding years were wasted in this disgraceful expedition; and Charles, who had so long governed without a parliament, was now compelled to call one, for the purpose of obtaining supplies. The majority of that parliament consisted of men who knew their duty to their king and country, and, in asserting the constitutional liberties of the people, would have sacredly preserved the rights of the crown, wherein those liberties have their surest safeguard. There were however some persons, of great ability, who were determined upon effecting some change both in the ecclesiastic and civil institutions of the land, not having acknowledged to others, nor perhaps to themselves, how far they were willing that that change should extend. The state of their mind was well expressed by Cromwell, who, when Sir Thomas Chichley and Sir Philip Warwick asked him with what concessions he would be satisfied, honestly replied, "I can tell you, Sirs, what I would not have, though I cannot tell what I would." This parliament was hastily dissolved by the counsel of Sir Henry Vane the elder, and Herbert the solicitor-general: the latter acted with no worse motives than peevishness and mortified pride; the former appears to have intended the mischief which ensued. The discontented party did not conceal their joy at an event which made all good men mournful. Cromwell's cousin St. John, whose dark and treacherous spirit at all other times clouded his countenance, met Mr. Hyde with a smiling and cheerful aspect, and seeing him melancholy, "as in truth he was from his heart," asked what troubled him. The same, he replied, which troubled *most* good men, that in such a time of confusion, so wise a parliament, which alone could have found remedy for it, was so

unseasonably dismissed. But St. John warmly made answer, that all was well: and that it must be worse before it was better: and that this parliament could never have done what was necessary to be done—"as indeed," says Hyde, "it would not what he and his friends thought necessary." Cromwell was one of those friends; he had been returned to this parliament for the town of Cambridge, and was returned for the same seat to the next—the famous and infamous Long Parliament, which Charles found it necessary to call in six months after the dissolution.

Cromwell's appearance in this assembly is happily described by Sir Philip Warwick. "The first time," he says, "that ever I took notice of him, was in the very beginning of the parliament held in November, 1640,* when I vainly thought myself a courtly young gentleman, for we courtiers valued ourselves much upon our good clothes. I came one morning into the house well clad, and perceived a gentleman speaking, whom I knew not, very ordinarily apparelled, for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor. His linen was plain, and not very clean; and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar: his hat was without a hat-band; his stature was of a good size; his sword stuck close to his side, his countenance swoln and reddish, his voice sharp and untunable, and his eloquence full of fervour." † But it was more by heat and earnestness than by eloquence that Cromwell made himself noticed at this time. One of the first occasions upon which he spoke in this parliament was in a committee, in opposition to Lord Kimbolton, upon the Earl of Manchester's inclosure business. He behaved intemperately, "ordering the witnesses and petitioners in the method of proceeding, and seconding, and enlarging upon what they said with great passion." ‡ When the chairman endeavoured to preserve order, by speaking with authority, Cromwell accused him of being partial and discountenancing the witnesses; and when, says Lord Clarendon, who was himself the chairman, Lord Kimbolton, "upon any mention of matter of fact, or the pro-

[* He sat in this Parliament—commonly known as the Long Parliament—for the town of Cambridge. His fellow-member was John Lawry, Esq.]

[† Sir Philip Warwick's *Memoirs*, ed. 1702, p. 247.]

[‡ *Lord Clarendon's Life of himself*, ed. 1827, vol. i. p. 89.]

ceeding before and at the inclosure, desired to be heard, and with great modesty related what had been done, or explained what had been said, Mr. Cromwell did answer and reply upon him with so much indecency and rudeness, and in language so contrary and offensive, that every man would have thought, that as their natures and their manners were as opposite as it is possible, so their interest could never have been the same. In the end his whole carriage was so tempestuous, and his behaviour so insolent, that the chairman found himself obliged to reprehend him, and to tell him if he proceeded in the same manner, he would presently adjourn the committee, and the next morning complain to the house of him."*

Cromwell's name does not appear in the proceedings against Lord Strafford. That he bore his part, however, may be presumed not only from the whole tenour of his after-conduct, but because his cousin St. John was one of the foremost agents in that most iniquitous transaction, one of the deadly sins of the Long Parliament. When the question of the Remonstrance, much against the will of the violent party, was deferred till the morrow, that there might be time for debating it, Cromwell asked Lord Falkland why he would have it put off, for that day would quickly have determined it? Lord Falkland answered there would not have been time enough, for sure it would take some debate; and Cromwell replied, a very sorry one; for he, and those with whom he acted, supposed there would be little opposition. It was so well opposed that the debate continued from nine in the morning till midnight; a thing at that time wholly unprecedented. As they went out of the house, Lord Falkland asked him, whether there had been a debate? to which Cromwell replied, he would take his word another time, and whispered him in the ear, that if the Remonstrance had been rejected, he would have sold all he had the next morning, and never have seen England more; and he knew there were many other honest men of the same resolution. So near, says Clarendon, was the poor kingdom at that time to its deliverance.†

[* Which he never forgave; and took all occasions afterwards to pursue him with the utmost malice and revenge to his death. Clar. Life, ed. 1827, *vol. i. p.* 90.]

[† Clar. Hist., ed. 1826, vol. ii. p. 44. Lord Say and Lord Brooke were *the promoters* of this intended emigration, and, as is well known, Hampden

That memorable Remonstrance, which must have been intended by those who framed it to prepare the way for the evils which ensued, was carried [14 Nov. 1641] by a majority of nine, when not half the members of the house were present: the promoters of the measures were so active, that not a man of their party was wanting, and at the last they carried it by the hour of the night, which drove away more old and infirm opposers than would have sufficed to turn the scale. Whitelock says, "the sitting up all night caused many through weakness or weariness to leave the house, and Sir B. R. (Sir Benjamin Rudyard) to compare it to the verdict of a starved jury." * What Clarendon observes upon this occasion is worthy of especial notice. "I know not how those men have already answered it to their own consciences; or how they will answer it to Him who can discern their consciences; who having assumed their country's trust, and, it may be, with great earnestness laboured to procure that trust, by their supine laziness, negligence, and absence, were the first inlets to those inundations; and so contributed to those licences which have overwhelmed us. For by this means a handful of men, much inferior in the beginning, in number and interest, came to give laws to the major part: and, to show that three diligent persons are really a greater and more significant number than ten unconcerned, they, by plurality of voices in the end, converted or reduced the whole body to their opinions. It is true, men of activity and faction, in any design, have many advantages, that a composed and settled council, though industrious enough, usually have not; and some that gallant men cannot give themselves leave to entertain: for besides their thorough considering and forming their counsels before they execute them, they contract a habit of ill-nature and disingenuity necessary to their affairs, and the temper of those upon whom they are to work, that liberal-minded men would not persuade themselves to entertain, even for the prevention of all the mischief the others intend. And whosoever observes the ill arts by which these men use to

and his cousin Cromwell, and Haselrigge, had actually embarked for the new colony of Saybrooke, when an order of council, restraining all masters and owners of ships from setting forth any vessel without special licence was enforced against them. *Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futuræ.*—SOUTHEY, *Quar. Rev.*, No. xciv., p. 478.]

[* *Whitelock, p. 51, ed. 1732.*]

prevail upon the people in general; their absurd, ridiculous lying, to win the affections, and corrupt the understandings of the weak; and the bold scandals to confirm the wilful; the boundless promises they presented to the ambitious; and their gross, abject flatteries and applications to the vulgar-spirited, would hardly give himself leave to use those weapons for the preservation of the three kingdoms."*

By such means a civil war was brought on; by such weapons the civil and religious establishments of the kingdom were for a season overthrown. The wisest of men has said, "the thing which hath been, it is that which shall be:" and the same means will produce a recurrence of the same evils unless right-minded men learn wisdom from the past. There is no historian, ancient or modern, with whose writings it so much behoves an Englishman to be thoroughly conversant, as Lord Clarendon.

One day when Cromwell had spoken warmly in the house, Lord Digby asked Hampden who he was; and Hampden is said to have replied, "That sloven whom you see before you, hath no ornament in his speech; that sloven, I say, if we should ever come to a breach with the king (which God forbid!) in such a case, I say, that sloven will be the greatest man in England." Baxter has said of Hampden, that he was a man whom "friends and enemies acknowledged to be the most eminent for prudence, piety, and peaceable councils." That he was a man of consummate abilities is certain; that he was eminently pious may be believed, the darkest political intrigues being perfectly compatible with the eminent piety of that age; but no man even in that age had less pretension to be praised for his peaceable councils. Had Hampden died soon after the meeting of the long Parliament, when he possessed more power to do good or hurt than any person of his rank had ever possessed before him, he would have left a character unimpeached and unimpeachable, and have deservedly held in the hearts of all good and wise men that place which he holds now with those only who know him by name alone, or who avow their attachment to the cause for which he bled in the field, without being more explicit than is convenient concerning the nature of that cause. His noble stand against an illegal exertion of the prerogative would have entitled him to the everlasting

[* Clar. Hist., vol. ii. p. 57, ed. 1828.]

gratitude of his country; and if he could have been contented with defining that prerogative, limiting it within just bounds, redressing the existing grievances, and giving the constitution that character which it obtained after the Revolution, he would have left a memorable name. And this was in his power.

What his views were can only be inferred from the course of his conduct; for he was cut off* before the time arrived for openly declaring them. The probable inference is that, like Ireton, Algernon Sidney, and Ludlow, he was a stern republican. Having read of no constitution so happily balanced as that which this country has enjoyed since the Revolution, and seeing nothing like it in our previous history, he may have believed such a balance of power to be unattainable, and therefore have resolved upon endeavouring to introduce a simpler and severer form. On the supposition that the alternative was an absolute monarchy (such as, till his time, the sovereign of this kingdom had claimed, and the parliaments had acknowledged) or a commonwealth, he may have properly and uprightly preferred that polity under which the most security had been enjoyed, the greatest talents had been called forth, and the most splendid exploits had been achieved. But if, upon this fair ground, they who reasoned thus may be justified in wishing for the end at which they aimed, nothing can justify the means by which it was pursued; and in those means no man was more deeply implicated than Hampden. The Catholics never more boldly avowed the principle, that any means are lawful for compassing a necessary end, than the puritans acted upon it: even good men of feeble understandings or weak characters, were too easily inveigled into that conclusion; whereas, as their great contemporary historian has justly observed, "the true logic is, that the thing desired is not necessary, if the ways are unlawful which are proposed to bring it to pass."

One set of men were bent upon pulling down Episcopacy, though it should occasion as bloody a war as any with which England had ever been afflicted. There were others who knew these men to be knaves, but were willing to act in concert with them, for the purpose of destroying the Monarchy, meaning, when that object should have been effected, to deal with them as

[* He was *mortally wounded in* a skirmish on Chalgrove Field, 18th June, *1643.*]

they had dealt with others. From the hour of Strafford's arrest they felt their strength, and saw that, by the means which they were prepared to use, success was certain. His arrest had been carried with an overwhelming power, because the great majority of members dreaded the influence of a minister so resolute, so able, and so arbitrary; and therefore with the best intentions voted for it by acclamation. But when that illustrious victim was to be destroyed by measures more flagrantly illegal, and more tyrannical, than the worst actions of which he stood accused, they who had taken upon themselves to raise and to direct the storm well knew that the co-operation of no upright man could be expected. But they knew also where to look for other allies, and how to force most even of those who abhorred their purpose, to act in subservience to it.

> Craft, go thou forth!
> Fear, make it safe for no man to be just!
> Wrong, be thou clothed in power's comeliness!
> Keep down the best, and let the worst have power!

They proceeded upon a deliberate system of deceit and intimidation. Free licence was given to a libellous press; the pulpits were manned with seditious preachers: they got the management of the city into their hands, by ousting from the common council the grave and substantial citizens, of whom till then it had been composed, and filling their places with men for whom factious activity was deemed sufficient qualification; and by choosing a demagogue Lord Mayor, who was ready for any act of rebellion and treason. How easily the populace were to be duped they well understood, and how justly characterized by a dramatist of their own age,—

> Good silly people; souls that will
> Be cheated without trouble. One eye is
> Put out with zeal, the other with ignorance;
> And yet they think they 're eagles!

They understood also how to act upon the moral weakness of those who were not likely to be deceived. They called the physical force of the city to their aid; and under fear of the mob, senators shrunk from their duty, when they ought rather to have laid down their lives in discharging it. The bishops were wanting to themselves and their Order and their King, when, under the influence of fear, they abandoned their right of voting upon the

attainder of Strafford: and the lords, when a mob was at the door, and Mr. Hollis (who afterwards sat in judgment upon some of his colleagues) desired, in compliance with the demand of that mob, to know the names of those who were opposed to the wishes of the Commons, passed, under that intimidation, a bill which they had twice before rejected. The moderate part of the members in that assembly might have out-voted the promoters of rebellion, four to one; but, in fear of their lives, they either left the house or acquiesced in motions which they abhorred. The condition of the House of Commons was worse; because there the men of worst intentions were also the men of greatest ability, "and the number of the weak and wilful," says Clarendon, "who naturally were to be guided by them, always made up a major part: so that from the beginning they were always able to cary whatsoever they set their hearts visibly upon; at least to discredit or disgrace any particular man, against whom they thought necessary to proceed, albeit of the most unblemished reputation, and upon the most frivolous suggestions." They waged war in parliament, as Cromwell did afterwards in Ireland, upon the principle of destroying all who opposed them, and the success was the same. At the most important debates there was seldom a fifth part of the members present, and often not more than twelve or thirteen in the House of Lords.

It is especially worthy of notice that the very faults for which the King's government was most severely reproached, were committed by the Parliament in a far greater degree, and with every possible aggravation. One of the accusations against Charles was that he suffered himself to be guided by clerical counsellors; and the argument upon which they chiefly insisted in support of the bill for taking away the bishops' votes in parliament was "that their intermeddling with temporal affairs was inconsistent with, and destructive to, the exercise of their spiritual function;" "whilst their reformation," it has been truly observed, "both in Scotland and this kingdom, was driven on by no men so much as those of their clergy, who were their instruments; as without doubt the Archbishop of Canterbury had never so great an influence upon the councils at court as Dr. Burgess and Mr. Marshal had upon the Houses: neither did all the bishops of Scotland *together meddle so much in* temporal affairs as Mr. Henderson

had done." The breaches of privilege which Charles had committed were represented by them as destructive to the freedom of parliament; and yet their conduct, both to the King and to the House of Peers, was an absolute rooting up of all privileges. One of the most unpopular acts of the King had been the levying of ship-money without the consent of the parliament; an impost then only of doubtful legality, yet equally levied, excellently applied, and so light in itself that the payment which Hampden honourably disputed was only twenty shillings upon an estate of 500*l.* a year. The parliament did not scruple, without consent of the King, to demand the twentieth part of every man's property in London, or so much as their seditious mayor and three other persons as seditious as himself might please to call a twentieth, to be levied by distress if the parties refused payment; and if the distress did not cover the assessment, then the defaulter was to be imprisoned where and as long as a Committee of the House of Commons should think proper, and his family was no longer to remain in London, or the suburbs, or the adjoining counties. With an impudence of slander which would be incredible, if anything were too bad to be believed of thoroughly factious men which will serve their purposes, they accused the King of exciting the massacre in Ireland, and fomenting the rebellion there; and they themselves employed the money and the means which were prepared for quelling that rebellion, in carrying on a war against the King at home.

The King more than once in his declarations reminded them of a speech of Pym's, which they had heard deservedly applauded when it was directed against his measures; but which now bore against their own with greater force. "The law," said that powerful speaker, "is that which puts a difference betwixt good and evil, just and unjust; if you take away the law, all things will be in a confusion; every man will become a law unto himself, which, in the depraved condition of human nature, must needs produce many great enormities. Lust will become a law, and envy will become a law, covetousness and ambition will become laws, and what dictates, what decisions such laws will produce, may easily be discerned:—it may indeed by sad instances *over the* whole kingdom." And then the King set before them *a picture* of their own conduct, so ably and so truly drawn, that,

if men were governed by their reason and not by their passions, that excellent paper alone would have given him the victory over all his enemies. In another declaration the King said "whosoever harboured the least thought in his breast of ruining or violating the public liberty, or religion of the kingdom, let him be accursed; and he should be no counsellor of his that would not say Amen." That which he charged the leaders of parliament with, "was invading the public liberty; and his presumption might be very strong and vehement, that though they had no mind to be slaves, they were not unwilling to be tyrants. What is tyranny," said he, "but to admit no rules to govern by, but their own wills? And they knew the misery of Athens was at the highest, when it suffered under the Thirty Tyrants." Hobbes, whose resolute way of thinking was more in accord with the temper of Cromwell's government than of the King's, speaks with contempt of these declarations; but if Charles had been served, or known how to serve himself, as ably with the sword as with the pen, the struggle would soon have been decided in his favour. What has been said of the son,* that he never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one, might more truly be said of the father: in him, however, it proceeded from what, in other times and other circumstances, would have been a virtue. In speaking, he expressed his own judgment; in acting, he yielded to that of others, and was ruined by want of confidence in himself, and by the fear of doing wrong.

Clarendon, who writes always with the feelings of a Christian, as well as the wisdom of a statesman, has some remarks upon the conduct of the parliament, drawn up with his characteristic candour. "A man shall not unprofitably spend his contemplation, that, upon this occasion, considers the method of God's justice (a method terribly remarkable in many passages, and upon many persons, which we shall be compelled to remember in this discourse), that the same principles, and the same application of those principles, should be used to the wresting all sovereign power from the Crown, which the Crown had a little before made use of for the extending its authority and power beyond its bounds, to the prejudice of the just rights of the subject. A supposed necessity was then thought ground enough to create a

[* By Wilmot Lord Rochester.]

power, and a bare averment of that necessity, to beget a practise to impose what tax they thought convenient upon the subject, by writs of ship-money never before known; and a supposed necessity now, and a bare averment of that necessity, is as confidently, and more fatally, concluded a good ground, to exclude the Crown from the use of any power, by an ordinance never before heard of; and the same maxim of *salus populi suprema lex*, which had been used to the infringing the liberty of the one, made use of for the destroying the rights of the other." Reflections of this kind must often have arisen in the mind of Charles himself. When, in his father's life-time, taking part in Buckingham's animosities, he promoted the impeachment of the Earls of Bristol and Middlesex, James said to him, with a foresight which has almost a prophetic character, that he would live to have his belly full of parliamentary impeachments. * But he was always more sinned against than sinning: the most unjustifiable of his measures proceeded from a mistaken judgment, not an evil intention; the most unpopular of them, and that which gave the greatest advantage to his enemies (the accusation of the six members), plainly arose from a perfect confidence in his own rectitude, and the goodness of his cause.

The melancholy warning which James gave his son proved the sagacity of that king, whose talents it has been too much the custom to decry. There is an expression of Laud's which bears with it even more of a prophetic appearance, from the accidental turn of the sentence. "At this time, the parliament tendered two, and but two bills to the King to sign: this to cut off Strafford's head was one; and the other was that this parliament should neither be dissolved nor adjourned, but by the consent of both houses: *in which, what he cut off from himself, time will better shew than I can.* God bless the King and his royal issue!" Charles's feelings upon that fatal bill which perpetuated the parliament, and thereby in fact transferred the sovereignty to it, are well stated in the Εικων Βασιλικη.† "By this act of the

[* Clar. Hist., ed. 1826, vol. i., p. 41.]

† The authenticity of this Book has been attacked and defended with such cogent arguments and strong assertions, that as far as relates to external proofs, perhaps there is scarcely any other question in bibliography so doubtful. The internal evidence is wholly in its favour. Had it been the work of Gauden, or of any person writing to support the royal cause, a higher tone

highest confidence, I hoped for ever to shut out and lock the door upon all present jealousies and future mistakes: I confess I did not thereby intend to shut myself out of doors, as some men have now requited me. A continual parliament, I thought, would but keep the commonweal in tune, by preserving laws in their due execution and vigour, wherein my interest lies more than any man's, since by those laws my rights as a king would be preserved, no less than my subjects; which is all I desired. More than the law gives me I would not have, and less the meanest subject should not. I cannot say properly that I repent of that act, since I have no reflections upon it as a sin of my will, though an error of too charitable a judgment."

Charles appealed to that act with great force as a proof that he had no intention of recurring to arms. "Sure," he says, "it had argued a very short sight of things, and extreme fatuity of mind in me, so far to bind my own hands at their request, if I had shortly meant to use a sword against them." When Hampden spoke of the part which Cromwell might be expected to bear, in case they should come to a breach with the King, he deprecated such an event. But Hampden's studies were rather how to direct a civil war, than to avert one. Davila's history was so often in his hands, that it was called Colonel Hampden's prayer-book. The truth is, that a few men of daring spirit, great ability, and great popularity, some calling themselves saints because they were schismatics, others styling themselves philosophers because they were unbelievers, had determined to overthrow the existing government in church and state; which they knew to be feasible, because circumstances favoured them, and they scrupled at nothing to bring about their end. Their plan was to force from the King all they could, and when they should

concerning episcopacy and prerogative would have been taken; there would have been more effort at justification; and there would not have been that inefficient but conscientious defence of fatal concessions; that penitent confession of sin where weakness had been sinful; that piety without alloy; that character of mild and even magnanimity; and that heavenly-mindedness, which render the Εικων Βασιλικη one of the most interesting books in our language.

[There is very little testimony on Gauden's side, (strictly speaking, perhaps, none at all,) except his own . . . . There is a mass of testimony which shows that the king had the book continually in his hand, revised it much, and had many *transcripts of* it.—SOUTHEY, Quar. Rev., No. lxxiii., p. 242.]

have disarmed him of all power and means for the struggle, then to provoke him by insults and unreasonable demands, till he should appeal to the sword. This Charles himself saw. "A grand maxim with them was," he says, "always to ask something which in reason and honour must be denied, that they might have some colour to refuse all that was in other things granted; setting peace at as high a rate as the worst effects of war; endeavouring first to make me destroy myself by dishonourable concessions, that so they might have the less to do." "The English," says Hobbes, "would never have taken well that the Parliament should make war upon the King upon any provocation, unless it were in their own defence, in case the King should first make war upon them; and therefore it behoved them to provoke the King, that he might do something that might look like hostility." "Therefore (he elsewhere adds) they resolved to proceed with him like skilful hunters, first to single him out by men disposed in all parts, to drive him into the open field, and then in case he should but seem to turn head, to call that a making of war against the Parliament."

Never was poor prince more miserably unprepared for such a contest than Charles, when he had no other alternative than to descend into the pit which his enemies had dug for him, or to raise his standard. When that determination was taken he had not "one barrel of gunpowder, nor one musket, nor any other provision necessary for an army; and, which was worse, was not sure of any port, to which they might be securely assigned; nor had he money for the support of his own table for the term of one month." The single ship which reached him with supplies by running ashore, brought about 200 barrels of powder, 2000 or 3000 arms, and seven or eight field-pieces; and with this he took the field, but in so helpless and apparently hopeless a condition, that even after he had set up that standard, which was so ominously blown down by a tempest, Clarendon says, it must solely be imputed to his own resolution, that he did not even then go to London and throw himself on the mercy of the parliament, which would have been surrendering at discretion to an enemy that gave no quarter. But he relied upon the goodness *of his* cause, and upon the loyalty and love of his subjects. That *reliance* did not deceive him: the gentlemen of England came

forward with a spirit which enabled him to maintain the contest no inconsiderable time upon equal terms, and which, under the direction of more vigorous counsels, might many times have given him complete success. But it was otherwise appointed. Whoever has attentively perused the history of those unhappy years must have perceived that this war, more perhaps than any other of which the events have been recorded, was determined rather by accidents, and blunders, than by foreseen and prepared combinations. The man who most contributed to the King's utter overthrow by his actions, and the only man who from the beginning perceived wherein the strength of the King lay, and by what principle it might be opposed with the surest prospect of success, was Cromwell.

During the proceedings which provoked the war, Cromwell took no conspicuous part, but he was one of that number upon whose votes the leaders of the disaffected party could always rely. He was sincerely a puritan in his religious notions, in that respect more sincere than many of those with whom he then acted: for political speculations he probably cared less; but being a resolute man, and one whose purposes were straight forward, though he frequently proceeded by crooked ways, he, like his cousin Hampden, when he drew the sword, threw away the scabbard. When the war began, he received a captain's commission, and raised a troop of horse in his own country. Then it was that he gave the first proof of that sagacity which made him afterwards the absolute master of three kingdoms: in what manner it was now exercised may best be told in his own curious words. "I was a person," said he, "that from my first employment was suddenly preferred and lifted up from lesser trusts to greater, from my first being a captain of a troop of horse; and I did labour as well as I could, to discharge my trust: and God blessed me as it pleased him; and I did truly and plainly; and then in a way of foolish simplicity (as it was judged by very great and wise men, and good men too) desired to make my instruments to help me in this work; and I will deal plainly with you; I had a very worthy friend then, and he was a very noble person, and I know his memory is very grateful to all, Mr. John Hampden. At my first going out into this engagement, I saw their men *were beaten at every hand*; I did indeed, and desired him

that he would make some additions to my Lord Essex's army of some new regiments; and I told him I would be serviceable to him in bringing such men in, as I thought had a spirit that would do something in the work. This is very true that I tell you, God knows I lie not. Your troops, said I, are most of them old decayed serving men, and tapsters, and such kind of fellows; and, said I, their troops are gentlemen's sons, younger sons, and persons of quality: do you think that the spirits of such base and mean fellows will ever be enabled to encounter gentlemen that have honour, and courage, and resolution in them? Truly, I presented him in this manner conscientiously; and truly I did tell him you must get men of a spirit: and take it not ill what I say (I know you will not), of a spirit that is likely to go on as far as gentlemen will go, or else I am sure you will be beaten still; I told him so, I did truly. He was a wise and worthy person, and he did think that I talked a good notion, but an impracticable one. Truly I told him I could do somewhat in it: I did so; and truly I must needs say that to you, I raised such men as had the fear of God before them, and made some conscience of what they did; and from that day forward, I must say to you, they were never beaten, and wherever they engaged against the enemy, they beat continually."

Acting upon this principle, Cromwell raised a troop of horse among his countrymen, mostly freeholders and freeholders' sons, men thoroughly imbued with his own puritanical opinions, and who engaged in the war "upon matter of conscience:" and thus, says Whitelocke, "being well armed within by the satisfaction of their own consciences, and without by good iron arms, they would as one man stand firmly, and charge desperately." * Cromwell knew his men, and on this occasion acting without hypocrisy, tried whether their consciences were proof; for upon raising them he told them fairly that he would not cozen them by perplexed expressions in his commission to fight for King and Parliament: if the King chanced to be in the body of the enemy, he would as soon discharge his pistol upon him, as upon any private man: and if their consciences would not let them do the like, he advised them not to enlist themselves under him.

He tried their courage also, as well as their consciences, by

[* Whitelock, ed. 1732, p. 72.]

leading them into a false ambuscade; about twenty turned their backs and fled; upon which Cromwell dismissed them, desiring them however to leave their horses for those who would fight the Lord's battles in their stead. And as the Lord's battle was to be fought with the arm of flesh, he took special care that horse and man in his troop should always be ready for service; and by making every man trust to himself alone, in all needful things, he enabled them all to rely upon each other, and act with confidence, without which courage is of little avail. For this purpose he required them to keep their arms clean, bright, and fit for immediate use; to feed and dress their own horses, and if need were, to sleep upon the ground with them. The officers wishing that this select troop should be formed into what they called 'a gathered church,' looked about for a fitting pastor, and it is to their credit that they pitched upon a man distinguished for his blameless manner of life, his undoubted piety, and his extraordinary talents. They invited Baxter to take charge of them. That remarkable man was then at Coventry, whither he had gone after the battle at Edgehill with a purpose to stay there, as a safe place, till one side or other had gotten the victory and the war was ended; "for," says he, "so wise in matters of war was I, and all the country besides, that we commonly supposed that a very few days or weeks, by one other battle, would end the wars; and I believe that no small number of the parliament men had no more wit than to think so." Baxter was at that time so zealous in his political feelings, that he thought it a sin for any man to remain neuter. But the invitation to take charge of 'a gathered church' did not accord with his opinions concerning ecclesiastical discipline. He therefore sent them a denial, reproving their attempt, and telling them wherein his judgment was against the lawfulness and convenience of their way. "These very men," he says, "that then invited me to be their pastor, were the men that afterwards headed much of the army, and some of them were the forwardest in all our changes; which made me wish that I had gone among them, however it had been interpreted; for then all the fire was in one spark."

Cromwell exerted himself with so much zeal and success in embodying and disciplining these troops, that he appears to have been raised to the rank of colonel for that service alone. The

first act which he performed was to take possession of Cambridge, which Lord Capel would else have occupied; and to secure for the Parliament the college plate, which otherwise would have been sent to the King. At this time he paid his uncle and godfather, Sir Oliver, a visit for the purpose of taking away his arms and all his plate: but behaving with the greatest personal respect to the head of his family, he asked his blessing, and would not keep on his hat in his presence. From Cambridge he kept down the loyal party in the adjoining counties of Suffolk and Norfolk, dispersing a confederacy which would soon have become formidable, and taking the whole of the stores which they had provided. This was a service which, in the language of the saints, was said to set the whole country right, by freeing it of the malignants. Stories of his cruelty were told at this time in the *Mercurius Aulicus* which were abominably false: men too easily believe evil of their enemies; and these calumnies obtained the readier credit because he and his men conceived themselves to be doing a work of reformation in injuring Peterborough Cathedral, demolishing the painted windows, breaking the organ, defacing tombs and statues, and destroying the books. But in other places where the ferocious spirit of Puritanism was not called forth, their conduct was more orderly than that of any other troops who were engaged on the same side. One of the journals of the day says of them, "no man swears but he pays his twelvepence; if he be drunk, he is set in stocks, or worse; if one calls the other round-head, he is cashiered; insomuch that the countries where they come leap for joy of them, and come in and join with them. How happy were it if all the forces were thus disciplined!"

The relief of Gainsborough [23 July, 1643] was the first conspicuous action in which Cromwell was engaged: "this," Whitelock says, "was the beginning of his great fortunes, and now he began to appear to the world."* It was in this action that Charles Cavendish fell,

> the young, the lovely, and the brave!
> Strew bays and flowers on his honoured grave!

one of the many noble spirits who were cut off in that mournful

[* Whitelock, ed. 1732, p. 72. Whitelock calls him Colonel Cromwell; he served at this time under Lord Willoughby of Parham.]

war.* Cromwell says they had the *execution* of the enemy two or three miles, and that some of his soldiers killed two or three men apiece. He had a narrow escape the same year under the Earl of Manchester, when part of Newcastle's army were defeated near Horncastle.† His horse was killed under him, and as he rose he was again knocked down, by the cavalier who charged him, and who is supposed to have been Sir Ingram Hopton. He was however remounted, and found himself, with that singular good fortune which always attended him, without a wound. At the close of the year he took Hilsdon House by assault, and alarmed Oxford.‡ Though Essex and Waller, who was called by his own party William the Conqueror, were still the favourite leaders of the Parliamentary forces, Cromwell was now looked upon as a considerable person, and was opposed in public opinion to Prince Rupert, before they ever met as hostile generals in the field. When the Prince was preparing to relieve York, the London journals represented him as afraid to try himself against this rising commander. "He would rather suffer," they said, "his dear friends in York to perish than venture the loss of his honour in so dangerous a passage. He loves not to meet a Fairfax, nor a Cromwell, nor any of those men that have so much religion and valour in them." The battle of Marston Moor [2 July, 1644] soon followed; most rashly and unjustifiably brought on by Rupert, without consulting the Marquis of Newcastle, by whom, in all prudence, he ought to have been directed, and at a time when nothing but an immediate action could have prevented the Scotch and Parliamentary armies from quarrelling and separating, so that either, or both, would have been exposed to an utter overthrow. The Scotch, who were in the right wing, were completely routed; they fled in all directions, and were taken or knocked on the head by the peasantry: their general himself was made prisoner ten miles from the field by a constable. But the fortune of the day was decided by the English horse under Fairfax and Cromwell. They were equal in courage to the King's troops, and superior in discipline: and by their exertions a vic-

[* Cousin to the loyal Marquis of Newcastle, and brother to the third Earl of Devonshire.]

[† Ludlow's Memoirs, ed. 1771, p. 30.]

[‡ *And so went on to Gloucester.* Whitelock, p. 82.]

tory was gained, of which they were left to make full advantage at leisure, owing to the egregious misconduct of the Prince, and the resentment of the Earl of Newcastle, which in that fatal hour prevailed over a noble mind, and made him forsake the post of duty in disgust.

Hollis in his Memoirs has the folly as well as the baseness to accuse Cromwell of cowardice in this action.* Some intention of detracting from his deserts seems to have been suspected at the time. The 'Mercurius Britannicus' says, "there came out something in print which made a strange relation of the battle: 'tis pity the gallant Cromwell and his godly soldiers are so little heard on, and they with God were so much seen in the battle! But in these great achievements by night, it is hard to say who did most, or who did least. The best way to end our quarrel of who did most, is to say God did all." On the other hand, Cromwell's partizans, to magnify his reputation, gave out that certain troops of horse, picked men, all Irish and all Papists, had been appointed by Prince Rupert, to charge in that part where he was stationed. And reports as slanderous as those which charged him with want of courage, were spread abroad to give him the whole credit of the day: it was said that he had stopt the commander-in-chief, Manchester, in the act of flight, saying to him, "You are mistaken, my lord: the enemy is not there!" The Earl of Manchester was as brave as Cromwell himself; no man who engaged in the rebellion demeaned himself throughout its course so honourably and so humanely (Colonel Hutchinson, in his station, perhaps alone excepted), and no man repented more sincerely, nor more frankly avowed his repentance for the part he had taken, when he saw the extent of the misery which he had largely contributed to bring upon his country.

Cromwell was now becoming an object of dislike or jealousy to those leaders of the rebellion whose reputation waned as his increased, or who had insanely supposed, when they let the waters loose, that it would at any time be in their power to restrain them again within their proper bounds. The open declaration which he made against the king at the commencement of hostilities, they had perhaps regarded with complacency, taking credit to

[* *Hollis* accuses him of cowardice not only at Marston-Moor, but at Basing-*House* and Keynton. See Hollis's Life of Himself, in vol. i. of Maseres's Tracts.]

themselves for comparative moderation. Because they could manage a party, they fancied themselves capable of managing a rebellion, not remembering, or not knowing, that

When evil strives, the worst have greatest names:

and not perceiving that when Cromwell, in opposition to the impudent hypocrisy of the Parliament's language respecting the king, spoke boldly out like one who was resolved to go all lengths, by that declaration he became the head of that party which, in all such convulsions, is sure to obtain the ascendency. From the known opinions of Ireton, and the probable ones of Hampden, the two men whom he seems to have régarded with most deference, it is most likely that he entered into the war as a republican; and now he scrupled not to let his principles be known, saying he hoped soon to see the time when there would not be a single lord in England, and when Lord Manchester would be called nothing more than Mr. Montague. But in his political as in his puritanical professions, Cromwell, who began in sincerity, was now acting a part. Experience was not lost upon so sagacious a man. The more he saw of others, the higher he was led to rate himself; and Hobbes seems to have taken the just view of his motives when he says that his main policy was always to serve the strongest party well, and to proceed as far as that and fortune would carry him.

But Cromwell, who seldom mistook the characters of men, deceived himself when he supposed that he could make Manchester his instrument, as he afterwards duped Fairfax. For this must have been his secret object when discoursing with him freely upon the state of the kingdom, and proposing something to which the Earl replied that the Parliament would never approve it, he made answer, "My Lord, if you will stick firm to honest men, you shall find yourself in the head of an army that shall give the law to King and Parliament." This startled Manchester, who already knew him to be a man of deep designs: and the manner in which the speech was received made Cromwell perceive that the earl must be set aside, as a person who was altogether unfit for his views. Their mutual dislike broke out after the second battle of Newbury.* Cromwell would have attempted to bring that doubtful conflict to a decided issue, by charging

[* *27th October, 1644. The first battle was fought 20th Sept., 1643.*]

the King's army in their retreat; and from the excellent discipline of his brigade, and his skill and intrepidity in action, it is probable he might have inflicted a severe blow upon troops who, it is acknowledged on their own part, were well enough pleased to be rid of an enemy that had handled them so ill. But Manchester thought the hazard too great in that season, being the winter, and that the ill consequences of a defeat would be far greater than the advantage to be gained by a victory; for, he said, if they should be routed before Essex's army were reinforced, there would be an end of their pretences; and they should be all rebels and traitors, and executed as such by law. Cromwell repeated this to the House of Commons, and accused him of having betrayed the Parliament out of cowardice: Manchester justified himself, and in return charged Cromwell with the advice which he had offered him, to overawe both King and Parliament by means of the army. This open rupture occasioned much debate and animosity, and much alarm. "What," it was said, "shall we continue bandying one against another? See what a wide gap and door of reproach we open unto the enemy! A plot from Oxford could have done no more than work a distance between our best resolved spirits." The Parliament, though indignant at first at what the Earl had said concerning the course of law in case of their overthrow, were on the other hand alarmed at the discovery of a danger from their own army, which, if it had been apprehended by far-sighted men, had never before been declared. Inquiry was called for, more on account of Cromwell's designs than the Earl's error of judgment; and the independents, as Cromwell's party now began to be called, chose rather to abandon their charge against Manchester, than risk the consequences of further investigation.

Manchester, on his part, made no further stir,—contented with as much repose as a mind not altogether satisfied with itself would allow him to enjoy. But Essex, the Lord General, who had acted less from mistaken principles than from weakness and vanity and pride, which made him the easy instrument of designing men, gave on this occasion the only instance of political foresight which he ever displayed. He perceived that Cromwell was a dangerous man; and taking council with Hollis and Stapleton, leading men among the Presbyterians, and with the

Scotch Commissioners, resolved, if it were possible, to disable one whose designs were so justly to be apprehended. In serving with the Scotch, Cromwell had contracted some dislike and some contempt for them; which they were not slow in perceiving, as indeed he took little pains to disguise it; and Essex was in hopes that the Scotch might be brought forward to overthrow a man whom he now considered a formidable rival, as by their means the plans for rebellion had first been ripened, and the superiority afterwards obtained for the parliamentary forces. A meeting was held at his house to deliberate upon the best mode of proceeding, and Whitelock and Maynard were sent for at a very late hour, to give their opinions as lawyers. The Scotch Chancellor explained the business to them in a characteristic speech. He began by assuring "Master Maynard and Master Whitelock" of the great opinion which he and his brethren had of their worth and abilities, else that meeting would not have been desired. "You ken vary weel," said he, (as Whitelock reports his words) "that Lieutenant General Cromwell is no friend of ours; and since the advance of our army into England, he hath used all underhand and cunning means to take off from our honour and merit of this kingdom; an evil requital of all our hazards and services. But so it is; and we are nevertheless fully satisfied of the affections and gratitude of the gude people of this nation in the general. It is thought requisite for us, and for the carrying on the cause of the twa kingdoms, that this obstacle or remora may be removed out of the way, whom, we foresee, will otherwise be no small impediment to us and the gude design we have undertaken. He not only is no friend to us and to the government of our church, but he is also no well-wisher to his excellency, whom you and we all have cause to love and honour: and if he be permitted to go on his ways, it may, I fear, endanger the whole business; therefore we are to advise of some course to be taken for the prevention of that mischief. You ken vary weel the accord twixt the twa kingdoms, and the union by the solemn league and covenant; and if any be an *incendiary* between the twa nations, how he is to be proceeded against. Now the matter is, wherein we desire your opinions, what you tak the meaning of this word *incendiary* to be, and whether Lieutenant General Cromwell be not sic an *incendiary* as is meant

thereby, and whilk way wud be best to tak to proceed against him, if he be proved to be sic an *incendiary*, and that will clip his wings from soaring to the prejudice of our cause. Now you may ken that by our law in Scotland we clepe him an *incendiary* wha kindleth coals of contention, and raises differences in the state to the public damage, and he is *tanquam publicus hostis patriæ*. Whether your law be the same or not, you ken best wha are mickle learned therein: and, therefore, with the favour of his excellency we desire your judgments in these points." *

Whitelock and Maynard were men of whom Lord Clarendon, who was intimate with them before the rebellion, has said, that "though they bowed their knees to Baal, and so swerved from their allegiance, it was with less rancour and malice than other men. They never led, but followed, and were rather carried away with the torrent than swam with the stream, and failed through those infirmities which less than a general defection and a prosperous rebellion could never have discovered." Such men were not likely to advise bold measures, in which they might be called upon to bear a part. They admitted the meaning of the word *incendiary* as defined by the Scotch chancellor, and as it stood in the Covenant; but they required proofs of particular words or actions tending to kindle the fire of contention: they themselves had heard of none, and till the Scotch commissioners could collect such, they were of opinion that the business had better be deferred. And they spoke of the influence and favour which the person in question possessed. "I take Lieutenant General Cromwell," said Whitelock, "to be a gentleman of quick and subtle parts, and one who hath, especially of late, gained no small interest in the House of Commons; nor is he wanting of friends in the House of Peers, nor of abilities in himself to manage his own part or defence to the best advantage." † Hollis, Stapleton, and some others, related certain acts and sayings of Cromwell which they considered such proofs as the law required, and they were for proceeding boldly with the design. But the Scotch, who, at that time, had less at stake than the leaders of the English Presbyterians, chose the wary part; and Essex was always incapable of doing either good or evil, except as a tool in the hands of others.

[* Whitelock, p. 116, ed. 1732.] [† Whitelock, p. 117, ed. 1732.]

Cromwell was too able a politician not to have agents at all times in the enemy's quarters. Some who were present at this meeting were "false brethren." Whitelock and Maynard were liked by him the better for the opinion they had given; the attack which they had averted might easily have put an end to his career of advancement: a sense of the danger which he had escaped quickened his own measures, and with the co-operation of his friends, and others with whom he then acted, the Self-denying Ordinance was brought forward, an act which may justly be considered as the master-piece of his hypocritical policy. To effect this the alarm was first sounded by the "drum ecclesiastic;" the pulpits were manned on one of the appointed fast days, and the topic which the London preachers everywhere insisted on, was the reproach to which parliament was liable for the great emoluments which its members secured to themselves by the civil or military offices which they held; the necessity of removing this reproach, and of praying that God would take his own work into his own hand, and inspire other instruments to perfect what was begun, if those he had already employed were not worthy to bring so glorious a design to a conclusion. Parliament met the next day, and Sir Harry Vane (who, though a thorough fanatic in his notions, could not have acted more hypocritically if he had been pure knave) told them that if ever God had appeared to them, it was in the exercise of yesterday; he was credibly informed that the same lamentations and discourses as the godly preachers had made before them, had been made in all other churches; and this could only have proceeded from the immediate Spirit of God. He then offered to resign an office which he himself held. Cromwell took up the strain; desired that he might lay down his commission, enlarged upon the vices which were got into the army, "the profaneness and impiety, and absence of all religion, drinking, gaming, and all manner of licence and laziness." Till the whole army were new modelled, he said, and governed under a stricter discipline, they must not expect any notable success; and he desired the parliament not to be terrified with an imagination that if the highest offices were vacant, they should not be able to fill them with fit men, for, besides that it was not good to put so much trust in any arm of flesh as to think such a cause depended upon any one man, he took upon himself to assure them they had officers in their army

who were fit to be generals in any enterprise in Christendom. The Self-denying Ordinance* was brought in, and after long debates, and some contests between the two Houses, it was carried. Essex was laid aside to reflect at leisure upon the irreparable evils which, through his agency, had been brought upon the kingdom, and Sir Thomas Fairfax was appointed general in his stead.

Few men have ever possessed in such perfection as Cromwell the art of rendering others subservient to purposes which they abhorred, and of making individuals of the most opposite characters, views, and principles co-operate in a design which they would all have opposed if they had perceived it. This rare dissembler availed himself at the same time of the sensual and profligate unbeliever, the austere sectarian, and the fierce enthusiast; and played his master-game at once with Vane and Fairfax, though the former had the craft of the serpent, and the latter

* Mr. Oliver Cromwell endeavours to refute Lord Clarendon's account of the origin of this Ordinance. His arguments are, that in Cromwell's speech as given by Rushworth there is no allusion to the fast sermons of the preceding day, and that in fact the fast was not appointed till after the Ordinance was past. That this gentleman should on all occasions be desirous of exculpating and vindicating his celebrated ancestor, is to be expected;—there are cases in which erroneous opinions have their root in such good and noble feelings, that he who would eradicate them must profess a sterner philosophy than a good man would willingly adopt. In the present instance it has been overlooked by Mr. Cromwell, that the fast of which he speaks was ordered to implore a blessing on the intended new model of the army, after the ordinance was past; and that that of which Clarendon speaks was appointed to "*seek God* and desire his assistance to lead them out of the perplexities they were in." A punster of that age said that Fast days were properly so called because they came so fast,—there were frequently three or four in a month. He has also failed to observe that the direct allusion to the preceding fast was made not by Cromwell, but by Sir Harry Vane. And when he censures Lord Clarendon for "taking upon himself to determine the motives of those who brought about that Ordinance," he forgets that the same motives are hinted at, not obscurely, by Rushworth, and directly stated by Whitelock, upon the avowal of some of the parties themselves. "Some of them," he says, "confess that this was their design; and it was apparent in itself, and the reason of their doing this was to make way for others, and because they were jealous that the Lord General was too much a favourer of peace, and that he would be too strong a supporter of monarchy and of nobility and other old constitutions, which they had a mind to alter." The only apparent error which Mr. Cromwell has pointed out in Lord Clarendon's statement is his saying that Whitelock voted for the Ordinance, Whitelock having inserted in his Memorials his speech against that measure. But it is very probable that he who opposed the Ordinance in December when it was brought forward, might have assented to it three months afterwards for the reason assigned by Clarendon, "that there would be a general dissatisfaction among the people of London if it were rejected."

the simplicity of the dove, however unlike that bird in other respects. When Fairfax looked back upon his exploits, he rightly accounted them as his greatest misfortunes, and desired no other memorial of them than the Act of Oblivion: but he well knew that errors like his are not to be forgotten—that they are to be recorded as a warning for others; and the meagre memorial which he left of his own actions is not so valuable for anything as for the expression of that feeling, wishing that he had died before he accepted the command after the Self-denying Ordinance was passed. "By votes of the two houses of parliament," he says, "I was nominated, though most unfit, and so far from desiring it, that had not so great an authority (which was then unseparated from the royal interest) commanded my obedience, and had I not been urged by the persuasion of my nearest friends, I should have refused so great a charge. But whether it was from a natural facility in me that betrayed my modesty, or the powerful hand of God, which all things must obey, I was induced to receive the command,—though not fully recovered from a dangerous wound which I had received a little before, and which I believe, without the miraculous hand of God, had proved mortal. But here, alas! when I bring to mind the sad consequences that crafty and designing men have brought to pass since those first innocent undertakings, I am ready to let go that confidence I once had with God, when I could say with Job, 'till I die I will not remove my integrity from me, nor shall my heart reproach me so long as I live.' But I am now more fit to take up his complaint, and say, 'why did I not die?' Why did I not give up the ghost when my life was on the confines of the grave?" Fairfax was a good soldier, but he had no other talents. It is saying little for him that he meant well, seeing he was so easily persuaded not only to permit wicked actions to be done, but to commit them himself. His understanding was so dull, that even in this passage he speaks of the parliament as not being at that time separated from the interests of the King; and his feelings were so obtuse, that even when he penned this memorial he felt no remorse for the execution of Lucas, and Lisle, and the excellent Lord Capel, whose blood was upon his head, but justified what he had done as according to his commission and the trust reposed in him!

Such a man was easily induced to request that the Ordinance

might be dispensed with in Cromwell's behalf, first for a limited time and then indefinitely, to act under him as commander of the horse. They crippled the royal forces in the west, where so much zeal and heroic virtue had successfully been displayed on the King's side, but where everything now went to ruin under the profligate misconduct of Goring, a general who, notwithstanding his unquestionable courage and military talents, ought to have been considered as disqualified for any trust by his vices. Ere long they were ordered to the North, where Charles had struck a great blow by the taking of Leicester [May, 1645], and where his fortunes might still have been retrieved had it not been for the unsteadiness and irresolution of those about him, and that unhappy diffidence of himself which made him so often act against his own judgment in deference to others.

With shaking thoughts no hands can draw aright!

After some injudicious movements, the effect of bad information and vacillating councils, the King met the enemy at Naseby [14th June, 1645]. All those accidents upon which so much depends in war were against him; his erroneous information continued till the very hour of the action, so that the good order in which his army had been drawn up was broken, and the advantageous position which they had occupied abandoned; in the action itself the same kind of misconduct, which had proved so disastrous at Marston Moor, was committed, with consequences still more fatal. Prince Rupert in time of action always forgot the duty of a general, suffering himself to be carried away by mere animal courage; no experience, however dearly bought, was sufficient to cure him of this fault. His charge, as usual, was irresistible; but having broken and routed that wing of the enemy which was opposed to him, he pursued them as if the victory were secure. In this charge Ireton was wounded, thrown from his horse, and taken. The day was won by Cromwell, whose name is not mentioned by Ludlow in his account of the battle! * An unaccountable incident contributed to, and perhaps mainly occasioned its loss. Just as the King, at the head of his reserve, was about to charge Cromwell's horse, the Earl of Carnewarth suddenly seized his bridle, exclaiming, with "two or three full-mouthed Scottish oaths,—*Will* you go upon your death in an instant?" * A cry ran through

[* *Ludlow's* Memoirs, p. 65, ed. 1771.] [† Clar. Hist. vol. v. p. 185, ed. 1826.]

the troops that they should march to the right, in which direction the King's horse had been turned, and which, in the situation of the field, was bidding them shift for themselves. It was in vain that Charles, with great personal exertion and risk, endeavoured to rally them. Neither these troops nor Prince Rupert's, when he returned from his rash pursuit, could be brought to rally and form in order; a most important part of discipline, in which the soldiers under Fairfax and Cromwell were perfect, the latter having now modelled the army as he had from the beginning his own troop. The day was irrecoverably lost, and with it the King and the kingdom. The number of slain on the King's part did not exceed 700, but more than 5000 prisoners were taken, being the whole of the infantry, with all the artillery and baggage. In the pursuit above a hundred women were killed, (such was the temper of the conquerors!) some of whom were the wives of officers of quality. The King's cabinet fell into their hands, with the letters between him and the queen, "of which," says Clarendon, "they made that barbarous use as was agreeable to their natures, and published them in print; that is, so much of them as they thought would asperse either of their Majesties, and improve the prejudice they had raised against them; and concealed other parts which would have vindicated them from many particulars with them which they had aspersed them." *

Upon this act of the parliament the King has expressed his feelings in the Icōn in that calm strain of dignity by which the book is distinguished and authenticated. "The taking of my letters," he says, "was an opportunity which, as the malice of mine enemies could hardly have expected, so they knew not how with honour and civility to use it. Nor do I think, with sober and worthy minds, anything in them could tend so much to my reproach as the odious divulging of them did to the infamy of the divulgers: the greatest experiments of virtue and nobleness being discovered in the greatest advantages against an enemy; and the greatest obligations being those which are put upon us by them from whom we could least have expected them. And such I should have esteemed the concealing of my papers, the freedom and secrecy of which commands a civility from all men not wholly barbarous. Yet since Providence will have it so, I am

[* *Clar. Hist.* vol. v. p. 186, ed. 1826.]

content so much of my heart (which I study to approve to God's Omniscience) should be discovered to the world, without any of those dresses or popular captations which some men use in their speeches and expresses. I wish my subjects had yet a clearer sight into my most retired thoughts; where they might discover how they are divided between the love and care I have, not more to preserve my own rights than to preserve their peace and happiness; and that extreme grief to see them both deceived and destroyed. Nor can any men's malice be gratified farther by my letters than to see my constancy to my wife, the laws, and religion." Then, speaking of his enemies, he says, "they think no victories so effectual to their designs as those that most rout and waste my credit with my people; in whose hearts they seek by all means to smother and extinguish all sparks of love, respect, and loyalty to me, that they may never kindle again, so as to recover mine, the laws and the kingdom's liberties, which some men seek to overthrow. The taking away of my credit is but a necessary preparation to the taking away of my life and my kingdom. First I must seem neither fit to live, nor worthy to reign. By exquisite methods of cunning and cruelty, I must be compelled first to follow the funerals of my honour, and then be destroyed."

In another of these beautiful meditations, looking back upon the course of the war, he says, "I never had any victory which was without my sorrow, because it was on mine own subjects, who, like Absalom, died many of them in their sin. And yet I never suffered any defeat which made me despair of God's mercy and defence. I never desired such victories as might serve to conquer, but only restore the laws and liberties of my people, which I saw were extremely oppressed, together with my rights, by those men who were impatient of any just restraint. When Providence gave me or denied me victory, my desire was neither to boast of my power nor to charge God foolishly, who I believed at last would make all things to work together for my good. I wished no greater advantages by the war than to bring my enemies to moderation and my friends to peace. I was afraid of the temptation of an absolute conquest, and never prayed more for victory over others than over myself. When the first was denied, the second was granted me, which God saw best for me."

The influence of pure religion upon a sound understanding and a gentle heart has never been more finely exemplified than by Charles during the long course of his afflictions. Cromwell also was religious, but his religion at the time when it was most sincere was most alloyed, and it acted upon an intellect and disposition most unlike the King's. Clear as his head was in action, his apprehension ready, and his mind comprehensive as well as firm; when out of the sphere of business and command, his notions were confused and muddy, and his language stifled the thoughts which it affected to bring forth, producing by its curious infelicity a more than oracular obscurity. The letter which he addressed to the Speaker after the battle of Naseby is one of the most lucid specimens of his misty style. After saying that for three hours the fight had been very doubtful, and stating what were the results of the action, he proceeds thus: "Sir, this is none other but the hand of God, and to him alone belongs the glory, wherein none are to share with him. The general has served you with all faithfulness and honour; and the best commendation I can give him is, that I dare say he attributes all to God, and would rather perish than assume to himself, which is an honest and a thriving way; and yet as much for bravery may be given to him in this action, as to a man. Honest men served you faithfully in this action. Sir, they are trusty. I beseech you in the name of God not to discourage them. I wish this action may beget thankfulness and humility in all that are concerned in it. He that ventures his life for the liberty of his country, I wish he trust God for the liberty of his conscience, and you for the liberty he fights for. In this he rests who is your most humble servant, Oliver Cromwell." *

After the fatal defeat at Naseby [14th June, 1645] the royal cause soon became hopeless. Bristol was not better defended by Prince Rupert than it had been by Nathaniel Fiennes. During the siege, Fairfax and Cromwell narrowly escaped from being killed by the same ball. The latter declared none but an atheist could deny that their success was the work of the Lord. In his official letter he said, "it may be thought some praises are due to these gallant men of whose valour so much mention is made; their humble suit to you and all that have an interest in this blessing,

[* *Ellis's Letters*, vol. iii., p. 305, first series.]

is, that in remembrance of God's praises they may be forgotten. It 's their joy that they are instruments to God's glory and their country's good. It 's their honour that God vouchsafes to use them. Sir, they that have been employed in this service know that faith and prayer obtained this city for you." The faith and prayers of William Dell and Hugh Peters, chaplains to the besieging forces, were assisted by the experience of Skippon in military operations, by the fear of a disaffected party within the city, and by the sample which the besiegers had given of their intention to put their enemies to the sword if they took the place by storm. Cromwell next took Devizes [September, 1645], and disarmed and dispersed the club-men in Hampshire, who having originally associated to protect themselves against the excesses of both parties, contributed to the miseries of the country by making a third party as oppressive as either. Winchester surrendered to him [5th October, 1645], and on that occasion he gave an honourable example of fidelity to his engagements; six of his men being detected in plundering, in violation of the terms of capitulation, he hung one of them,* and sent the other five to the King's governor at Oxford to be punished at his discretion. Basing House, which had been so long and bravely defended, yielded [Tuesday, 14th October, 1645], to this fortunate general, who never failed in any enterprise which he undertook. He then rejoined Fairfax in the west to complete the destruction of a gallant army which had been ruined by worthless and wicked commanders. Lord Hopton, one of those men whose virtues redeem the age, had taken the command of it in a manner more honourable to himself than the most glorious of those achievements in which he had formerly been successful: there was no possibility of averting or even delaying a total defeat. When Prince Charles entreated him to take upon himself the forlorn charge of commanding it, Lord Hopton replied, that it was the custom now, when men were not willing to submit to what they were enjoined, to say it was against their honour; for himself he could not obey in this instance without resolving to lose his honour,—but since his Highness thought it necessary so to command him, even at that cost he was ready to obey. He made so gallant a

[* They first cast lots for their lives. Rushworth, fol. 1701, p. 92.]

resistance at Torrington,* though great part of his men behaved basely, that the parliamentary forces suffered greater loss than at any other storm in which they were engaged; and when his army was finally broken up, as much by the licence and mutinous temper of the men and officers, as by the enemy's overpowering force, he disdained to make terms for himself, and retired with the ammunition and those who remained faithful into Pendennis castle. The last possibility which remained to the King of collecting an army in the field was destroyed when Lord Astley was defeated by superior numbers and taken.† At the beginning of the war, this gallant soldier, before he charged in the battle of Edgehill, made a prayer, of which Hume says, there were certainly much longer ones said in the parliamentary army, but it may be doubted whether there were so good a one. It was simply this: "O Lord! thou knowest how busy I must be this day! If I forget thee, do not thou forget me." He now concluded his brave and irreproachable career, by a saying not less to be remembered by the enemy's officers, "You have done your work, and may now go to play, unless you chuse to fall out among yourselves."

Even before the loss of Bristol,‡ Charles, whose judgment seldom deceived him, had seen that the worst was to be expected, and made up his mind to endure it as became him. In reply to a letter from Prince Rupert, who had advised him again to propose a treaty after that at Uxbridge had failed, he pointed out the certainty that no terms would be granted which it would not be criminal in him to accept; and at the same time fairly acknowledged the hopelessness of his affairs, save only for his trust in God. "I confess," he said, "that speaking either as to mere soldier or statesman, I must say there is no probability but of my ruin: but as to Christian, I must tell you that God will not suffer rebels to prosper or his cause to be overthrown: and whatsoever personal punishment it shall please him to inflict upon me, must not make me repine, much less to give over the quarrel. Indeed I cannot flatter myself with expectation of good success more

[* Against Fairfax, February 1645-6.]

[† Near Stow in the Wold in Gloucestershire, 21st March, 1645-6.]

[‡ Prince Rupert surrendered Bristol to Sir Thomas Fairfax, 11th September, 1645.]

than this, to end my days with honour and a good conscience; which obliges me to continue my endeavours, as not despairing that God may in due time avenge his own cause. Though I must avow to all my friends that he that will stay with me at this time must expect and resolve, either to die for a good cause, or, which is worse, to live as miserable in the maintaining it, as the violence of insulting rebels can make him." The prospect of dying in the field, which it appears from these expressions the king contemplated with a complacent resignation, and perhaps with hope, was at an end when Lord Astley was defeated: in expectation of this he had already consulted for the safety of the Prince of Wales, and it was now to be determined whither he should betake himself. He offered to put himself in the hands of two commanders who at some distance were blockading Oxford, if they would pass their words that they would immediately conduct him to the parliament; for in battle or in debate Charles was always ready to face his enemies, and in debate with the advantage of a collected mind, a sound judgment, a ready utterance, and a thorough knowledge of the points in dispute. He knew also that, throughout this fatal contest, the hearts of the great majority of the people were with him; and though the strength of the rebellious party lay in London, yet even there he thought so much loyalty was left, and so much regard for his person, that he would willingly have been in it at this time. But the parliamentary generals, whose purpose it always was to prevent the possibility of any accommodation which would have restored even a nominal authority to the sovereign, refused to enter into any such engagement; and the avenues of the city were strictly watched, lest he should enter secretly. Another and better hope was to join Montrose, who was then in his career of victory. The representations of M. Montrevil, a French agent, who was at that time with the Scotch army before Newark, and the promises of the Scotch made to that agent, that they would receive him as their sovereign, and effectually join with him for the recovery of his just rights, induced him to take that step. "They have often," he says, "professed they have fought not against me but for me. I must now resolve the riddle of their loyalty, and give *them* opportunity to let the world see they mean not what they *do*, but what they say."

When that memorable bargain was concluded, by which the Scotch sold and the English bought their king, Cromwell was one of the commissioners. Yet it is represented by his bitterest enemy, Hollis, that nothing could have been so desirable for Cromwell, and nothing so much wished for by that party who were bent upon destroying monarchy, as that the Scotch should have taken Charles with them into Scotland, instead of delivering him into the hands of the parliament; and he speaks of the sale as singularly honourable to both the contracting parties! "Here then," he says, "the very mouth of iniquity was stopt: malice itself had nothing to say to give the least blemish to the faithfulness and reality of the kingdom of Scotland, the clearness of their proceedings, their zeal for peace, without self-seeking and self-ends, or any endeavours to make advantage of the miseries and misfortunes of England." * Charles himself saw the transaction in a very different light, as posterity has done. He declared that he was bought and sold. "Yet (he says in the Icōn) may I justify those Scots to all the world in this, that they have not deceived me, for I never trusted to them, further than to men. If I am sold by them, I am only sorry they should do it; and that my price should be so much above my Saviour's!—Better others betray me than myself, and that the price of my liberty should be my conscience. The greatest injuries my enemies seek to inflict upon me cannot be without my own consent."

The Scotch nation in general were sensible of the infamy which had been brought upon them by this act. The English were at first deceived by it: for, rightly perceiving that peace and tranquillity could not be restored by any other means than by the restoration of the King to those just rights and privileges which he holds for the good of all, they believed that he was now to be brought in honour and safety to London. As he was taken from Newcastle to Holmby, they flocked from all parts to see him; and scrofulous patients were brought to receive the royal touch, in full belief of its virtue, and with entire affection to his person. If the intentions of Hollis and the Presbyterian party had been such as they were afterwards desirous to make the world believe, they had it in their power now to have imposed upon the King any terms to which he could conscientiously

[* *Hollis, in Maseres'* Tracts, vol. i. p. 230.]

have submitted, and the army were not yet so completely lords of the ascendant as to have prevented such an accommodation. But that party had brought on the civil war; had slandered the King in the foulest spirit of calumny; and on every occasion had acted towards him precisely in that manner which would wound and insult him most:—it is impossible to know what catastrophe they designed for the tragedy which they had planned and carried on thus far; but it is not possible that they intended a termination which should have been compatible with the honour and well-being of the sovereign whom they had so bitterly injured. With that brutality which characterized all their proceedings towards him, they refused to let any of his chaplains attend him at this time. There is no subject upon which the King, in his lonely meditations, has expressed himself with more feeling than upon this. He says, "When Providence was pleased to deprive me of all other civil comforts and secular attendants, I thought the absence of them all might best be supplied by the attendance of some of my chaplains, whom for their functions I reverence, and for their fidelity I have cause to love. By their learning, piety, and prayers, I hoped to be either better enabled to sustain the want of all other enjoyments, or better fitted for the recovery and use of them in God's good time. The solitude they have confined me unto adds the wilderness to my temptation; for the company they obtrude upon me is more sad than any solitude can be. If I had asked my revenues, my power of the militia, or any one of my kingdoms, it had been no wonder to have been denied in those things, where the evil policy of men forbids all just restitution, lest they should confess an injurious usurpation: but to deny me the ghostly comfort of my chaplains seems a greater rigour and barbarity than is ever used by Christians to the meanest prisoners and greatest malefactors. But my agony must not be relieved with the presence of any one good angel; for such I account a learned, godly, and discreet divine: and such I would have all mine to be.—To Thee, therefore, O God, do I direct my now solitary prayers! What I want of others' help, supply with the more immediate assistance of thy Spirit: in Thee is all fulness: from Thee is all *sufficiency*: by Thee is all acceptance. Thou art company *enough* and comfort enough. Thou art my King, be also my

prophet and my priest. Rule me, teach me, pray in me, for me, and be Thou ever with me."

The parliamentary leaders had no sooner won the victory than they began to divide the spoils. The Parliament, by virtue of that sovereign authority which it had usurped, created Essex and Warwick Dukes; Hollis was made a Viscount; Hazlerigg, Vane, Fairfax, and Cromwell, Barons, the latter with a revenue of 2500*l.* charged upon the estates of the Marquis of Worcester. They filled up the places of those members who followed the King's party, or whom their violent measures had driven from the House; and this was done with a contempt of the laws which indicated that the people of England were now under the dominion of the sword. "First," says Hollis (who, being now on the weaker side, could see the enormity of their proceedings), —"first they did all they could to stop writs from going any whither but where they were sure to have fit men chosen for their turns; and many an unjust thing was done by them in that kind; sometimes denying writs, sometimes delaying till they had prepared all things and made it, as they thought, cock sure; many times committee-men in the country, such as were their creatures, appearing grossly, and bandying to carry elections for them; sometimes they did it fairly by the power of the army, causing soldiers to be sent and quartered in the towns where elections were to be; awing and terrifying, sometimes abusing and offering violence to the electors." The Self-denying Ordinance was totally disregarded now: it had effected the object for which it was designed; and perhaps as the war in England was at an end, it may have been fairly supposed to have expired. Many officers therefore were now returned, and among them, Ludlow, Ireton, and Fairfax. The two former were republicans, who emulated the old Romans in the severity of their character, and looked upon it as a virtue to be inexorable. Ludlow has related of himself that, meeting in a skirmish with an old acquaintance and schoolfellow who was on the King's side, he expressed his sorrow at seeing him in that party, and offered to exchange a shot with him. He relates also that when he was defending Warder Castle, one of the besiegers who was killed, said just before he expired, that he saw his own brother fire the musket by which he received his mortal wound; and instead of

expressing a human feeling at this frightful example of the horrors of civil war, he adds that it might probably be, his brother having been one of those who defended the breach where he was shot; "but if it were so, he might justly do it by the laws of God and man, it being done in the discharge of his duty and in his own defence." With such deliberate inhumanity did Ludlow in old age and retirement comment upon a fact, which, even in the fever of political enthusiasm and the heat of battle, ought to have made him shudder.

That party, who would have been satisfied with the establishment of a Presbyterian Church, and the enjoyment of offices, honours, and emoluments under a king whom they wished to preserve only as a puppet for their own purposes, would now gladly have reduced an army of which they began to stand in fear: for since it had been new-modelled, the Independents had obtained the ascendency there; and those principles which Cromwell at the first avowed to his own troop, were now becoming common among the soldiers. They had been taught to believe that the King was an enemy and a tyrant: and drawing from false premises a just conclusion, they reasoned that, because it was lawful to fight against him, it was right also to destroy him. They saw through the hypocrisy of the Presbyterians, whom they called with sarcastic truth the *dissembly* men; and being led by their own situation to speculate upon the origin of dignities and powers, they asked what were the lords of England but William the Conqueror's colonels? or the barons but his majors? or the knights but his captains? The Parliament had just reason to fear an army in this temper; and the army had equal reason to complain of the Parliament, because their pay was in arrears: they were therefore to be disbanded, the commissioned officers to receive debentures for what was due to them, and the non-commissioned officers and privates a promise, secured upon the excise. But men who had arms in their hands were easily persuaded that they might use them with as much justice to intimidate the Parliament, as to subdue the King. That they might have their deliberative assemblies also, under whose authority they might proceed, they appointed a certain number of officers which they called the General Council of Officers, who were to act as their House of Peers; and the common soldiers chose

three or four from every regiment, mostly corporals or serjeants, few or none above the rank of an ensign, who were called Agitators, and were to be the army's House of Commons. The president of these Agitators was a remarkable man, by name James Berry; he had originally been a clerk in some iron-works. In the course of the revolution he sate in the Upper House. He was one of the principal actors in pulling down Richard Cromwell; became afterward one of the Council of State; was imprisoned after the Restoration as one of the four men whom Monk considered the most dangerous; and finally, being liberated, became a gardener, and finished his life in obscurity and peace.

Both the Council of Officers and the Agitators were composed of Cromwell's creatures, or of men who, being thorough fanatics, did his work equally well in stupid sincerity. They presented a bold address to Parliament declaring that they would neither be divided nor disbanded till their full arrears were paid, and demanding that no member of the army should be tried by any other judicatory than a council of war. "They did not," they said, "look upon themselves as a band of janizaries, hired only to fight the battles of the Parliament; they had voluntarily taken up arms for the liberty of the nation of which they were a part, and before they laid those arms down they would see that end well provided for." The men who presented this address behaved with such audacity at the bar of the House of Commons, that there were some who moved for their committal: but they had friends even there to protect them, one of whom replied that he would have them committed indeed, but it should be to the best inn in the town, where plenty of good sack and sugar should be provided for them. As the dispute proceeded, the army held louder language, and the Parliament took stronger measures, causing some of the boldest among the soldiers to be imprisoned. Cromwell supported the House in this, expressed great indignation at the insolence of the troops, and complained even with tears, that there had even been a design of killing him, so odious had he been made to the army by men who were desirous of again embruing the nation in blood! Yet he had said to Ludlow "that it was a miserable thing to serve a parliament, to whom let a man be never so faithful, if one pragmatical fellow amongst them rise up and asperse him, he shall never

wipe it off; whereas," said he, "when one serves under a general, he may do as much service and yet be free from all blame and envy. And during these very discussions he whispered in the House to Ludlow, these men will never leave till the army pull them out by the ears." If Ludlow suspected any sinister view in Cromwell, he was himself too much engaged with the army to notice it at that time. But there were other members whose opposite interest opened their eyes; and who, knowing that Cromwell was the secret director of those very measures against which he inveighed, resolved to send him to the Tower, believing that if he were once removed the army might easily be reduced to obedience. They estimated his authority more justly than they did their own. It appears that he expected a more violent contest than actually ensued; for he and many of the Independents privately removed their effects from London, "leaving," says Hollis, "city and Parliament as marked out for destruction." He had timely notice of the design against him, and on the very morning when they proposed to arrest him, he set out for the army: but still preserving that dissimulation which he never laid aside where it could possibly be useful, he wrote to the House of Commons, saying, that his presence was necessary to reclaim the soldiers, who had been abused by misinformation; and desiring that the general (Fairfax), and such other officers who were in the House or in town, might be sent to their quarters to assist him in that good work.

On the very day that Cromwell joined the army, the King was carried from Holmby by Joyce [3 June, 1647]. That *grey discrowned head*, as he himself beautifully calls it, the sight of which drew tears from his friends, and moved many even of his enemies to compunction as well as pity, excited no feeling or respect in this hard and vulgar ruffian, who had formerly been a tailor and afterwards a menial servant in Hollis's family. He produced a pistol as the authority which the King was to obey, and Charles believed that the intention in carrying him away was to murder him. Whether Joyce was employed by the Agitators, of whose body he was one, or whether, as Hollis* asserts and as is generally believed, Cromwell sent him, is of no consequence in Cromwell's character (though his descendant strenuously

[* Hollis, in Maseres' Tracts, vol. i. p. 246.]

endeavours to show that he had no concern in the transaction), for it is only a question whether he was mediately or immediately the author. The insolence with which the act was performed is imputable to the agent; and there is some reason to believe that, whatever may have been the intention of Ireton, St. John, Vane, and other men of that stamp, Cromwell himself was at that time very far from having determined upon the death of the King. It was plain that the Parliament had no intention of making any terms with the King, except such as would have left him less real power than the Oligarchs of Venice entrusted to their Doge; and it was not less obvious that, as Charles might expect more equitable conditions from the army, who would treat with him as a part of the nation, not as a body contending for sovereignty, so on his side he would come to the treaty with better hope and a kindlier disposition. Indeed at this time he looked upon them with the feelings of a British king: "though they have fought against me," said he, "yet I cannot but so far esteem that valour and gallantry they have sometimes showed, as to wish I may never want such men to maintain myself, my laws, and my kingdom, in such a peace as wherein they may enjoy their share and proportion as much as any men." He had changed his keepers and his prison, but not his captive condition; only there was this hope of bettering, that they who were such professed patrons of the people's liberty, could not be utterly against the liberty of the King: "what they demanded for their own conscience," said he, "they cannot in reason deny to mine;" and it consoled him to believe that the world would now see a king could not be so low as not to be considerable, adding right to that party where he appeared.

So far he was right; it is the lively expression of Hollis that the army made that use of the King which the Philistines would have made of the ark, and that and their power together made them prevail. The description which he gives of the Parliament at this crisis holds forth an awful warning to those who fancy that it is as easy to direct the commotions of a state as to excite them; it is a faithful picture drawn by a leading member of that faction which had raised and hitherto guided the rebellion. "They now thunder upon us," he says, "with remonstrances, declarations, letters, and messages every day, commanding one day one thing,

the next day another, making us vote and unvote, do and undo; and when they had made us do some ugly thing, jeer us, and say our doing justifies their desiring it."* "We feel as low as dirt," he says: "take all our ordinances in pieces, change and alter them according to their minds, and (which is worst of all) expunge our declaration against their mutinous petition, cry *peccavimus* to save a whipping: but all would not do!—All was dasht" (it is still Hollis the parliamentarian who speaks): "instead of a generous resistance to the insolencies of perfidious servants, vindicating the honour of the Parliament, discharging the trust that lay upon them to preserve a poor people from being ruined and enslaved to a rebellious army, they deliver up themselves and kingdom to the will of their enemies; prostitute all to the lust of heady and violent men; and suffer Mr. Cromwell to saddle, ride, switch, and spur them at his pleasure." Ride them indeed he did with a martingale; and it was not all the wincing of the galled jade that could shake the practised horseman in his seat. Poor Hollis complains that "Presbyterians were trumps no longer." Clubs were trumps now, and the knave in that suit, as in the former, was the best card in the pack. When the Parliament had done whatever the army required, "prostituting their honours, renouncing whatever would be of strength or safety to them, casting themselves down naked, helpless, and hopeless at the proud feet of their domineering masters, it is all to no purpose, it does but encourage those merciless men to trample the more upon them."

So it was, and properly so. This was the reward of the Presbyterian party

> "For letting rapine loose and murther
> To rage just so far and no further,
> And setting all the land on fire
> To burn to a scantling and no higher;
> For venturing to assassinate,
> And cut the throats of Church and State:"

This they had done; and instead of being, as they had calculated upon being,

> "allowed the fittest men
> To take the charge of both again,"

[* Hollis, in Maseres' Tracts, vol. i. p. 254.]

they were now

> "Out-gifted, out-impulsed, out-done,
> And out-revealed at carryings-on;
> Of all their dispensations worm'd,
> Out-providenced, and out-reform'd,
> Ejected out of Church and State
> And all things—but the people's hate."

As the question stood between the Parliament and the army, the army was in the right. Whatever arguments held good for resisting the King, availed *à fortiori* for resisting the Parliament: its little finger was heavier than his loins; and where the old authorities had used a whip, the Parliament had scourged the nation with scorpions. The change in ecclesiastical affairs was of the same kind. New Presbyter was old Priest written large —and in blacker characters. Cromwell had force of reason as well as force of arms on his side; and if he had possessed a legitimate weight in the country, like Essex, it is likely that he would now have used it to the best purpose, and have done honourably for himself and beneficially for the kingdom, what was afterwards effected by Monk, with too little regard to any interest except his own. It is said that he required for himself, as the reward of this service to his sovereign, the garter, the title of the Earl of Essex, vacant by the death of the late general [14 Sept. 1646], and a proper object of ambition to Cromwell, as having formerly been in his family; to be made First-Captain of the Guards, and Vicar-General of the Kingdom. All this he would have deserved, if he had restored peace and security to the nation by re-establishing the monarchy with those just limitations, the propriety of which was seen and acknowledged by the King himself. But if Cromwell desired to do this, which may reasonably be presumed, the power which he then possessed was not sufficient for it. It was a revolutionary power, not transferable to the better cause without great diminution. In the movements of the revolutionary sphere his star was rising, but it was not yet lord of the ascendant; and in raising himself to his present station, he had, like the unlucky magician in romance, conjured up stronger spirits than he was yet master enough of the black art to control. Under his management, the moral discipline of the army was as perfect as that of the Swedes under the great Gustavus, whom it is not im-

probable that Cromwell in this point took for his model. He had been most strict and severe in chastising all irregularities, "insomuch," says Clarendon, "that sure there was never any such body of men, so without rapine, swearing, drinking, or any other debauchery—but the wickedness of their hearts." He had brought them to this state by means of religious enthusiasm, the most powerful and the most perilous of all principles which an ambitious man can call into action. When the parliamentary army first took the field, every regiment had its preacher, who beat the drum ecclesiastic, and detorted Scripture to serve the purposes of rebellion. The battle of Edgehill [23 Oct. 1642] sickened them of service in the field; almost all of them went home after that action: and when the tide of success set in against the King, they had little inclination to return to their posts, because the other sectaries with whom the army swarmed beat them at their own weapons. Baxter says it was the ministers that lost all, by forsaking the army and betaking themselves to an easier and quieter way of life; and he especially repented that he had not accepted the chaplainship of that famous troop with which Cromwell began his army; persuading himself that if he had been among them he might have prevented the spreading of that fire which was then in one spark. Baxter is one of those men whose lives exemplify the strength and the weakness of the human mind. He fancied that the bellows which had been used for kindling the fire, could blow it out when the house was in flames! He might as well have supposed that he could put out Etna with an extinguisher, or have stilled an earthquake by setting his foot upon the ground.

In the anarchy which the war produced, some of the preachers acted as officers; and, on the other hand, officers, with at least as much propriety, acted as preachers. Cromwell himself edified the army by his discourses, and every common soldier who carried a voluble tongue, and either was or pretended to be a fanatic, held forth from a pulpit or a tub. The land was overrun with

> "a various rout
> Of petulant capricious sects,
> The maggots of corrupted texts,"

but they bred in the army; and this licence in things spiritual

led by a sure process to the wildest notions of political liberty, to which also the constitution of the army was favourable: a mercenary army, Hollis calls it, "all of them, from the general (except what he may have in expectation after his father's death) to the meanest sentinel, not able to make a thousand pounds a year lands, most of the colonels and officers mean tradesmen, brewers, tailors, goldsmiths, shoemakers, and the like—a notable dunghill if one would rake into it to find out their several pedigrees." According to him these "bloodsuckers had conceived a mortal hatred" against his party, "and, in truth, against all gentlemen, as those who had too great an interest and too large a stake of their own in the kingdom, to engage with them in their design of perpetuating the war to an absolute confusion." It was by such instruments that Cromwell had made himself, ostensibly the second person in the army, really the first: but he was not yet their master, and was compelled to court them still by professing a fellowship in opinions which he had ceased to hold. Had he espoused the King's cause heartily and honestly, which probably he desired to do, the very men upon whom his power rested would have turned against him, and have pursued him with as murderous a hatred as that which Pym had avowed against Strafford, and had gratified in his blood. Both in and out of the army he needed the co-operation of men some of whom were his equals in cunning, others in audacity: Vane and perhaps St. John were as crafty, Ludlow, Hazlerigg, and many others were as bold. But these men were bent upon trying the experiment of a republic, to which the King's destruction was a necessary prelude. And he who afterwards controlled three nations, is said himself to have stood in some awe of his son-in-law Ireton, a man of great talents and inflexible character, and sincere in those political opinions which Cromwell held only while they were instrumental to his advancement.

Ludlow, who knew Ireton well, and was the more likely to understand the motives of his conduct because he entirely coincided with him in his political desires, believed that it was never his intention to come to any agreement with the King, but only to delude the Loyalists while the army were contesting with the Presbyterian interest in Parliament: and he relates that Ireton once *said to the King, "Sir,* you have an intention to be arbi-

trator between the Parliament and us, and we mean to be so between you and the Parliament." Cromwell, on the other hand, is said to have declared that the interview between Charles and his children, when they were first allowed to visit him, was "the tenderest sight that ever his eyes beheld;" to have wept plentifully when he spoke of it (which he might well have done without hypocrisy, for in private life he was a man of kind feelings and of a generous nature); to have confessed that "never man was so abused as he in his sinister opinion of the King, who, he thought, was the most upright and conscientious of his kingdom; and to have imprecated "that God would be pleased to look upon him according to the sincerity of his heart towards the King." There are men so habitually insincere that they seem to delight in acts of gratuitous duplicity, as if their vanity was gratified by the easy triumph over those who are too upright to suspect deceit. Cromwell was a hypocrite, then, only when hypocrisy was useful; there are anecdotes enough which prove that he was well pleased when he could lay aside the mask. In his conduct towards Charles, while that poor persecuted king was with the army, there is no reason to suspect him of any sinister intention;—the most probable solution is that also which is most creditable to him, and which is imputed to him by those persons who aspersed him most. Hollis and Ludlow, who hated him with as much inveteracy as if they had not equally hated each other, agree in believing that he would willingly have taken part with the King; and that he was deterred from this better course by the fear that the army would desert him. They agree also that when he was certain of this, he, by taking measures for alarming the King, instigated him to make his escape from Hampton Court [11 Nov., 1647]. Concerning his further* purpose there are different opinions. Hollis, who would allow him

* One of the very few errors which M. Villemain has committed is that of saying that Ashburnham is charged by Clarendon with having betrayed his master on this occasion; whereas Clarendon, though he perceived with what fatal and unaccountable mismanagement they proceeded, entirely acquits him of any intention to mislead the king. M. Villemain writes New York for Newark—from a mistaken etymology we suppose. These trifling mistakes are pointed out for correction, not from the desire of detecting faults, but in respect for a work of great sagacity, perfect candour, and exemplary *diligence*,—being by far the most able history of Cromwell that has yet been written.

no merit, supposes that he directed him to Carisbrook because he knew that Hammond might be depended upon as a jailer; Ludlow supposes that he thought Hammond a man on whom the King might rely; and Hobbes, with more probability than either, affirms that he meant to let him escape from the kingdom, which, with common prudence on the part of his companions, he might have done, and which, when Cromwell had made his choice to act with the Commonwealth's-men, would have served their purpose better than his death.

He did not, however, join them hastily, nor from his own feelings, but as if yielding, rather than consenting, to circumstances. Conferences were held between some of the heads of the many-headed anarchy—members, officers, and preachers—to determine what form of government was best for the nation, whether monarchical, aristocratical, or democratical. The ablest leaders of the Presbyterian party had been expelled the House, and some of them driven into exile by the preponderating influence of the army, who availed themselves of the King's presence to obtain that object. These persons, more from their hatred of the Independents than from any other principle, would have defended the monarchy, which was now but weakly and insincerely defended by Cromwell and those who were called the Grandees of the House and army. Either form of government, they said, might be good in itself, and for them, as Providence should direct; this being interpreted meant that they were ready to support any form which might be most advantageous to themselves. On the other hand, the political and religious zealots insisted that monarchy was in itself an evil, and that the Jews had committed a great sin against the Lord in choosing it; and they, apparently now for the first time, avowed their desire of putting the King to death and establishing an equal commonwealth. Cromwell, who was then acknowledged as the head of the Grandees, professed himself to be unresolved; he had learnt however the temper of his tools, and with that coarse levity which is one of the strongest features in his character, he concluded the conference by flinging a cushion at Ludlow's head, and then running down stairs; but not fast enough to escape a similar missile which was sent after him. The next day he told Ludlow he was convinced *of the desirableness* of what that party had proposed,

but not of its feasibleness. The time was now fast approaching when Cromwell would find everything feasible which he desired. A bold accusation was preferred against him in the House of Lords by Major Huntington: he affirmed that Cromwell and Ireton had, from the beginning, instigated the army to disobey and resist the Parliament; that they had pledged themselves to make the King the most glorious prince in Christendom, while they were making use of him, and had declared that they were ready to join with French, Spaniards, Cavaliers, or any who would force the Parliament to agree with him; that their real object was to perpetuate the power of the army; that Ireton said, when the King and Parliament were treating, he hoped they would make such a peace that the army might, with a good conscience, fight against them both; and that Cromwell had, both in public and private, maintained as his principle that every individual was judge of just and right as to the good and ill of a kingdom; that it was lawful to pass through any forms of government for attaining his end, and that it was lawful to play the knave with a knave. Huntington swore to the truth of these allegations; Milton impugns his credit, by saying that he afterwards besought Cromwell's pardon, and confessed that he had been suborned by the Presbyterians. Encouraged by them he probably was; but Huntington's memorial bears with it the stamp of truth, and it is confirmed by Cromwell's whole course of after-life.*

The Independent party being the strongest, no advantage was made of these charges, which might otherwise have been deemed ground sufficient for depriving him of his command; and the ill-planned and ill-combined insurrection of the Cavaliers and invasion of the Scotch made him, as M. Villemain observes, too necessary to be deemed culpable. He marched first into Wales, and brought that crabbed expedition, as it was called, to a successful termination with his wonted celerity. That done, he proceeded against the Scotch, which, to the great furtherance of Cromwell's designs, Fairfax was not willing to do, for Fairfax had a sort of pyebald Presbyterian conscience, and strained at a gnat now, after having bolted so many camels. Cromwell had a

[* Huntington's Complaint, dated 2nd Aug., 1648, is printed in Thurloe's *State Papers*, vol. i. pp. 94—97, and in vol. ii. of Maseres' Tracts.]

great dislike of the Scotch as well as a great contempt for them; he perfectly understood what their armies were, having served with them in one campaign, and therefore readily consented to go against them with a very inferior force. That confidence might have been fatal to him, if there had been common prudence in the Duke of Hamilton and the other Scotch leaders; but the miserable creatures by whom the counsels of that army were directed chose to expose the English who were with them, instead of supporting them, when, by timely aid, the day might have been won. Cromwell declared he had never seen foot fight so desperately as the North-countrymen under Sir Marmaduke Langdale, at the battle of Preston, where they were so basely left without support. They had their reward. Cromwell followed their army, defeated and routed it, more being killed out of contempt, says Clarendon, than that they deserved it by any opposition. He then marched to Edinburgh, where he was received as a deliverer; and settling the affairs of that lawless country under the management of Argyll, left it with reason to believe that it would prove as peaceable as he could wish.

The part which Cromwell bore in the tragedy that ensued, and the manner in which the hypocrisy, the coarseness, and the levity of his character were displayed, when, not having felt power or courage to prevent the wickedness, he took the lead in it himself, are known to all persons who have any knowledge of English history. The powers of Europe had most of them secretly fomented the rebellion, and made no attempt to avert the catastrophe which it brought about. France more especially had acted treacherously toward the King; commenting upon which, in the earlier part of his history, Lord Clarendon has some memorable observations upon the impolicy as well as the injustice of such conduct, "as if," he says, "the religion of princes were nothing but policy, and that they considered nothing more than to make all other kingdoms but their own miserable; and because God hath reserved them to be tried only within his own jurisdiction, that he means to try them too by other laws and rules than he hath published to the world for his servants to walk by. Whereas they ought to consider that God hath placed them over his people as examples, and to give countenance to his laws by *their own strict observation* of them; and that as their sub-

jects are to be defended and protected by their princes, so they themselves are to be assisted and supported by one another, the function of kings being an order by itself; and as a contempt and breach of every law is in the policy of state an offence against the person of the king, because there is a kind of violation offered to his person in the transgression of that rule, without which he cannot govern; so the rebellion of subjects against their prince ought to be looked upon by all other kings as an assault of their own sovereignty, and in some degree a design against monarchy itself, and consequently to be suppressed and extirpated, in what other kingdom soever it is, with the like concernment as if it were in their own bowels." Lord Bacon has noticed it as a defect in the historical part of learning that there is not an impartial and well attested *Historia Nemesios*. In such a history the miseries which France has undergone, and which Spain is undergoing and is to undergo, would exemplify the justice of Clarendon's remarks.

While other governments beheld the fate of Charles with an indifference as disreputable to their feelings as to their policy, and while the King of Spain adorned his palace by purchasing the choicest specimens of art with which Charles had enriched England, an honourable exception is to be made for Portugal and the House of Braganza. That House, in a time of extreme difficulty and danger, when it could ill afford to provoke another enemy, chose rather to incur the resentment and vengeance of the English Commonwealth, than to refuse protection to Prince Rupert and the ships under his command; and when the parliamentary fleet entered the Tagus, and denounced war unless they were instantly delivered up, it was with difficulty that Prince Theodosius (whose untimely death may, perhaps, be considered as the greatest misfortune that ever befel the Portuguese) was dissuaded from going on board the Portuguese fleet himself, to join Prince Rupert, and give battle to his enemies. On that occasion the Braganzan family considered what was right and honourable, regardless of all meaner considerations; they supplied Rupert fully, and would not suffer his pursuers to leave the port till two tides after he had sailed out with a full gale. They suffered severely for this, but they preserved their honour; and as it behoves us not to forget this, so does it at this time especi-

ally behove the Portuguese to remember in what manner the constant alliance and friendship of England, which for more than a hundred and sixty years has never been interrupted, was then deserved.

The levity which Cromwell displayed during that mockery of justice with which the King was sacrificed, Mr. Noble supposes to have been affected; and Mr. O. Cromwell endeavours to invalidate the evidence upon which it has been recorded and hitherto received. Its truth or falsehood would matter little in the fair estimate of his whole conduct, or of that particular act; and the thing itself is too consistent with other authentic anecdotes concerning him to be arbitrarily set aside. It is more remarkable that he went to look at the murdered King, opened the coffin himself, put his finger to the neck where it had been severed, and even inspecting the inside of the body, observed in how healthy a state it had been, and how well made for length of life. He had screwed his feelings as well as his conscience at this time to the sticking-place, and seems as if he had been resolved to make it known that he would shrink from nothing which might be necessary for his views. This was shown in the case of Lord Capel, a man in all respects of exemplary virtue, and worthy of the highest honours that history can bestow, as one who performed his duty faithfully, and to the last, in the worst of times. Cromwell knew him personally, spoke of him as of a friend, and made his very virtues a reason for taking away his life! His affection to the public, he said, so much weighed down his private friendship, that he could not but tell the House the question was whether they would preserve their most bitter and most implacable enemy; he knew the Lord Capel very well, and knew that he would be the last man in England who would forsake the royal interest; that he had great courage, industry, and generosity; that he had many friends who would always adhere to him: and that as long as he lived, what condition soever he was in, he would be a thorn in their sides; and therefore, for the good of the Commonwealth, he should vote for his death. This was delivered and heard as a proof of republican virtue.—God deliver use from all such virtues as harden the heart!

Hobbes has affirmed that at the time of Lord Capel's execution it *was put to the question* by the army, whether all who had

borne arms for the King should be massacred or no, and the Noes carried it by only two voices.* If this be true, Cromwell, we may be sure, was one of those who declared against it; when he shed blood it was upon a calculating policy, never for the appetite of blood: such acts were committed by him against a good nature, not in the indulgence of a depraved one. Nor were the royalists the party of whom he was at that time most apprehensive; they were broken and dispersed, their cause was abandoned by man, and the pulpit incendiaries preached and, perhaps, persuaded both themselves and others that God had declared against it. The present danger was from the Levellers, whom Cromwell had at first encouraged, and with whom it is very possible that in one stage of his progress he may sincerely have sympathized. But being now better acquainted with men and with things, his wish was to build up and repair the work of ruin; all further demolition was to be prevented, and therefore by prompt severity he suppressed these men, who were so numerous and well organized as to have rendered themselves formidable by their strength as well as by their opinions. That object having been effected, he accepted the command in Ireland, to the surprise of his enemies, who desired nothing so much as his absence; not having considered that with his means and temper he went to a sure conquest, and must needs return from it with a great accession of popularity and power.

He arrived at Dublin [15 Aug. 1649] in a fortunate hour, just after the garrison had obtained a signal victory, in consequence of which the siege had been broken up. Without delay he marched against Drogheda,† where the Marquis of Ormond had placed a great number of his best troops, under Sir Arthur Aston, a brave and distinguished officer. One assault was manfully repulsed. Cromwell led his men a second time to the breach, who then forced all the retrenchments, and gave no quarter, according to his positive orders. There was a great contention among the soldiers who should get the governor for his share of the spoil, because his artificial leg was believed to be made of gold; the

[* Arthur, Lord Capel, was executed 9th March, 1648.]

[† 3rd Sept. 1649. He began his attack on the 9th. The battles of Dunbar and Worcester were fought on the 3rd of September. He summoned a parliament on the 3rd of September, and he died on the 3rd of September.]

disappointment at finding it only of wood was somewhat abated by discovering two hundred pieces of gold sewn up in his girdle. Cromwell's own account of the slaughter is, that not thirty of the whole number of the defendants escaped with their lives. "I do not believe," he says, "neither do I hear, that any officer escaped with his life, save only one lieutenant, who, going to the enemy, said he was the only man that escaped of all the garrison. The enemy were filled upon this with much terror, and truly I believe this bitterness will save much effusion of blood, through the goodness of God. I wish that all honest hearts may give the glory of this to God alone, to whom, indeed, the praise of this mercy belongs, for instruments they were very inconsiderable the work throughout." Lord Clarendon says that all manner of cruelty was executed; every Irish inhabitant, man, woman, and child, put to the sword, and three or four officers of name and of good families, whom some humaner soldiers concealed for four or five days, were then butchered in cold blood. Ludlow relates that the slaughter continued two days, and that such extraordinary severity was used to discourage others. Hugh Peters gave thanks for it in the cathedral at Dublin. The object was attained. Trim and Dundalk were abandoned to him without resistance; Wexford was ill defended and easily taken; and Cromwell, with a reliance upon fortune arising, in this instance, equally from confidence in himself and contempt of his enemies, marched into Munster so far from all succour and all reasonable hope of supplies, that if the city of Cork had not been treacherously or pusillanimously given up to him, he and his army must have been reduced to the utmost danger.

In less than six months, though an infectious disease had broken out in his own army, Cromwell destroyed the last hopes of the Royalists in Ireland, and exacted for a national crime, to which the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day is the only parallel in history, a vengeance to which no parallel can be found. No mercy was shown to any person who could be convicted of having shed Protestant blood in that most merciless and atrocious rebellion. As many others as chose were allowed to enter into foreign services, and French and Spanish officers enlisted and transported not less than five and forty thousand men, though not five *thousand could ever* be raised for the King's service by

all the unwearied exertions of Ormond, and all the promises and contracts which were made with him. Leaving Ireton with the command,* to pursue the war upon that system of extermination which the Commonwealth intended, he obeyed the summons of Parliament to put himself at the head of an army which was to march against Charles II., called at that time Charles Stuart, who was then in Scotland, in a situation something between that of a king and a prisoner. By Cromwell's desire the command was offered to Fairfax, who refused it, more because he was offended and ashamed at having discovered how mere a cipher he was become, than from any feeling of repentance for what he had done, and for what he had omitted to do, which was the heavier sin. In urging him to accept the command, Cromwell appeared so much in earnest that Ludlow believed him, and took him aside to entreat that he would not in compliment and humility obstruct the service of the nation by his refusal. When it was determined that Cromwell was to be general, Ludlow had a conference with him, in which Cromwell professed to desire nothing more than that the government might be settled in a free and equal Commonwealth, which he thought the only probable means of keeping out the old family. He looked upon it, he said, that the design of the Lord was now to free his people from every burthen, and to accomplish what was prophesied in the 110th Psalm; and then expounding that psalm for about an hour to Ludlow, and tickling him with expositions, professions, and praises, ended by letting him understand that if he pleased to accept the command of the horse in Ireland, the post would be at his service.†

A declaration was sent before Cromwell's army, addressed "to all that are Saints, and partakers of the Faith of God's Elect in Scotland." The Saints, however, in Scotland were praying and preaching against Cromwell as heartily as they had ever performed pulpit-service against Charles; and their Presbyterian brethren in England, as well as the sober and untainted part of the people, were heartily wishing for his overthrow, and the return of the ancient order. His contempt for the Scotch had very nearly brought about the fulfilment of their desires: he got

[* May, 1650. He arrived in London on the 31st. Whitelock, p. 457, ed. 1732.]

[† Ludlow's Memoirs, ed. 1771, pp. 136-7.]

himself into a situation at Dunbar from which it was impossible to retreat, and where, from the want of provisions, the enemy must have had him at their mercy if they would only have avoided an action. But it was revealed to the preachers, by whom the General was controlled, that Agag was delivered into their hands; and Cromwell, perceiving them through his glass advancing to attack, exclaimed (in Hume's felicitous language) without the help of revelations, that the Lord had delivered them into *his*. Some of the preachers were knocked on the head while promising the victory, and others who were not killed "had very notable marks about the head and the face, that anybody might know they were not hurt by chance, or in the crowd, but by very good will." A terrible execution was made; Cromwell's men gave no quarter till they were weary of killing. In his letter to the Parliament he acknowledged the peril in which he had been, and that the enemy had reminded him of the fate of Essex's army in Cornwall; "but," says he, "in what they were thus lifted up, the Lord was above them. The enemy having those advantages, we lay very near him, being sensible of our disadvantages, having some weakness of flesh, but yet consolation and support from the Lord himself to our poor weak faith (wherein I believe not a few amongst us stand), that because of their numbers, because of their advantages, because of their confidence, because of our weakness, because of our strait, we were on the mount, and on the mount the Lord would be seen." And he adds that the Lord of Hosts made them as stubble to their swords.

The battle of Dunbar [3 Sept. 1650] delivered Charles from the tyranny of the Presbyterians, who, he verily believed, would have imprisoned him the next day if they had won the victory. Cromwell entered Edinburgh: the castle was surrendered to him, and he was soon master of the better part of the kingdom; but he had a severe illness, with three relapses, and was in great danger. His reply, after his recovery, to a letter of inquiry from the Lord President of the Council of State in England, acknowledged, with all humble thankfulness, their high favour in sending to inquire after one so unworthy as himself. "Indeed, my lord," he continues, "your service needs not me; I am a poor creature, and *have been a dry bone,* and am still an unprofitable servant

to my Master and you. I thought I should have died of this fit of sickness, but the Lord seemeth to dispose otherwise. But truly, my lord, I desire not to live unless I may obtain mercy from the Lord, to approve my heart and life to him in more faithfulness and thankfulness, and those I serve with more profitableness and diligence." When he was well enough to take the field, and advance against the King at Stirling, a skilful movement, by which he got behind the royal army, thereby cutting it off from the fruitful country from whence it drew its supplies, induced Charles to form the brave resolution of marching into England.

Cromwell had not expected this; and when he announced it to the Parliament, it was with something like an apology for himself, though he said the enemy had taken this course in desperation and fear, and out of inevitable necessity. "I do apprehend," he says, "that it will trouble some men's thoughts, and may occasion some inconveniences, of which I hope we are as deeply sensible, and have, and I trust shall be as diligent to prevent as any. And indeed this is our comfort, that in simplicity of heart as to God, we have done to the best of our judgments, knowing that if some issue were not put to this business, it would occasion another winter's war, to the ruin of your soldiery, for whom the Scots are too hard, in respect of enduring the winter difficulties of this country. We have this comfortable experiment from the Lord, that this enemy is heart-smitten by God; and whenever the Lord shall bring us up to them, we believe the Lord will make the desperateness of this counsel of theirs to appear, and the folly of it also." The alarm in London was very great. "Both the city and the country," says Mrs. Hutchinson, "were all amazed, doubtful of their own and the Commonwealth's safety. Some could not hide very pale and unmanly fears, and were in such distraction of spirit as much disturbed their counsels." Even Bradshaw, "stout-hearted as he was," trembled for his neck. But great exertions were made by the government, its members having indeed everything at stake, and Whitelock says that no "affair could have been managed with more diligence, courage, and prudence; and that peradventure there was never so great a body of men, so well armed and provided, got together in so short a time, as were those sent to reinforce Cromwell."

Cromwell meantime followed the royal army with his wonted confidence. Whatever his military skill may have been, he possessed in perfection two of the first requisites for a general, activity and decision; while in the King's councils he knew that there would be conflicting opinions, vacillations, delay, and imbecility. When therefore he came to Worcester, advantageous as that position was to the enemy if they had known how to profit by it, he marched directly on as to a prey; and not troubling himself with the formality of a siege, ordered his troops to fall on in all places at once. According to his own account, the loss on his side did not exceed two hundred men; yet it was, he said, "a stiff business,"—"as stiff a contest for four or five hours as ever he had seen." The royal army was completely routed and dispersed; and the victory was the more gratifying to Cromwell on account of its being achieved on the anniversary of the battle of Dunbar. In his letter to the Parliament he says, "the dimensions of this mercy are above my thoughts; it is, for aught I know, a crowning mercy. I am bold humbly to beg that all thoughts may tend to the promoting of His honour who hath wrought so great salvation; and that the fatness of these continued mercies may not occasion pride and wantonness, as formerly the like hath done to a chosen nation."

The defeat of Charles at Worcester [3 Sept. 1651] is one of those events which most strikingly exemplify how much better events are disposed of by Providence than they would be if the direction were left to the choice even of the best and the wisest men. Had the victory been on the King's side, other battles must have been fought; his final success could not have been attained without a severe struggle; a second contest would have arisen among his own friends, between the members of the Church and the Presbyterians, which might probably have kindled another civil war; and the Puritans, and their descendants to this day, would have insisted that if the Commonwealth had not been overthrown, the continuance of that free and liberal government would richly have repaid the country for all its sufferings. But by the battle of Worcester, the Commonwealth's men were left absolute masters of the three kingdoms; they had full leisure to complete and perfect their own structure of government: the experiment was fairly *tried; there was nothing* from without to disturb the pro-

cess; it went duly on from change to change, from one evil to another; anarchy in its certain consequences leading to military despotism; that again, when the sword was no longer wielded by a strong hand, giving place to anarchy; till the people, at length weary of their sufferings and their insecurity, while knaves and fanatics were contending for the mastery over them, restored the monarchy with one consent.

When Cromwell called the battle of Worcester a *crowning* mercy, he may have used that word in a double sense between pun and prophecy; for certain it is that from this time he did not conceal the kingly thoughts and views which he entertained. He would have knighted Lambert and Fleetwood upon the field, if his friends had not dissuaded him; and soon afterwards, when Ireton's death delivered him from the only person whom he regarded with deference, he assembled certain members of parliament, with some of the chief officers, at the Speaker's house, told them it was necessary to come to a settlement of the nation, and delivered his own opinion in favour of a settlement with somewhat of a monarchical power in it. The lawyers who were present were in general for a mixed monarchy; and many were for choosing the Duke of Gloucester king, who was still in their hands, and was, as they said, too young to have borne arms against them, or to be infected with the principles of their enemies. The officers were as generally against monarchy, though every one of them, says Whitelock, was a monarch in his regiment or company. For the present, Cromwell was satisfied with having felt his ground, and waited while the Long Parliament made themselves more and more odious by the desire which they manifested of perpetuating their own power, the war which they provoked with the Dutch, and the severities which they exercised by their abominable high court of justice, where tools of the ruling party, who had no character to lose, acted at once as judge and jury. The prisoners taken at Worcester were driven like cattle to London; many of them perished there in confinement for want of food, and the rest were sold to the plantations for slaves by the despotic government which had risen upon the ruins of the throne! This act of abominable tyranny is mentioned by Baxter without any comment, and apparently without the slightest feeling. But when he relates that Mr. Love, one of

the London ministers, was condemned and beheaded by the same authority—then, indeed, Heaven and Earth are moved at such an enormity! "At the time of his execution, or very near it on that day, there was the dreadfulest thunder, and lightning, and tempest that was heard or seen for a long time before. This blow sunk deeper towards the root of the new Commonwealth than will easily be believed, and made them grow odious to almost all the religious party in the land except the sectaries. And there is, as Sir Walter Raleigh noteth of learned men, such as Demosthenes, Cicero, &c., so much more in divines of famous learning and piety, enough to put an everlasting odium upon those whom they suffer by, though the cause of the sufferers were not justifiable. Men count him a vile and detestable creature, who in his passion, or for his interest, or any such low account, shall deprive the world of such lights and ornaments, and cut off so much excellency at a blow.—After this the most of the ministers and good people of the land did look upon the new Commonwealth as tyranny."

The Long Parliament having made itself as much hated by the Presbyterians as it was by the Royalists, was odious at the same time to the army and the fanatics of both kinds, political and religious. Cromwell stated their misconduct to Whitelock strongly, and with none of that muddiness with which he frequently chose to conceal or obscure his meaning. On this occasion he spoke plainly: "Their pride," he said, "and ambition and self-seeking, ingrossing all places of honour and profit to themselves and their friends; and their daily breaking forth into new and violent parties and factions: their delays of business, and design to perpetuate themselves and to continue their power in their own hands; their meddling in private matters between party and party, contrary to the institution of parliaments, and their injustice and partiality in those matters, and the scandalous lives of some of the chief of them,—these things do give too much ground for people to open their mouths against them and to dislike them. Nor can they be kept within the bounds of justice and law or reason, they themselves being the supreme power of the nation, liable to no account to any, nor to be controlled or *regulated* by any other power; there being *none superior or co-ordinate* with them." Whitelock confessed

the evil, but said it would be hard to find a remedy. "What," said Cromwell, "if a man should take upon him to be king?" To this Whitelock replied that this remedy would be worse than the disease; that being general he had less envy and less danger than if he were called king, but not less power and real opportunities of doing good. And he represented to him that he was environed with secret enemies: that his own officers were elated with success; "many of them," said he, "are busy and of turbulent spirits, and are not without their designs how they may dismount your excellency, and some of themselves get up into the saddle,—how they may bring you down and set up themselves." Cromwell would willingly have engaged Whitelock in his views; but Whitelock was a cautious, temporising man, who generally chose the safest part, and never incurred danger by resisting what he could not prevent, or putting himself in the van when he could remain with the main body. In speaking honestly to Cromwell, he risked nothing; the feeling which his dissent excited was rather disappointment than displeasure, and he would be esteemed more for his sincerity.*

His concurrence was of little moment. Cromwell could count upon his faithful services when the thing was done, and he had plenty of other agents who were ready to go through with any thing. That memorable scene soon followed [20 April, 1653], when Cromwell turned out the Parliament, and locked the doors of the House of Commons. Whitelock says, that "all honest and

[* See the whole of this remarkable conversation in Whitelock, pp. 548—551, ed. 1732.

"Whitelock was a man who, taking at first, in honest conviction, what is called the patriotic side, adhered to it when men as honest as himself, of far higher intellectual powers, and greater moral courage, went over to the King's party. He conformed to all changes during the course of the Rebellion, not from any greedy or ambitious views, but because he hoped that every change might be the last, and dreaded the danger of any attempt at restoring that order of things which had been by violence subverted. The weight of his respectable character was thus thrown into whatever scale preponderated. But in all other respects he was so estimable a man—never injuring others, and seeking only to secure, not to aggrandize, himself—that the Royalists regarded him with no asperity; they looked upon his conduct as proceeding entirely from moral timidity, unmixed with any worse motive; and when he appeared at Charles II.'s court, to make his excuses, the king, with that good-nature which—though it was far from covering the multitude of his sins—gave a grace to much that he did and to everything he said, bade him go home and take care of his fourteen children."—SOUTHEY, *Letter to John Murray, Esq.*, '*touching*' Lord Nugent, p. 31.]

prudent indifferent men were highly distasted at this; that the royalists rejoiced; that divers fierce men, pastors of churches and their congregations, were pleased," as were the army in general, officers as well as soldiers; and he illustrates the principles upon which some of the officers were pleased with the change, by what one of them said to a member of the ejected Parliament, whose son was a captain, "that this business was nothing but to pull down the father and set up the son, and no more but for the father to wear worsted, and the son silk stockings,"—so sottish, says Whitelock, were they in the apprehensions of their own risings!* —but he has not thought proper to observe, how much more sottish and less excusable were those persons who had set them the example of pulling down authority. Some of the severest republicans in the army served Cromwell in this his first act of explicit despotism. Ludlow, who was in Ireland, had some distrust; yet, he says that he and they who were with them thought themselves obliged, by the rules of charity, to hope the best, and, therefore, continued to act in their places and stations as before. They had never exercised that rule of charity towards Charles I.

The Lord General, such was his title now, called a meeting of officers to deliberate concerning what should next be done. Lambert was for entrusting the supreme power to a few persons, not more than ten or twelve. Harrison would have preferred seventy, being the number of which the Jewish Sanhedrim consisted. The deliberation ended in summoning† to a parliament a hundred and twenty-eight persons chosen by the Council of Officers, from the three kingdoms. The members thus curiously chosen, and notorious by the name of Praise-God Barebones' Parliament, met accordingly [4 July, 1653], and were harangued by Cromwell, who acknowledged the goodness of the Lord, in that he then saw the day wherein the Saints began their rule in the earth! They began their business in a saintly manner, by "a day of humiliation in which God did so draw forth the hearts of the members both in speaking and prayer, that they did not find any necessity to call for the help of any minister." They were, indeed, for dispensing with ministers as well as kings, looking upon the

[* Whitelock, *p. 555, ed.* 1732.]
[† *8th June, 1653.* See a summons in Whitelock, p. 557.]

function as Anti-Christian, and upon tithes as absolute Judaism; and the better to insure the abolition of that odious order, they proposed to sell all the college lands, and apply the money in aid of taxes. It had been intended that they should sit fifteen months, and that, three months before their dissolution, they should make choice of others to succeed them for a year, the three kingdoms being then to be governed by Annual Parliaments, each electing its successor. Five months, however, convinced Cromwell that the only use to be made of them was, to make them surrender their power into his hand, acknowledge their own insufficiency, (which they might do with perfect truth,) and beseech him to take care of the commonwealth. The Council of Officers were now again in possession of the supreme power; and they declared that the government of the Commonwealth should reside in the single person of Oliver Cromwell, with the title of Lord Protector, and a council of one-and-twenty to assist him.*

Constitutions were made in that age as easily as in this, and the articles were not more durable then than they are now, though wiser heads were employed in making them. The name, however, which Oliver chose for his piece of parchment was the Instrument of Government.† It was there ordained, that the Protector should call a parliament once in every three years, and not dissolve it till it had sat five months; that the bills which were presented to him, if he did not confirm them within twenty days, should become laws without his confirmation; and his select council should not be more in number than twenty-one, nor less than thirteen; that with their consent, he might make laws which should be binding during the intervals of parliament; that he should have power to make peace and war; that immediately after his death, the council should choose another Protector, and that no Protector after him should be general of the army. The first use which he made of his power was to make peace with the Dutch and with Portugal, in both cases upon terms honourable and advantageous to England; nor could any measures have been more popular than these, which delivered the

[* He was installed Lord Protector 16th December, 1653, and proclaimed the 19th. The Barebones' Parliament ended 12th December, 1653.]

[† See it at length in Whitelock, pp. 571—577, ed. 1732.]

nation in the first instance from an expensive and bloody contest, and in the other, restored to it its most productive foreign trade. France and Spain were emulously courting the friendship of the fortunate usurper: Ireland and Scotland thoroughly subdued, their governments united with that of England, by the right of conquest, and both countries undergoing that process of civilization which Cromwell, like the Romans, carried on by the sword. When Charles I. was treating with the Scotch, before he put himself into their hands, he said in a letter to the French agent, whom they authorized to promise him protection, "Let them never flatter themselves so with their good successes; without pretending to prophecy, I will foretell their ruin, except they agree with me, however it shall please God to dispose of me." They had reason to remember this when they were under Cromwell's government. His orders to Monk, whom he left to complete the subjugation of the country, were, that if he found a stubborn resistance at any place, he should give no quarter, and allow free plunder; orders which Monk observed with the utmost rigour, and "made himself as terrible as man could be."* "He subdued them," says Clarendon, "to all imaginable tameness, though he had exercised no other power over them than was necessary to reduce that people to an entire submission to that tyrannical yoke. In all his other carriage towards them, but what was in order to that end, he was friendly and companionable enough; and as he was feared by the nobility and hated by the clergy, so he was not unloved by the common people, who received more justice and less oppression from him, than they had been accustomed to under their own lords." A more thorough conquest was never effected: everything was changed, the whole frame of government new-modelled, the Kirk subjected to the sole order and direction of the Commander-in-Chief; the nobles stripped of their power; the very priests tamed and muzzled,—and all this was submitted to obediently!—in reality, it had brought with it so much real benefit to a barbarous people, that at the Restoration, Lord Clarendon admits "it might well be a question, whether the generality of the nation was not better contented with it than to return into the old road of subjection."

[* *Clar. Hist.*, vi. 494, ed. 1826.]

A more rigorous system had been pursued in Ireland, a system severer than even the mode of Roman civilization. The utter extirpation of the Irish had been intended! but this was found "to be in itself very difficult, and to carry in it somewhat of horror, that made some impression upon the stone-hardness of their own hearts." The Act of Grace (so it was called!) for which this purpose was commuted, was the most desperate remedy that ever was applied to a desperate disease. All the Irish who had survived the ravages of fire, sword, famine, and pestilence, and who had not transported themselves, were compelled, by a certain day, to retire within a certain part of the province of Connaught, the most barren of the island, and at that time almost desolate; after that time, if man, woman, or child, of that unhappy generation, were found beyond the limits, they were to be killed like wild beasts; the land within that circuit was to be divided among them, and the rest of the island was portioned out among the conquerors, who used the right of conquest with greater severity than Romans, Saxons, or Normans had exercised in Britain. It is worthy of remark, that not a voice was heard against this tremendous act of oppression, such horror had the Irish massacre excited, and so irreclaimable, in the judgment of all men, was the nature of the inhabitants: even when new settlers established themselves there, "through what virtues of the soil," says Harrington, "or vice of the air soever it be, they came still to degenerate:" and of the descendants of English colonists there, it was said in Elizabeth's time, that they were *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores.* So little were their rights, or even their existence, taken into the account, that Harrington thought the best thing the Commonwealth could do with Ireland was to farm it to the Jews for ever, for the pay of an army to protect them during the first seven years, and two millions a year from that time forward!—What was to be done with the Irish, whether they were to be made hewers of wood and drawers of water, or to become Jews by compulsion, he has not explained. For the sufferings of the Irish, however, Cromwell is not responsible; and under the order which he established, if it had continued for another generation, the island would have been in a better state than any which its authentic history has yet recorded: for there, as in Scotland, a more equitable ad-

ministration was introduced than that which had been destroyed.

While the Protector was feared and respected by foreign powers, and obeyed submissively, if not willingly, in Ireland and the sister kingdom, his state at home was full of uneasiness and danger. Though orders were given, when he summoned his first parliament, that no persons should be chosen who had borne arms on the King's part, nor the sons of any such, and though care was taken to return such members as were believed to be the best affected to his government, yet in the first debate his authority was questioned; and one member declared that, "for his own part, as God had made him instrumental in cutting down tyranny in one person, so now he could not endure to see the nation's liberties shackled by another, whose right to the government could not be measured otherwise than by the length of his sword, which alone had emboldened him to command his commanders." He attempted to curb this spirit, by excluding all who would not subscribe an engagement to be true and faithful to the Lord Protector; yet they who took the engagement were found so impracticable for his purposes, that, taking advantage of the letter of his Instrument, he dissolved them at the end of five *lunar* months.

Cromwell was now paying the bitter price of successful ambition. His good sense and his good nature would have led him to govern equitably and mercifully, to promote literature, to cherish the arts, and to pour wine and oil into the wounds of the nation. But as, in the language of the schools, *uno absurdo dato, sequuntur millia*, so in politics and in morals, are error and guilt fearfully prolific: the disease of the root taints the remotest branches. Having attained to power by sinister means, Cromwell, in spite of himself, was compelled to govern tyrannically; he was equally in danger from the royalists, the greater though inactive part of the nation, among whom indignant spirits were continually at work, and from the levellers, by whose instrumentality he had raised himself to his insecure and miserable elevation. He could not rely even upon the officers of that army by which alone he was supported; and he had so little confidence in the soldiers, that he once intended to bring over a Swiss regiment as a guard for his own person, and had sent an agent

to take measures for raising it; but having perceived how unpopular such a manifestation of his fears would be, and how dangerous, he was deterred from his purpose. His best security was in the irreconcileable difference between the royalists and the fanatics, the latter willingly aiding him to oppress the former, of whom he stood most in fear. It was confidently affirmed, that the proposal for massacring the whole royal party was more than once brought forward in his Council of Officers, as the only expedient to secure the Government; but Cromwell, who was neither devil enough to commit the crime, nor fool enough to destroy the balance by which he was preserved, never would consent. The royalists, in other respects, had little reason to praise his moderation. After all the plunder and exactions which they had suffered, and the *compositions* which they had paid for their own estates, Cromwell now, by his own authority and that of his council, issued an order for decimating their estates, that is, that they should pay a tenth, not of the income, but of the value of the property; and a declaration accompanied this order, that, because of their inherent malignity, they must not wonder if they were looked upon as a common enemy; and that they "must not expect to be prosecuted like other men, by the ordinary forms of justice, and to have the crimes proved by witnesses, before they should be concluded to be guilty." If the loyal part of the people had at first lent the King the fifth part of what, after infinite losses, they were compelled to sacrifice to his enemies at last, Lord Clarendon says, that Charles would have been enabled to preserve them and himself. "The Lord deliver us," says Laud, "from covetous and fearful men! The covetous will betray us for money, the fearful for security." He did not live to see how the persons, who acted under the influence of these base passions, brought upon themselves worse evils than could have befallen them in the manly discharge of their duties.

The better to exact this forced payment, and with a view, also, towards embodying a sort of national army, which might be employed in case of need to balance or repress the troops, whose fidelity he distrusted, he divided England into twelve cantons, each of which was placed under the absolute power of a major-general. These Bashaws, as Ludlow calls them, were to levy

all imposts, sequester those who did not pay the decimation, and commit to prison any persons whom they suspected; and there was no appeal from any of their acts, but to the Protector. In each canton he raised a body of horse and foot, who were only to be called out in cases of necessity, and then to serve a certain number of days at their own charge; if they served longer, they were to receive the same pay as the army, but they were to be under the major-general of their respective canton. A certain salary was allowed them, that of a horseman being eight pounds a year. But the advantage which he might have derived from this kind of yeomanry force (that of all other which may most reasonably be depended upon for the preservation of order), brought with it a new danger from the power of the majors-general; and Cromwell removed these Bashaws in time, without difficulty, because they had made themselves odious to the nation.

He called his next parliament* with more confidence, because the war in which he had engaged against Spain had made him master of Jamaica, and two treasure-ships, with a frightful destruction of the Spaniards, had been taken. The treasure was brought in waggons from Portsmouth to London, and paraded through the city to the Tower. Most of the members took the test which he required; they passed an act binding all men to renounce Charles Stuart and his family; they declared it high treason to attempt the life of the Protector, and granted him larger supplies than had ever before been raised, one of the imposts being a full year's rent upon all houses which had been erected in and about London, from before the beginning of the troubles. Finally, they offered him the title of king, which was the great object of his ambition. The republicans, from whom he expected most danger, had been carefully excluded by management in the elections, or by the test. Vane and Harrison were in confinement, for Cromwell feared the craft of the former, and the enthusiasm of the latter, which placed him above all means of corruption or intimidation. Yet there was more opposition than he had anticipated; and one member applied to him in the House, the words of the prophet to Ahab, "Hast thou killed and also taken possession?" Lambert, who had hitherto

[* *3rd September, 1654*, dissolved 31st January, 1654-5.]

forwarded all the views of Oliver, because he expected to be the next Protector himself, being the second man in the army, declared against a proposal which would have been fatal to his ambition: and there were members bold enough to say, that if they must submit to the old government, they would much rather choose to obey the true and lawful heir of a long line of kings, than one who was but at best their equal, and had raised himself by the trust which they had reposed in him. Upon such opposition Cromwell would have trampled, if he had found support in his own family and nearest connexions. But his sons were without ambition. Richard, the eldest, indeed was believed to be at heart a royalist; Desborough, who had married his sister, and Fleetwood, who was his son-in-law (having married Ireton's widow), with a stupid obstinacy objected to his assuming the name of king, though they had no objection to his exercising a more absolute authority than any King of England had ever possessed. Colonel Pride, who had purged the parliament to make him what he was, procured a petition from the majority of the officers then about London, against his taking the title; and information, to which he gave full credit, was conveyed to him, that a number of men had bound themselves by oath to kill him, within so many hours after he should accept it. Under these disheartening circumstances, after a long and painful struggle with himself, and some curious discussions with the deputation of members, who were sent to urge his acceptance, he concluded by refusing it upon the plea of conscience.*

In thus yielding to men of weaker minds than his own, Cromwell committed the same error which had been fatal to Charles. The boldest course would have been the safest; the wisest friends of the royal family were of opinion, that if he had made himself king *de facto*, and restored all things in other respects to the former order, no other measure would have been so injurious to the royal cause. Everything except the name was given him; the power of appointing his successor in the protectorship was now conferred upon him by parliament, and the ceremony of investiture was performed for the second time, and with a pomp

[* 8th May, 1657. On the 16th December, 1653, he was installed Lord Protector, and on the 26th June, 1657, inaugurated Lord Protector. (*Whitelock*, p. 571 and p. 662, ed. 1732.]

which no coronation had exceeded. The Speaker presented him with a robe of purple velvet, a mixed colour, to show the mixture of justice and mercy, which he was to observe in his administration; the Bible, "the book of books, in which the orator told him he had the happiness to be well versed, and which contained both precepts and examples for good government;" a sceptre, not unlike a staff, for he was to be a staff to the weak and poor; and lastly, a sword, not to defend himself alone, but his people also: "If," said the Speaker, "I might presume to fix a motto upon this sword, as the valiant Lord Talbot had upon his, it should be this: *Ego sum Domini Protectoris, ad protegendum populum meum*, I am the Lord Protector's, to protect my people."

So great was the reputation which Cromwell obtained abroad by his prodigious elevation, the lofty tone of his government, and the vigour of his arms, that an Asiatic Jew is said to have come to England for the purpose of investigating his pedigree, thinking to discover in him the Lion of the tribe of Judah! Some of his own most faithful adherents regarded him with little less veneration. Their warm attachment, and the more doubtful devotion of a set of enthusiastic preachers, drugged the atmosphere in which he breathed; and yet, while his bodily health continued, the natural strength of his understanding prevailed over this deleterious influence, and he saw things calmly, clearly, and sorrowfully as they were. Shakspeare himself has not imagined a more dramatic situation than that in which Cromwell stood. He had attained to the possession of sovereign power, by means little less guilty than Macbeth, but the process had neither hardened his heart, nor made him desperate in guilt. His mind had expanded with his fortune. As he advanced in his career, he gradually discovered how mistaken he had been in the principles upon which he had set out; and, after having effected the overthrow of the church, the nobles, and the throne, he became convinced, by what experience (the surest of all teachers) had shown him, that episcopacy, nobility, and monarchy were institutions good in themselves, and necessary for this nation in which they had so long been established. Fain would he have repaired the evil which he had done; fain would he have restored the monarchy, created a House of Peers, and re-established the Episcopal church. But he was thwarted and overruled by the

very instruments which he had hitherto used; men whom he had formerly possessed with his own passionate errors, and whom he was not able to dispossess: persons incapable of deriving wisdom from experience, and so short-sighted as not to see that their own lives and fortunes depended upon the establishment of his power by the only means which could render it stable and secure. Standing in fear of them, he dared not take the crown himself; and he could not confer it upon the rightful heir:—by the murder of Charles, he had incapacitated himself from making that reparation which would otherwise have been in his power. His wife, who was not elated with prosperity, advised him to make terms with the exiled king, and restore him to the throne; his melancholy answer was, "Charles Stuart can never forgive me his father's death; and if he could, he is unworthy of the crown." He answered to the same effect, when the same thing was twice proposed to him, with the condition that Charles should marry one of his daughters. What would not Cromwell have given, whether he looked to this world or the next, if his hands had been clear of the king's blood!

Such was the state of Cromwell's mind during the latter years of his life, when he was lord of these three kingdoms, and indisputably the most powerful potentate in Europe, and as certainly the greatest man of an age in which the race of great men was not extinct in any country. No man was so worthy of the station which he filled, had it not been for the means by which he reached it. He would have governed constitutionally, mildly, mercifully, liberally, if he could have followed the impulses of his own heart, and the wishes of his better mind; self-preservation compelled him to a severe and suspicious system: he was reduced at last to govern without a Parliament, because, pack them and purge them as he might, all that he summoned proved unmanageable; and because he was an usurper, he became of necessity a despot. The very saints, in whose eyes he had been so precious, now called him an "ugly tyrant," and engaged against him in more desperate plots than were formed by the royalists. He lived in perpetual danger and in perpetual fear. When he went abroad he was surrounded by his guards. It was never known which way he was going till he was in the coach; he seldom returned by the same

way he went; he wore armour under his clothes, and hardly ever slept two nights successively in one chamber. The latter days of Charles, while he looked on to the scaffold, and endured the insolence of Bradshaw and the inhuman aspersions of Cook, were enviable when compared to the close of Cromwell's life. Charles had that peace within which passeth all understanding; the one great sin which he had committed in sacrificing Strafford had been to him a perpetual cause of sorrow and shame and repentance; he received his own death as a just punishment for that sin under the dispensations of a righteous and unerring Providence; and feeling that it had been expiated, when he bowed his head upon the block, it was in full reliance upon the justice of posterity, and with a sure and certain trust in the mercy of his God. Cromwell had doubts of both. Ludlow tells us, that at his death "he seemed, above all, concerned for the reproaches, he said, men would cast upon his name, in trampling on his ashes when dead!" And the last sane feeling of religion which he expressed implied a like misgiving, concerning his condition in the world on which he was about to enter—it was a question to one of his fanatical preachers,* "if the doctrine were true, that the elect could never finally fall?" Upon receiving a reply, that nothing could be more certain, "Then am I safe," he said, "for I am sure that *once* I was in a state of grace." The spiritual drams which were then administered to him in strong doses, acted powerfully upon a mind debilitated by long disease, and disposed by the nature of that disease to delirium. He assured his physicians, as the presumptuous fanatics by whom he was surrounded assured him, that he should not die, whatever they might think from the symptoms of his disorder, for God was far above nature, and God had promised his recovery. Thanks were publicly given for the undoubted pledges of his recovery, which God had vouchsafed! and some of his last words were those of a mediator rather than a sinner, praying for the people, as if his own merits entitled him to be an intercessor. Even his death did not dissipate the delusion. When that news was brought to those who were met together to pray for him, "Mr. Sterry stood up and desired them not to be troubled: for," said he, "this is good news! because, if he was of great use to

[* John Goodwin.]

the people of God when he was amongst us, now he will be much more so, being ascended to Heaven to sit at the right hand of Jesus Christ, there to intercede for us, and to be mindful of us on all occasions!"*

The life of this most fortunate and least flagitious of usurpers might hold out a salutary lesson for men possessed with a like ambition, if such men were capable of learning good as well as evil lessons from the experience of others. He gained three kingdoms; the price which he paid for them was innocence and peace of mind. He left an imperishable name, so stained with reproach, that notwithstanding the redeeming virtues which adorned him, it were better for him to be forgotten than to be so remembered. And in the world to come,——but it is not for us to anticipate the judgments, still less to limit the mercy, of the All-merciful.

Let us repeat, that there is no portion of history in which it so much behoves an Englishman to be thoroughly versed as in that of Cromwell's age. There it may be seen to what desperate lengths men of good hearts and laudable intentions may be drawn by faction. There may be seen the rise, and the progress, and the consequences of rebellion. There are to be found the highest examples of true patriotism, sound principles, and heroic virtue, with some alloy of haughtiness in Strafford, of human infirmities in Laud, pure and unsullied in Falkland, and Capel, and Newcastle, and in Clarendon, the wisest and the best of English statesmen, the most authentic, the most candid, the most instructive of English historians. From the history of that age, and more especially from that excellent writer, the young and ingenuous may derive and confirm a just, and generous, and ennobling love for the institutions of their country, founded upon the best feelings and surest principles; and the good and the thoughtful of all ages will feel in the perusal, with what reason that petition is inserted in the Litany, wherein we pray

[* Cromwell died in a whirlwind on the 3rd September, 1658. On the 23rd November he was buried in Henry VII.'s chapel with more than regal solemnity. At the Restoration his body was taken up and hung at Tyburn. Forty years afterwards Dryden alludes to the storm in which the Protector *died,* in a letter to his cousin, Mrs. Steward. Many of the large trees in *St. James's* Park were torn up by the roots.

He was taken ill at Hampton Court, and died at Whitehall.]

the Lord to deliver us "from all sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion: from all false doctrine, heresy, and schism: from hardness of heart and contempt of his word and commandments,"—sins which draw after them, in certain and inevitable consequence, the heaviest of all chastisements upon a guilty nation.*

[* After the murder of the king change followed change, but no change brought stability to the state, or repose to the nation, not even when the supreme and absolute authority was usurped by a man who of all others was the most worthy to have exercised it, had it lawfully devolved upon him. Cromwell relieved the country from Presbyterian intolerance; and he curbed those fanatics who were for proclaiming King Jesus, that, as his saints, they might divide the land amongst themselves. But it required all his strength to do this, and to keep down the spirit of political and religious fanaticism, when his own mind by its own strength had shaken off both diseases. He then saw and understood the beauty, and the utility, and the necessity of those establishments, civil and ecclesiastical, over the ruins of which he had made his way to power; and gladly would he have restored the Monarchy and the Episcopal Church. But he was deterred from the only practicable course less by the danger of the attempt than by the guilty part which he had borne in the king's fate; and at the time when Europe regarded him with terror and admiration as the ablest and most powerful potentate of the age, he was paying the bitter penalty of successful ambition, consumed by cares and anxieties, and secret fears, and only preserved from all the horrors of remorse by the spiritual drams which were administered to him as long as he had life.—SOUTHEY, *Book of the Church*, ed. 1841, p. 509.]

THE END OF THE LIFE OF CROMWELL.

LIFE OF JOHN BUNYAN.

LIFE OF JOHN BUNYAN.

O thou, whom, borne on fancy's eager wing
Back to the season of life's happy spring,
I pleased remember, and while memory yet
Holds fast her office here, can ne'er forget;
Ingenious dreamer, in whose well-told tale
Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail;
Whose humorous vein, strong sense, and simple style,
May teach the gayest, make the gravest smile;
Witty, and well-employed, and, like thy Lord,
Speaking in parables his slighted word;
I name thee not, lest so despised a name
Should move a sneer at thy deserved fame;
Yet e'en in transitory life's late day,
That mingles all my brown with sober gray,
Revere the man, whose PILGRIM marks the road,
And guides the PROGRESS of the soul to God. COWPER.

IEN Cowper composed his Satires, he hid the name of ıitefield "beneath well-sounding Greek;"* and abstained from ıtioning Bunyan while he panegyrized him, "lest so despised ıme should move a sneer." In Bunyan's case this could hardly e been needful forty years ago; for though a just apprecia- ı of our elder and better writers was at that time far less eral than it appears to be at present, the author of the Pil- n's Progress was even then in high repute. His fame may rally be said to have risen; beginning among the people, it made its way up to those who are called the public. In most ances, the many receive gradually and slowly the opinions of few, respecting literary merit; and sometimes, in assentation uch authority, profess with their lips an admiration of they w not what, they know not why. But here the opinion of multitude had been ratified by the judicious. The people w what they admired. It is a book which makes its way ɔugh the fancy to the understanding and the heart: the child ıses it with wonder and delight; in youth we discover the

[* Leuconomus (beneath well-sounding Greek
I slur a name a poet must not speak). COWPER, 'Hope.']

genius which it displays; its worth is apprehended as we advance in years; and we perceive its merits feelingly in declining age.

John Bunyan has faithfully recorded his own spiritual history.* Had he dreamed of being "for ever known," and taking his place among those who may be called the immortals of the earth, he would probably have introduced more details of his temporal circumstances and the events of his life. But glorious dreamer as he was, this never entered into his imaginations: less concerning him than might have been expected has been preserved by those of his own sect, and it is now not likely that any thing more should be recovered from oblivion. The village of Elstow,

[Elstow Church and Belfry.]

which is within a mile of Bedford, was his birth-place, 1628 the year of his birth; and his descent, to use his own words, "of a low, inconsiderable generation; my father's house," he says, "being of that rank that is meanest and most despised of all the families in the land." It is stated, in a history of Bedfordshire, that he was bred to the business of a brazier, and worked as a journeyman in Bedford: but the Braziers' Company would not

[* 'Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners,' printed in his Works, 2 vols. fol. 1736, and 2 vols. fol. 1767.]

deem itself more honoured now if it could show the name of John Bunyan upon its rolls, than it would have felt disparaged then by any such fellowship; for he was, as his own statement implies, of a generation of Tinkers, born and bred to that calling as his father had been before him. Wherefore this should have been so mean and despised a calling is not however apparent, when it was not followed as a vagabond employment;* but, as in this case, exercised by one who had a settled habitation, and who, mean as his condition was, was nevertheless able to put his son to school in an age when very few of the poor were taught to read and write. The boy learnt both, "according to the rate of other poor men's children," but soon lost what little he had been taught, "even," he says, "almost utterly."

Some pains, also, it may be presumed, his parents took in impressing him with a sense of his religious duties; otherwise, when in his boyhood he became a proficient in cursing and swearing above his fellows, he would not have been visited by such dreams and such compunctious feelings as he has described. "Often," he says, "after I had spent this and the other day in sin, I have in my bed been greatly afflicted, while asleep, with the apprehensions of Devils and wicked Spirits, who still, as I then thought, laboured to draw me away with them." His waking reflections were not less terrible than these fearful visions of the night: and these, he says, "when I was but a child, but nine or ten years old, did so distress my soul, that then in the midst of my many sports and childish vanities, amidst my vain companions, I was often much cast down, and afflicted in my mind therewith: yet could I not let go my sins. Yea, I was also then so overcome with despair of life and Heaven, that I

[* Workers in brass, or, in common parlance, *tinkers*, whose profession bore to that of a brazier the same relation which the cobbler's does to the shoemaker's. It was not followed, however, by Bunyan's father as an itinerant calling, which leads Mr. Southey to wonder why it should have come to be esteemed so mean. We believe the reason to be that the tinkers' craft is, in Great Britain, commonly practised by gypsies; and we surmise the probability that Bunyan's own family, though reclaimed and settled, might have sprung from this caste of vagabonds: that they were not, at all events, originally English, would seem the most natural explanation of young John's asking his father, whether he was not of Jewish extraction? (expecting thereby to found on the promises made in the Old Testament to the seed of Abraham.)—SIR WALTER SCOTT, *Quart. Rev.*, vol. xliii. p. 470. (Southey's *Life of Bunyan.*)]

should often wish, either that there had been no Hell, or that I had been a devil, supposing they were only tormentors; that if it must needs be that I went thither, I might be rather a tormentor than be tormented myself."

These feelings, when he approached towards manhood, recurred, as might be expected, less frequently and with less force; but though he represents himself as having been what he calls a town-sinner, he was never so given over to a reprobate mind as to be wholly free from them. For though he became so far hardened in profligacy, that he could "take pleasure in the vileness of his companions," yet the sense of right and wrong was not extinguished in him, and it shocked him if at any time he saw those who pretended to be religious act in a manner unworthy of their profession. Some providential escapes, during this part of his life, he looked back upon afterwards as so many judgments mixed with mercy. Once he fell into a creek of the sea, once out of a boat into the river Ouse near Bedford, and each time was narrowly saved from drowning. One day an adder crossed his path; he stunned it with a stick, then forced open its mouth with a stick, and plucked out the tongue, which he supposed to be the sting, with his fingers; "by which act," he says, "had not God been merciful unto me, I might by my desperateness have brought myself to my end." If this indeed were an adder, and not a harmless snake, his escape from the fangs was more remarkable than he was himself aware of. A circumstance which was likely to impress him more deeply occurred in the eighteenth year of his age, when, being a soldier in the Parliament's army, he was drawn out to go to the siege of Leicester:* one of the same company wished to go in his stead; Bunyan consented to exchange with him; and this volunteer substitute, standing sentinel one day at the siege, was shot through the head with a musket ball.

Some serious thoughts this would have awakened in a harder heart than Bunyan's; but his heart never was hardened. The self-accusations of such a man are to be received with some distrust, not of his sincerity, but of his sober judgment. It should seem that he ran headlong into the boisterous vices which prove

[* Leicester was surrendered to Fairfax on the 17th of June, 1645. *Whitelock*, ed. 1732, p. 152.]

fatal to so many of the ignorant and the brutal, for want of that necessary and wholesome restrictive discipline which it is the duty of a government to provide; but he was not led into those habitual sins which infix a deeper stain. "Had not a miracle of precious grace prevented, I had laid myself open," he says, "even to the stroke of those laws which bring some to disgrace and open shame before the face of the world." That grace he had;—he was no drunkard, for if he had been, he would loudly have proclaimed it: and on another point we have his own solemn declaration, in one of the most characteristic passages in his whole works, where he replies to those who slandered him as leading a licentious life with women. "I call on them," he says, "when they have used to the utmost of their endeavours, and made the fullest inquiry that they can, to prove against me truly, that there is any woman in Heaven or Earth or Hell, that can say I have at any time, in any place, by day or night, so much as attempted to be naught with them. And speak I thus to beg mine enemies into a good esteem of me? No, not I! I will in this beg belief of no man. Believe or disbelieve me in this, 't is all a-case to me. My foes have missed their mark in this their shooting at me. I am not the man. I wish that they themselves be guiltless. If all the fornicators and adulterers in England were hanged up by the neck till they be dead, John Bunyan, the object of their envy, would be still alive and well. I know not whether there be such a thing as a woman breathing under the copes of Heaven, but by their apparel, their children, or by common fame, except my wife." And, "for a wind up in this matter," calling again not only upon men, but angels, to prove him guilty if he be, and upon God for a record upon his soul that in these things he was innocent, he says, "Not that I have been thus kept because of any goodness in me more than any other, but God has been merciful to me, and has kept me."

Bunyan married presently after his substitute had been killed at the siege of Leicester, probably therefore before he was nineteen.* This he might have counted among his mercies, as he has counted it that he was led "to light upon a wife" whose father, as she often told him, was a godly man, who had been

[* Her maiden name is unknown. She was dead before the period of Bunyan's *long imprisonment.*]

used to reprove vice both in his own house and among his neighbours, and had lived a strict and holy life both in word and deed. There was no imprudence in this early marriage, though they "came together as poor as poor might be, not having so much household stuff as a dish or spoon betwixt them both;" for Bunyan had a trade to which he could trust, and the young woman had been trained up in the way she should go. She brought him for her portion two books which her father had left her at his death: "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven" was one: the other was Bayly, Bishop of Bangor's "Practice of Piety," which has been translated into Welsh (the author's native tongue), into Hungarian, and into Polish, and of which more than fifty editions were published in the course of a hundred years. These books he sometimes read with her; and though they did not, he says, reach his heart to awaken it, yet they did beget within him some desires to reform his vicious life, and made him fall in eagerly with the religion of the times, go to church twice a-day with the foremost, and there very devoutly say and sing as others did;—yet, according to his own account, retaining his wicked life.

At this time Bunyan describes himself as having a most superstitious veneration for "the high place, Priest, Clerk, vestment, service, and what else belonging to the Church," counting the Priest and Clerk most happy and without doubt blessed, because they were, as he then thought, the servants of God; yea, he could "have laid down at the feet of a Priest, and have been trampled upon by them, their name, their garb and work, did so intoxicate and bewitch" him. The service, it must be remembered, of which he speaks, was not the Liturgy of the Church of England (which might not then be used even in any private family without subjecting them to the penalty of five pounds for the first offence, ten for the second, and a year's imprisonment for the third), but what the meagre Directory of the victorious Puritans had substituted for it, in which only the order of the service was prescribed, and all else left to the discretion of the minister. The first doubt which he felt in this stage of his progress, concerning his own prospect of salvation, was of a curious kind: hearing the Israelites called the peculiar people of God, it occurred to him that if he were one of that race, his soul must needs be safe; having a great longing to be resolved about

this question, he asked his father at last, and the old tinker assuring him that he was not, put an end to his hopes on that score.

One day the minister preached against Sabbath-breaking; and Bunyan, who used especially to follow his sports on Sundays, fell in conscience under that sermon, verily believing it was intended for him, and feeling what guilt was, which he could not remember that he had ever felt before. Home he went with a great burden upon his spirit; but dinner removed that burden; his animal spirits recovered from their depression; he shook the sermon out of his mind, and away he went with great delight to his old sports. The Puritans, notwithstanding the outcry which they had raised against what is called the Book of Sports, found it necessary to tolerate such recreations on the Sabbath; but it is more remarkable to find a married man engaged in games which are now only practised by boys. Dinner had for a time prevailed over that morning's sermon; but it was only for a time; the dinner sat easy upon him, the sermon did not; and in the midst of a game of *cat*, as he was about to strike the *cat* from the hole, it seemed to him as if a voice from Heaven suddenly darted into his soul and said, Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to Heaven? or have thy sins, and go to Hell? "At this," he continues, "I was put to an exceeding maze; wherefore, leaving my *cat* upon the ground, I looked up to Heaven, and was as if I had with the eyes of my understanding seen the Lord Jesus looking down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me, and as if he did severely threaten me with some grievous punishment for these and other ungodly practices."

The voice he believed was from Heaven; and it may be inferred from his relation, that though he was sensible the vision was only seen with the mind's eye, he deemed it not the less real. The effect was to fasten upon his spirit a sudden and dreadful conclusion that it was too late for him to turn away from his wickedness, for Christ would not forgive him: he felt his heart sink in despair, and this insane reasoning passed in his mind: "My state is surely miserable; miserable if I leave my sins, and but miserable if I follow them. I can but be damned; and if I must be so, I had as good be damned for many sins as be damned for few." *Thus, he says,* "*I* stood in the midst of my play, before

all that were present, but yet I told them nothing; but having made this conclusion, I returned desperately to my sport again. And I well remember, that presently this kind of despair did so possess my soul, that I was persuaded I could never attain to other comfort than what I should get in sin; for Heaven was gone already, so that on that I must not think. Wherefore I found within me great desire to take my fill of sin, still studying what sin was yet to be committed, that I might taste the sweetness of it,—lest I should die before I had my desires. In these things I protest before God I lie not; neither do I frame this sort of speech: these were really, strongly, and with all my heart, my desires. The good Lord, whose mercy is unsearchable, forgive me my transgressions!"

When thus faithfully describing the state of his feelings at that time, Bunyan was not conscious that he exaggerated the character of his offences. Yet in another part of his writings he qualifies those offences more truly, where he speaks of himself as having been addicted to "all manner of youthful vanities:" and this relation itself is accompanied with a remark, that it is a usual temptation of the Devil "to overrun the spirits with a scurvy and seared frame of heart and benumbing of conscience;" so that though there be not much guilt attending the poor creatures who are thus tempted, "yet they continually have a secret conclusion within them, that there is no hope for them." This state lasted with him little more than a month; it then happened that as he stood at a neighbour's shop window, "cursing, and swearing, and playing the madman," after his wonted manner, the woman of the house heard him; and though she was (he says) a very loose and ungodly wretch, she told him that he made her tremble to hear him; "that he was the ungodliest fellow for swearing that ever she heard in all her life; and that by thus doing he was able to spoil all the youth in the whole town, if they came but in his company." The reproof came with more effect than if it had come from a better person; it silenced him, and put him to secret shame, and that too, as he thought, "before the God of Heaven; wherefore," he says, "while I stood there, and hanging down my head, I wished with all my heart that I *might* be a little child again, that my father might learn me to *speak* without this wicked way of swearing; for, thought I, I

am so accustomed to it, that it is in vain for me to think of a reformation." From that hour, however, the reformation of this, the only actual sin to which he was addicted, began. Even to his own wonder it took place; and he who till then had not known how to speak, unless he put an oath before and another behind, to make his words have authority, discovered that he could speak better and more pleasantly without such expletives than he had ever done before.

Soon afterwards he fell in company with a poor man, who talked to him concerning religion and the Scriptures in a manner which took his attention, and sent him to his Bible. He began to take great pleasure in reading it, especially the historical parts; the Epistles he says he "could not away with, being as yet ignorant both of the corruption of our nature, and of the want and worth of Christ to save us." And this produced such a change in his whole deportment, that his neighbours took him to be a new man, and were amazed at his conversion from prodigious profaneness to a moral and religious life. They began to speak well of him, both to his face and behind his back, and he was well pleased at having obtained and, as he thought, deserved their good opinion. And yet, he says, "I was nothing but a poor painted hypocrite,—I did all I did either to be seen of, or to be well spoken of, by men.—I knew not Christ, nor Grace, nor Faith, nor Hope; and, as I have well seen since, had I then died, my state had been most fearful."

Bunyan had formerly taken great delight in bell-ringing; but now that his conscience "began to be tender," he thought it "a vain practice," in other words, a sin; yet he so hankered after this his old exercise, that though he durst not pull a rope himself, he would go and look at the ringers, not without a secret feeling that to do so was unbecoming the religious character which he now professed. A fear came upon him that one of the bells might fall: to secure himself against such an accident, he stood under a beam that lay athwart the steeple, from side to side; but his apprehensions being once awakened, he then considered that the bell might fall with a swing, hit the wall first, rebound, and so strike him in its descent. Upon this he retired to the steeple-door, thinking himself safe enough there; for if the bell *should fall, he could* slip out. Farther than the door

he did not venture, nor did he long continue to think himself secure there; for the next fancy which possessed him was that the steeple itself might fall; and this so possessed him and so shook his mind that he dared not stand at the door longer, but fled for fear the tower should come down upon him,—to such a state of nervous weakness had a diseased feeling brought his strong body and strong mind.—The last amusement from which he weaned himself was that of dancing; it was a full year before he could quite leave that: but in so doing, and in anything in which he thought he was performing his duty, he had such peace of mind, such satisfaction, that—"to relate it," he says, "in mine own way, I thought no man in England could please God better than I.—Poor wretch as I was, I was all this while ignorant of Jesus Christ, and going about to establish my own righteousness, and had perished therein, had not God in mercy showed me more of my state by nature."

Mr. Scott, in the Life of Bunyan prefixed to his edition of the Pilgrim's Progress, says it is not advisable to recapitulate those impressions which constitute a large part of his religious experience. But Bunyan's character would be imperfectly understood, and could not be justly appreciated, if this part of his history were kept out of sight. To respect him as he deserves, to admire him as he ought to be admired, it is necessary that we should be informed not only of the coarseness and brutality of his youth, but of the extreme ignorance out of which he worked his way, and the stage of burning enthusiasm through which he passed, a passage not less terrible than that of his own Pilgrim in the Valley of the Shadow of Death.* His ignorance, like the brutal manners from which he had now been reclaimed, was the consequence of his low station in life; but the enthusiasm which then succeeded, was brought on by the circumstances of an age in

[* We are much of the opinion thus forcibly expressed. The history of a man so distinguished by natural talents as Bunyan is connected with that of his age, nor can we so well conceive the dangers of fanaticism, as when we behold the struggles of so pure and so powerful a spirit involved in its toils. It may be easily supposed that of those around him there were many who fell into the same temptations, and struggled with them in vain; and that in not a few instances the doctrine which summoned all men to the exercise of the private judgment, as it was called, led the way to the wildest, most blasphemous, and most fatal excesses. Don Quixote's Balsam was not a more perilous medicine.—Sir Walter Scott, Quar. Rev. vol. xliii. p. 475.]

which hypocrisy was regnant, and fanaticism rampant throughout the land. "We intended not," says Baxter, "to dig down the banks, or pull up the hedge and lay all waste and common, when we desired the prelate's tyranny might cease." No; for the intention had been under the pretext of abating one tyranny, to establish a far severer and more galling in its stead: in doing this, the banks had been thrown down, and the hedge destroyed; and while the bestial herd who broke in rejoiced in the havock, Baxter and other such erring though good men stood marvelling at the mischief which never could have been effected if they had not mainly assisted in it. The wildest opinions of every kind were abroad, "divers and strange doctrines" with every wind of which, men having no longer an anchor whereby to hold were carried about and tossed to and fro. They passed with equal facility from strict puritanism to the utmost licence of practical and theoretical impiety, as antinomians or as atheists; and from extreme profligacy to extreme superstition in any of its forms. The poor man by whose conversation Bunyan was first led into "some love and liking of religion," and induced to read the Bible and delight in it, became a Ranter, wallowed in his sins as one who was secure in his privilege of election; and finally, having corrupted his heart, perverted his reason, and seared his conscience, laughed at his former professions, persuaded himself that there was neither a future state for man, nor a God to punish or to save him, and told Bunyan that he had gone through all religions, and in this persuasion had fallen upon the right at last!

Some of the Ranters' books were put into Bunyan's hands. Their effect was to perplex him: he read in them, and thought upon them, and betook himself properly and earnestly thus to prayer—"Lord, I am not able to know the truth from error: leave me not to my own blindness, either to approve of or condemn this doctrine. If it be of God, let me not despise it; if it be of the devil, let me not embrace it. Lord, I lay my soul in this matter only at thy feet; let me not be deceived, I humbly beseech thee!" And he was not deceived; for though he fell in with many persons who, from a strict profession of religion, had persuaded themselves that, having now attained to the *perfection of the Saints*, they were discharged from all obligations

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of morality, and nothing which it might please them to do would be accounted to them as sin, neither their evil arguments nor their worse example infected him. "Oh," he says, "these temptations were suitable to my flesh, I being but a young man, and my nature in its prime; but God, who had, as I hope, designed me for better things, kept me in the fear of his name, and did not suffer me to accept such cursed principles. And blessed be God who put it in my heart to cry to him to be kept and directed, still distrusting mine own wisdom."

These people could neither corrupt his conscience nor impose upon his understanding; he had no sympathies with them. But one day when he was tinkering in the streets of Bedford, he overheard three or four poor women, who as they sat at a door in the sunshine were conversing about their own spiritual state. He was himself "a brisk talker in the matter of religion," but these persons were in their discourse "far above his reach." Their talk was about a new birth,—how they were convinced of their miserable state by nature,—how God had visited their souls with his love in the Lord Jesus,—with what words and promises they had been refreshed and supported against the temptations of the devil,—how they had been afflicted under the assaults of the enemy, and how they had been borne up; and of their own wretchedness of heart, and of their unbelief, and the insufficiency of their own righteousness. "Methought," says Bunyan, "they spake as if you did make them speak. They spake with such pleasantness of Scripture language, and with such appearance of grace in all they said, that they were to me as if they had found a new world, as if they were 'people that dwelt alone, and were not to be reckoned among their neighbours.'" He felt his own heart shake as he heard them; and when he turned away and went about his employment again, their talk went with him, for he had heard enough to convince him that he "wanted the true tokens of a true godly man," and to convince him also of the blessed condition of him that was indeed one.

He made it his business therefore frequently to seek the conversation of these women. They were members of a small Baptist congregation, which a Kentish man, John Gifford by name, had formed at Bedford. Gifford's history is remarkable; he had been a major in the king's army, and continuing true to

the cause after the ruin of his party, engaged in the insurrection of his loyal countrymen, for which he and eleven others were condemned to the gallows. On the night before the intended execution, his sister came to visit him: she found the sentinels who kept the door asleep, and she urged him to take the opportunity of escaping, which he alone of the prisoners was able to attempt, for his companions had stupified themselves with drink. Gifford passed safely through the sleeping guard, got into the field, lay there some three days in a ditch till the great search for him was over, then by help of his friends was conveyed in disguise to London, and afterwards into Bedfordshire, where as long as the danger continued he was harboured by certain royalists of rank in that county. When concealment was no longer necessary, he came as a stranger to Bedford, and there practised physic; for in those days they who took upon themselves the cure of bodies seem to have entered upon their practice with as little scruple concerning their own qualifications for it as they who undertook the cure of souls: if there was but a sufficient stock of boldness to begin with, it sufficed for the one that they were needy, for the others that they were enthusiastic.

Gifford was at that time leading a profligate and reckless life, like many of his fellow-sufferers whose fortunes had been wrecked in the general calamity; he was a great drinker, a gambler, and oaths came from his lips with habitual profaneness. Some of his actions are indeed said to have evinced as much extravagance of mind as wickedness of heart; and he hated the Puritans so heartily for the misery which they had brought upon the nation, and upon himself in particular, that he often thought of killing a certain Anthony Harrington, for no other provocation than because he was a leading man among persons of that description in Bedford. For a heart and mind thus diseased there is but one cure; and that cure was vouchsafed at a moment when his bane seemed before him. He had lost one night about fifteen pounds in gambling; a large sum for one so circumstanced: the loss made him furious: and "many desperate thoughts against God" arose in him, when looking into one of the books of Robert Bolton, what he read in it startled him into a sense of his own condition. He continued some weeks under the *weight of that feeling*; and when it passed away, it left him

in so exalted and yet so happy a state of mind, that from that time till within a few days of his death, he declared that "he lost not the light of God's countenance,—no, not for an hour." And now he inquired after the meetings of the persons whom he had formerly most despised; and "being naturally bold, would thrust himself again and again into their company, both together and apart." They at first regarded him with jealousy; nor, when they were persuaded that he was sincere, did they readily encourage him in his desire to preach; nor after he had made himself acceptable as a preacher, both in private and public trials, were they forward to form themselves into a distinct congregation under his care; "the more ancient professors being used to live, as some other good men of those times, without regard to such separate and close communion." At length, eleven persons, of whom Anthony Harrington was one, came to that determination, and chose him for their pastor; the principle upon which they entered into this fellowship one with another, and afterwards admitted those who should desire to join them, being faith in Christ and holiness of life, without respect to any difference in outward or circumstantial things.

The poor women whose company Bunyan sought after he had listened to their talk, were members of Gifford's little flock. The first effect of his conversation with them was, that he began to look into the Bible with new eyes, and "indeed was never out of it," either by reading or meditation. He now took delight in St. Paul's Epistles, which before he "could not away with;" and the first strong impression which they made upon him was, that he wanted the gifts of wisdom and knowledge of which the Apostle speaks, and was doubtful whether he had faith or not; yet this was a doubt which he could not bear, being certain that if he were without faith, he must perish. Being "put to his plunge" about this, and not as yet consulting with any one, he conceived that the only means by which he could be certified was by trying to work a miracle; a delusion which he says the Tempter enforced and strengthened, by urging upon him those texts of Scripture that seemed to look that way. One day as he was between Elstow and Bedford, the temptation was hot upon *him* that he should put this to the proof, by saying "to the *puddles* that were in the horse-pads, Be dry; and to the dry

places, *Be ye puddles.* And truly one time I was going to say so, indeed; but just as I was about to speak, this thought came in my mind, 'But go under yonder hedge, and pray first that God would make you able.' But when I had concluded to pray, this came hot upon me, that if I prayed, and came again, and tried to do it, and yet did nothing notwithstanding, then to be sure I had no faith, but was a cast-away, and lost. Nay, thought I, if it be so I will not try yet, but will stay a little longer."

About this time the happiness of his poor acquaintance whom he believed to be in a sanctified state, was presented to him, he says, in a kind of vision,—that is, it became the subject of a reverie, a waking dream,—in which the germ of the Pilgrim's Progress may plainly be perceived: "I saw," he says, "as if they were on the sunny side of some high mountain, there refreshing themselves with the pleasant beams of the sun, while I was shivering and shrinking in the cold, afflicted with frost, snow, and dark clouds. Methought also, betwixt me and them, I saw a wall that did compass about this mountain: now through this wall my soul did greatly desire to pass; concluding, that if I could, I would even go into the very midst of them, and there also comfort myself with the heat of their sun. About this wall I thought myself to go again and again, still prying as I went, to see if I could find some way or passage by which I might enter therein; but none could I find for some time. At the last I saw as it were a narrow gap, like a little door-way, in the wall, through which I attempted to pass. Now the passage being very strait and narrow, I made many offers to get in, but all in vain, even until I was well nigh quite beat out by striving to get in. At last, with great striving, methought I at first did get in my head; and after that, by a sideling striving, my shoulders, and my whole body: then I was exceeding glad, went and sat down in the midst of them, and so was comforted with the light and heat of their sun. Now the Mountain and Wall, &c., was thus made out to me. The Mountain signified the Church of the Living God; the Sun that shone thereon, the comfortable shining of his merciful Face on them that were within: the Wall, I thought, was the Word, that did make separation between the Christians and the World; and the Gap which was in the Wall, I thought, was Jesus Christ, who is the Way to God

the Father. But forasmuch as the passage was wonderful narrow, even so narrow that I could not but with great difficulty enter in thereat, it showed me that none could enter into life but those that were in downright earnest; and unless also they left that wicked World behind them; for here was only room for Body and Soul, but not for Body and Soul and Sin."

But though he now prayed wherever he was, at home or abroad, in the house or in the field, two doubts still assaulted him—whether he was elected, and whether the day of grace was not gone by. By the force and power of the first he felt, even when he "was in a flame to find the way to Heaven," as if the strength of his body were taken from him; and he found a stumbling-block in this text,* "It is neither in him that willeth, nor in him that runneth, but in God that sheweth mercy." It seemed to him, that though he should desire and long and labour till his heart broke, no good could come of it, unless he were a chosen vessel of mercy. "Therefore," he says, "this would stick with me, 'How can you tell that you are elected? and what if you should not?'—O Lord, thought I, what if I should not, indeed! It may be you are not, said the Tempter. It may be so indeed, thought I. Why then, said Satan, you had as good leave off, and strive no further." And then the text that disturbed him came again into his mind; and he knowing not what to say nor how to answer, was "driven to his wits' end, little deeming," he says, "that Satan had thus assaulted him, but that it was his own prudence which had started the question." In an evil hour were the doctrines of the Gospel sophisticated with questions which should have been left in the schools for those who are unwise enough to employ themselves in excogitations of useless subtlety. Many are the poor creatures whom such questions have driven to despair, and madness, and suicide; and no one ever more narrowly escaped from such a catastrophe than Bunyan.

After many weeks, when he was even "giving up the ghost of all his hopes," another text suddenly occurred to him: "Look at the generations of old, and see; did ever any trust in the Lord, and was confounded?"† He went with a lightened heart to his *Bible*, fully expecting to find it there; but he found it not, . . .

* Rom. ix. 16. † Ecclesiasticus ii. 10.

and the "good people" whom he asked where it was, told him they knew of no such place. But in the Bible he was well assured it was; and the text which had "seized upon his heart with such comfort and strength," abode upon him for more than a year; when, looking into the Apocrypha, there* he met with it, and was at first, he says, somewhat daunted at finding it there, . . . not in the canonical books. "Yet," he says, "forasmuch as this sentence was the sum and substance of many of the promises, it was my duty to take the comfort of it; and I blessed God for that word, for it was of good to me." But then the other doubt which had lain dormant, awoke again in strength—"How if the day of grace be past? What if the good people of Bedford who were already converted, were all that were to be saved in those parts?" he then was too late, for they had got the blessing before he came. "Oh that I had turned sooner!" was then his cry; "Oh that I had turned seven years ago! To think that I should trifle away my time, till my soul and Heaven were lost!"

From these fears the recurrence of another passage in Scripture delivered him for a while, and he has remarked that it came into his mind just in the same place where he "received his other encouragement." The text was that in which the servant who had been sent into the streets and lanes to bring in the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind, to the supper from which the bidden guests absented themselves, returns and says to the master of the house,† "Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, *and yet there is room.*" "These," says Bunyan, "were sweet words to me: for truly I thought that by them I saw there was place enough in Heaven for me: and moreover, that when the Lord Jesus did speak these words, he then did think of me; and that he, knowing the time would come when I should be afflicted with fear that there was no place left for me in his bosom, did speak this word, and leave it upon record, that I might find help thereby against this vile temptation. This I then verily believed."

But then came another fear; None but those who are called can inherit the kingdom of heaven; . . and this he apprehended was not his case. With longings and breathings in his soul

* *Ecclesiasticus ii. 10.* † Luke xiv. 22.

which, he says, are not to be expressed, he cried on Christ to call him, being "all on a flame" to be in a converted state; .. "Gold! could it have been gotten for gold, what could I have given for it! Had I had a whole world, it had all gone ten thousand times over for this." Much as he had formerly respected and venerated the ministers of the Church, with higher admiration he now regarded those who, he thought, had attained to the condition for which he was longing. They were "lovely in his eyes; they shone, they walked, like a people that carried the broad seal of Heaven about them." When he read of those whom our Saviour called when he was upon earth to be his disciples, the wishes which his heart conceived were—"Would I had been Peter:.. would I had been John:.. or would I had been by and heard Him when He called them! How would I have cried, O Lord, call me also!" In this state of mind, but comforting himself with hoping that, if he were not already converted, the time might come when he should be so, he imparted his feelings to those poor women whose conversation had first brought him into these perplexities and struggles. They reported his case to Mr. Gifford, and Gifford took occasion to talk with him, and invited him to his house, where he might hear him confer with others "about the dealings of God with their souls."

This course was little likely to compose a mind so agitated. What he heard in such conferences rather induced fresh disquiet and misery of another kind. The inward wretchedness of his wicked heart, he says, began now to be discovered to him, and to work as it had never done before: he was now conscious of sinful thoughts and desires which he had not till then regarded; and in persuading him that his heart was innately and wholly wicked, his spiritual physician had well nigh made him believe that it was hopelessly and incurably so. In vain did those to whom he applied for consolation tell him of the promises; they might as well have told him to reach the sun as to rely upon the promises, he says: original and inward pollution was the plague and affliction which made him loathsome in his own eyes, and, as in his dreadful state of mind he believed, in the eyes of his Creator also. Sin and corruption, he thought, would as naturally bubble out of his heart as water from a fountain. None but the devil, he was persuaded, could equal him for inward

wickedness! "Sure," thought he, "I am forsaken of God; sure I am given up to the Devil and to a reprobate mind.—I was sorry that God had made me man.—I counted myself alone, and above the most of men, unblessed." These were not the torments of a guilty conscience; for he observes that "the guilt of the sins of his ignorance was never much charged upon him;" and as to the act of sinning, during the years that he continued in this pitiable state, no man could more scrupulously avoid what seemed to him sinful in thought, word, or deed. "Oh," he says, "how gingerly did I then go, in all I did or said! I found myself as in a miry bog, that shook if I did but stir, and was as there left, both of God and Christ, and the Spirit, and all good things." False notions of that corruption of our nature, which it is almost as perilous to exaggerate as to dissemble, had laid upon him a burden heavy as that with which his own Christian begins his pilgrimage.

The first comfort which he received, and which, had there not been a mist before his understanding, he might have found in every page of the Gospel, came to him in a sermon, upon a strange text, strangely handled:* "Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair." The preacher made the words "my Love" his chief and subject matter; and one sentence fastened upon Bunyan's mind. "If," said the preacher, "it be so, that the saved soul is Christ's love, when under temptation and destruction, then, poor tempted soul, when thou art assaulted and afflicted with temptations, and the hidings of God's face, yet think on these two words, '*My Love*,' still."—"What shall I get by thinking on these two words?" said Bunyan to himself, as he returned home ruminating upon this discourse. And then twenty times together—"Thou art my love, thou art my love," recurred in mental repetition, kindling his spirit; and still, he says, "as they ran in my mind they waxed stronger and warmer, and began to make me look up. But being as yet between hope and fear, I still replied in my heart, 'But is it true? but is it true?' At which that sentence fell upon me,† 'He wist not that it was true which was come unto him of the Angel.' Then I began to give place to the Word; and now I could believe that my sins should be forgiven me: yea, I was now taken with the love and

* *Solomon's Song*, iv. 1. † Acts xii. 9.

mercy of God, that, I remember, I could not tell how to contain until I got home: I thought I could have spoken of his love, and have told of his mercy to me, even to the very crows that sat upon the ploughed lands before me, had they been capable to have understood me.—Wherefore I said in my soul with much gladness, Well, I would I had a pen and ink here, I would write this down before I go any farther, for surely I will not forget this forty years hence. But, alas! within less than forty days I began to question all again."

Shaken continually thus by the hot and cold fits of a spiritual ague, his imagination was wrought to a state of excitement, in which its own shapings became vivid as realities, and affected him more forcibly than impressions from the external world. He heard sounds as in a dream; and as in a dream held conversations which were inwardly audible, though no sounds were uttered, and had all the connexion and coherency of an actual dialogue. Real they were to him in the impression which they made, and in their lasting effect; and even afterwards, when his soul was at peace, he believed them, in cool and sober reflection, to have been more than natural. Some few days after the sermon, he was much "followed," he says, by these words of the Gospel,* "Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you." He knew that it was a voice from within; and yet it was so articulately distinct, so loud, and called, as he says, so strongly after him, that once in particular when the words "Simon! Simon!" rung in his ears, he verily thought some man had called to him from a distance behind; and though it was not his name, supposed nevertheless that it was addressed to him, and looked round suddenly to see by whom. As this had been the loudest, so it was the last time that the call sounded in his ears; and he imputes it to his ignorance and foolishness at that time that he knew not the reason of it; for soon, he says, he was feelingly convinced that it was sent from Heaven as an alarm for him to provide against the coming storm,—a storm which "handled him twenty times worse than all he had met with before."

Fears concerning his own state had been the trouble with which he had hitherto contended: temptations of a different, and even more distressful, kind assailed him now,—blasphemies and

* Luke xxii. 31.

suggestions of unbelief, which, when he recorded the history of his own soul, he might not and dared not utter, either by word or pen; and no other shadow of consolation could he find against them than in the consciousness that there was something in him that gave no consent to the sin. He thought himself surely possessed by the Devil: he was "bound in the wings of the temptation, and the wind would carry him away." When he heard others talk of the sin against the Holy Ghost, discoursing what it might be, "then would the Tempter," he says, "provoke me to desire to sin that sin, that I was as if I could not, must not, neither should be, quiet until I had committed it:—no sin would serve but that. If it were to be committed by speaking of such a word, then I have been as if my mouth would have spoken that word, whether I would or no. And in so strong a measure was this temptation upon me, that often I have been ready to clap my hand under my chin, to hold my mouth from opening; and to that end also I have had thoughts at other times to leap with my head downward into some muckhill-hole or other, to keep my mouth from speaking." Gladly now would he have been in the condition of the beasts that perish; for he counted the estate of everything that God had made far better than his own, such as it had now become. While this lasted, which was about a year, he was most distracted when attending the service of his meeting, or reading the Scriptures, or when in prayer. He imagined that at such times he felt the Enemy behind him pulling his clothes; that he was "continually at him, to have done;—break off—make haste—you have prayed enough!" The more he strove to compose his mind and fix it upon God, the more did the Tempter labour to distract and confound it, "by presenting," says he, "to my heart and fancy the form of a bush, a bull, a besom, or the like, as if I should pray to these. To these he would also (at some times especially) so hold my mind, that I was as if I could think of nothing else, or pray to nothing else but to these, or such as they." Wickeder thoughts were sometimes cast in—such as* "if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

But while Bunyan suffered thus grievously under the belief that these thoughts and fancies were the immediate suggestions

* Matt. iv. 9.

of the evil Spirit, that belief made him at times more passionate in prayer; and then his heart "put forth itself with inexpressible groanings," and his whole soul was in every word. And although he had not been taught in childhood to lay up the comfortable promises of the Gospel in his heart and in his soul, that they might be as a sign upon his hand and as a frontlet between his eyes, yet he had not read the Bible so diligently without some profit. When he mused upon these words in the Prophet Jeremiah,* "Thou hast played the harlot with many lovers; yet return again to me, saith the Lord," he felt that they were some support to him, as applying to his case; and so also was that saying of the same Prophet, that† though we have done and spoken as evil things as we could, yet shall we cry unto God, "My Father, thou art the guide of my youth," and return unto him. More consolation he derived from the Apostle who says,‡ "He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." And again,§ "If God be for us, who can be against us?" And again,‖ "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." This also was a help to him;¶ "Because I love, ye shall love also!" These, he says, were "but hints, touches, and short visits; very sweet when present, only they lasted not." Yet after a while he felt himself not only delivered from the guilt which these things laid upon his conscience, "but also from the very filth thereof;" the temptation was removed, and he thought himself "put into his right mind again."

At this time he "sat (in puritanical language) under the ministry of holy Mr. Gifford," and to his doctrine he ascribed in some degree this mental convalescence. But that doctrine was of a most perilous kind; for the preacher exhorted his hearers not to be contented with taking any truth upon trust, nor to rest till they had received it with evidence from Heaven; —that is, till their belief should be confirmed by a particular

* Chap. iii. 1. † Ib. v. 4. ‡ 2 Cor. v. 21.
§ 1 Rom. viii. 31. ‖ Ib. 38, 39. ¶ John xiv. 19.

revelation: without this, he warned them, they would find themselves wanting in strength when temptation came. This was a doctrine which accorded well with Bunyan's ardent temperament: unless he had it with evidence from Heaven, let men say what they would, all was nothing to him; so apt was he "to drink in the doctrine, and to pray," he says, "to God that in nothing which pertained to God's glory and his own eternal happiness, he would suffer him to be without the confirmation thereof from Heaven." That confirmation he believed was granted him; "Oh," he exclaims, "now, how was my soul led from truth to truth by God!—there was not any thing that I then cried unto God to make known and reveal unto me, but He was pleased to do it for me." He had now an evidence, as he thought, of his salvation from Heaven, with golden seals appendant, hanging in his sight. He who before had lain trembling at the mouth of Hell, had now, as it were, the gate of Heaven in full view: "Oh," thought he, "that I were now fourscore years old, that I might die quickly,—that my soul might be gone to rest!" And his desire and longings were that the Last Day were come, after which he should eternally enjoy in beatific vision the presence of that Almighty and All-merciful Saviour who had offered up himself, an all-sufficient sacrifice for sinners.

While Bunyan was in this state, a translation of Luther's 'Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians' fell into his hands; an old book, so tattered and thumb-worn, "that it was ready to fall piece from piece if he did but turn it over." Here, in the work of that passionate and mighty mind, he saw his own soul reflected as in a glass. "I had but a little way perused it," he says, "when I found my condition in his experience so largely and profoundly handled, as if his book had been written out of my heart." And in later life he thought it his duty to declare, that he preferred this book of Martin Luther before all the books he had ever seen (the Bible alone excepted), as fittest for a wounded conscience.

Mr. Coleridge has delineated with his wonted and peculiar ability the strong resemblance between Luther and Rousseau; men who to ordinary observers would appear, in the constitution of *their minds, most unlike* each other. In different stages of

his mental and spiritual growth, Bunyan had resembled both: like Rousseau, he had been tempted to set the question of his salvation upon a cast; like Luther, he had undergone the agonies of unbelief and deadly fear, and, according to his own persuasion, wrestled with the Enemy. I know not whether any parallel is to be found for him in the next and strangest part of his history; for now, when he was fully convinced that his faith had been confirmed by special evidence from Heaven, . . when his desire was to die and be with Christ, . . an almost unimaginable temptation, which he might well call more grievous and dreadful than any with which he had before been afflicted, came upon him; it was "to sell and part with Christ,—to exchange him for the things of this life, . . for anything:" for the space of a year he was haunted by this strange and hateful suggestion, and so continually that he was "not rid of it one day in a month, nor sometimes one hour in many succeeding days," unless in his sleep. It intermixed itself with whatever he thought or did. "I could neither eat my food," he says, "stoop for a pin, chop a stick, or cast mine eye to look on this or that, but still the temptation would come, 'Sell Christ for this, or sell Christ for that; sell him, sell him, sell him!' Sometimes it would run in my thoughts not so little as a hundred times together, 'Sell him, sell him, sell him, sell him!' Against which, I may say, for whole hours together, I have been forced to stand as continually leaning and forcing my spirit against it, lest haply, before I were aware, some wicked thought might arise in my heart, that might consent thereto: and sometimes the Tempter would make me believe I had consented to it; but then should I be tortured upon a rack for whole days together. This temptation did put me to such scares,—that by the very force of my mind, in labouring to gainsay and resist this wickedness, my very body would be put into action,—by way of pushing or thrusting with my hands or elbows, still answering as fast as the Destroyer said 'Sell him,' 'I will not! I will not! I will not! no, not for thousands, thousands, thousands of worlds!' and thus till I scarce knew where I was, or how to be composed again."

This torment was accompanied with a prurient scrupulosity, which Bunyan when he became his own biographer looked back upon as part of the same temptation, proceeding immediately

from the Evil One: "He would not let me eat at quiet, but, forsooth, when I was set at the table, I must go thence to pray; I must leave my food now, and just now, . . so counterfeit holy would this devil be! When I was thus tempted, I should say in myself, 'Now I am at meat, let me make an end.' 'No,' said he, 'you must do it now, or you will displease God and despise Christ.'" Thus was he distracted, imagining these things to be impulses from God, and that to withstand them was to disobey the Almighty; "and then," says he, "should I be as guilty because I did not obey a temptation of the devil, as if I had broken the law of God indeed."

In this strange state of mind he had continued about a year, when one morning as he lay in bed, the wicked suggestion still running in his mind, "Sell Him, sell Him, sell Him, sell Him," as fast as a man could speak, and he answering as fast, "No, no, not for thousands, thousands, thousands," till he was almost out of breath, . . he felt this thought pass through his heart, "Let him go if he will," and it seemed to him that his heart freely consented thereto. "Oh," he exclaims, "the diligence of Satan! oh the desperateness of man's heart! Now was the battle won, and down fell I, as a bird that is shot from the top of a tree, into great guilt and fearful despair. Thus, getting out of my bed, I went moping into the field, but God knows with as heavy a heart as mortal man, I think, could bear; where for the space of two hours I was like a man bereft of life, and as now past all recovery, and bound over to eternal punishment." Then it occurred to him what is said of Esau by the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews,* how having sold his birthright, when he would afterwards have inherited the blessing, he was rejected; for "he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears." At the recollection of a better text,† the words of that disciple (blessed above all men) whom Jesus loved, he had for a while such relief that he began to conceive peace in his soul again; "and methought," says he, "I saw as if the Tempter did leer and steal away from me as being ashamed of what he had done." But this was only like a passing gleam of sunshine: the sound of Esau's fate was always in his ears; his case was worse than Esau's, worse than David's; Peter's came nigher to it; yet

* *Chap. xii. 16, 17.* † John i. 7.

Peter's was only a denial of his Master, this a selling of his Saviour:—he came therefore nearer to Judas than to Peter! And though he was yet sane enough to consider that the sin of Judas had been deliberately committed, whereas his, on the contrary, was "against his prayer and striving,—in a fearful hurry, on a sudden," the relief which that consideration brought was but little, and only for a while. The sentence concerning Esau, literally taken and more unhappily applied, fell like a hot thunderbolt upon his conscience; "then should I, for whole days together, feel my very body, as well as my mind, to shake and totter under the sense of this dreadful judgment of God;—such a clogging and heat also at my stomach, by reason of this my terror, that I was sometimes as if my breast-bone would split asunder." And then he called to mind how Judas burst asunder; and feared that a continual trembling like his was the very mark that had been set on Cain; and thus did he "twist, and twine, and shrink" under a burden which so oppressed him, that he could "neither stand, nor go, nor lie, either at rest or quiet."

This fatal sentence possessed him so strongly, that when thinking on the words in Isaiah,* "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins; return unto me, for I have redeemed thee;"—and when it seemed to his diseased imagination that this text called audibly and loudly after him, as if pursuing him, so loudly as to make him, he says, look, as it were, over his shoulder, behind him, to see if the God of Grace were following him with a pardon in His hand;—the echo of the same sentence still sounded in his conscience: and when he heard "Return unto me, for I have redeemed thee, return, return," articulated, as it seemed to him, with a loud voice, . . . it was overpowered by the inward echo, "He found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears."

How little would some of the most frequent and contagious disorders of the human mind be understood, if a sufferer were not now and then found collected enough, even in the paroxysms of the disease, to observe its symptoms, and detail them afterwards, and reason upon them when in a state to discriminate between what had been real and what imaginary! Bunyan was

* Chap. xliv. 22.

never wholly in that state. He noted faithfully all that occurred in his reveries, and faithfully reported it; but there was one thing happened at this time, which, after an interval of twenty years, appeared to him, who was accustomed to what he deemed preternatural impressions, so much more preternatural than all his former visitings, that he withheld it from the first relation of his own life, and in a later and more enlarged account narrated it so cautiously as to imply more than he thought it prudent to express. "Once," he says, "as I was walking to and fro in a good man's shop, bemoaning of myself in my sad and doleful state; afflicting myself with self-abhorrence for this wicked and ungodly thought; lamenting also this hard hap of mine, for that I should commit so great a sin; greatly fearing I should not be pardoned; praying also in my heart, that if this sin of mine did differ from that against the Holy Ghost, the Lord would show it to me; and being now ready to sink with fear; suddenly there was as if there had rushed in at the window, the noise of wind upon me, but very pleasant, and as if I heard a voice speaking, 'Didst ever refuse to be justified by the Blood of Christ?' And withal my whole life of profession past was in a moment opened to me, wherein I was made to see that designedly I had not. So my heart answered groaningly, 'No!' Then fell with power that word of God upon me,* 'See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh.' This made a strange seizure upon my spirit; it brought light with it, and commanded a silence in my heart of all those tumultuous thoughts that before did use, like masterless hell-hounds, to roar and bellow, and make a hideous noise within me. It showed me also that Jesus Christ had yet a word of grace and mercy for me; that he had not, as I had feared, quite forsaken and cast off my soul. Yea, this was a kind of chide for my proneness to desperation; a kind of threatening of me, if I did not, notwithstanding my sins and the heinousness of them, venture my salvation upon the Son of God. But as to my determining about this strange dispensation, what it was I know not; or from whence it came I know not: I have not yet in twenty years' time been able to make a judgment of it; *I thought then here what I should be loath to speak.* But verily that sudden rushing wind was as if an angel had come upon

* Heb. xii. 25.

me; but both it and the salvation I will leave until the Day of Judgment. Only this I say, it commanded a great calm in my soul; it persuaded me there might be hope; it showed me, as I thought, what the sin unpardonable was; and that my soul had yet the blessed privilege to flee to Jesus Christ for mercy. But, I say, concerning this dispensation, I know not what yet to say unto it; which was also in truth the cause that at first I did not speak of it in the book. I do now also leave it to be thought on by men of sound judgment. I lay not the stress of my salvation thereupon, but upon the Lord Jesus, in the promise; yet seeing I am here unfolding of my secret things, I thought it might not be altogether inexpedient to let this also show itself, though I cannot now relate the matter as there I did experience it."

The "savour" of this lasted about three or four days, and then he began to mistrust and to despair again. Struggling nevertheless against despair, he determined that, if he must die, it should be at the feet of Christ in prayer: and pray he did, though the saying about Esau was ever at his heart, "like a flaming sword, to keep the way of the Tree of Life, lest he should taste thereof and live." "Oh," he exclaims, "who knows how hard a thing I found it to come to God in prayer!" He desired the prayers of those whom he calls the people of God, meaning Mr. Gifford's little congregation, and the handful of persons within his circuit who were in communion with them: yet he dreaded lest they should receive this answer to their prayers in his behalf, "Pray not for him, for I have rejected him." He met indeed with cold consolation from an "ancient Christian," to whom he opened his case, and said he was afraid he had committed the sin against the Holy Ghost: this man, like one of Job's comforters, replied, he thought so too; but Bunyan comforted himself, by finding, upon a little further conversation, that this friend of his, "though a good man, was a stranger to much combat with the devil." So he betook himself again to prayer, as well as he could, but in such a state of mind, that "the most free, and full, the gracious words of the Gospel" only made him the more miserable. "Thus was he always sinking whatever he could do."

"So one day I walked to a neighbouring town," he says, "and

sat down upon a settle in the street, and fell into a very deep pause about the most fearful state my sin had brought me to: and after long musing I lifted up my head, but methought I saw as if the sun that shineth in the heavens did grudge to give me light; and as if the very stones in the street, and tiles upon the houses, did band themselves against me. Methought that they all combined together to banish me out of the world. I was abhorred of them, and unfit to dwell among them, because I had sinned against the Saviour. Oh how happy now was every creature over I was! for they stood fast and kept their station; but I was gone and lost!" In this mood, breaking out in the bitterness of his soul, he said to himself with a grievous sigh, "How can God comfort such a wretch?" And he had no sooner said this, than, quick as the return of an echo, he was answered "This sin is not unto death." He says, not that this seemed to be spoken audibly, but that it came to him with power, and sweetness, and light, and glory; that it was a release to him from his former bonds, and a shelter from his former storms. On the following evening this supportation, as he calls it, began to fail; and under many fears, he had recourse to prayer, his soul crying with strong cries, "O Lord, I beseech Thee show me that Thou hast loved me with an everlasting love!" and like an echo the words returned upon him,* "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." That night he went to bed in quiet; and when he awoke in the morning, "it was fresh upon my soul," he says, "and I believed it."

Being thus, though not without many misgivings, brought into "comfortable hopes of pardon," the love which he bore towards his Saviour worked in him at this time "a strong and hot desire of revengement" upon himself, for the sin which he had committed; and had it been the Romish superstition which Bunyan had imbibed, he might have vied with St. Dominic the Cuirassier, or the Jesuit Joam d'Almeida, in inflicting torments upon his own miserable body. A self-tormentor he continued still to be, vacillating between hope and fear; sometimes thinking that he was set at liberty from his guilt, sometimes that he had left himself "neither foot-hold nor hand-hold among all the stays and props in the precious word of life." One day, when

* Jer. xxxi. 3.

earnestly in prayer, this Scripture fastened on his heart: "O man, great is thy faith!" "even," he says, "as if one had clapped me on the back as I was on my knees before God." At another time, when doubting whether the blood of Christ was sufficient to save his soul, and dreading lest that doubt should not be removed, the inward voice for which he listened sounded suddenly within his heart,* "He is able."—"But methought this word *able* was spoke loud unto me; it showed a great word; it seemed to be writ in great letters, and gave such a justle to my fear and doubt for the time it tarried with me, as I never had all my life, either before or after." But it tarried only about a day. Next, when he was trembling in prayer under a fear that no word of God could help him, this part of a sentence darted in upon him, "My grace is sufficient." A little while before he had looked at that very text, and thrown down the book, thinking it could not come near his soul with comfort: "then I thought it was not large enough for me—no, not large enough; but now it was as if it had arms of grace so wide that it could not only enclose me, but many more besides." In such conflicts, he says, "peace would be in and out sometimes twenty times a-day; comfort now, and trouble presently; peace now, and before I could go a furlong, as full of fears and guilt as ever heart could hold. For this about the sufficiency of grace, and that of Esau's parting with his birthright, would be like a pair of scales within my mind; sometimes one end would be uppermost, and sometimes again the other, according to which would be my peace or troubles." He prayed therefore to God for help to apply the whole sentence, which of himself he was not as yet able to do. He says, "that He gave, that I gathered, but further I could not go, for as yet it only helped me to hope there might be mercy for me; '*My grace is sufficient;*' it answered his question that there was hope: but he was not contented, because *for thee* was left out, and he prayed for that also.

It was at a meeting with his fellow believers, when his fears again were prevailing, that the words for which he longed, according to his own expression, "broke in" upon him, "*My grace is sufficient for thee, my grace is sufficient for thee, my grace is sufficient for thee,*—three times together. He was then as

* Heb. vii. 25.

though he had seen the Lord look down from Heaven upon him "through the tiles," and direct these words to him. It sent him mourning home; it broke his heart, and filled him full of joy, and laid him low as the dust. And now he began to venture upon examining "those most fearful and terrible Scriptures," on which till now he scarcely dared cast his eyes (yea, and much ado a hundred times to forbear wishing them out of the Bible): he began "to come close to them, to read them and consider them, and to weigh their scope and tendency." The result was a clear perception that he had not fallen quite away; that his sin, though devilish, had not been consented to, and put in practice, and that after deliberation—not public and open; that the texts which had hitherto so appalled him were yet consistent with those which proffered forgiveness and salvation. "And now remained only the hinder part of the tempest, for the thunder was gone past; only some drops did still remain." And when one day in the field, the words "Thy righteousness is in Heaven" occurred to him, "methought withal," he says, "I saw with the eyes of my soul, Jesus Christ at God's right hand,—there, I say, as my righteousness,—for my righteousness was Christ himself,* 'the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.'" Then his chains fell off in very deed: he was loosed from his affliction, and his temptation fled away.

This was after two years and a half of incessant agitation and wretchedness. Bunyan thought he could trace the cause of this long temptation to a sin which he had committed, and to a culpable omission. He had, during the time when doubt and unbelief assailed him, tempted the Lord, by asking of Him a sign whereby it might appear that the secret thoughts of the heart were known to Him; and he had omitted, when praying earnestly for the removal of present troubles, and for assurances of faith, to pray that he might be kept from temptation. "This," he says, "I had not done, and therefore was thus suffered to sin and fall. And truly this very thing is to this day of such weight and awe upon me, that I dare not, when I come before the Lord, go off my knees until I entreat him for help and mercy against the temptations that are to come: and I do beseech thee, reader, that thou learn to beware of my negligence, by the affliction that

* Heb. xiii. 8.

for this thing I did, for days, and months, and years, with sorrow undergo." Far more satisfactorily could he trace in himself the benefits which he derived from this long and dreadful course of suffering, under which a weaker body must have sunk, and from which it is almost miraculous that any mind should have escaped without passing into incurable insanity. Before that trial, his soul had been "perplexed with unbelief, blasphemy, hardness of heart, questions about the Being of God, Christ, the truth of the Word, and certainty of the world to come." "Then," he says, "I was greatly assaulted and tormented with atheism; but now the case was otherwise; now was God and Christ continually before my face, though not in a way of comfort, but in a way of exceeding dread and terror. The glory of the holiness of God did at this time break me to pieces; and the bowels and compassion of Christ did break me as on the wheel; for I could not consider him but as a lost and rejected Christ, the remembrance of which was as the continual breaking of my bones. The Scriptures also were wonderful things unto me; I saw that the truth and verity of them were the keys of the kingdom of Heaven: *those* that the Scriptures favour, *they* must inherit bliss; but *those* that they oppose and condemn, must perish for evermore. Oh! one sentence of the Scripture did more afflict and terrify my mind, I mean those sentences that stood against me (as sometimes I thought they every one did),—more, I say, than an army of forty thousand men that might come against me. Woe be to him against whom the Scriptures bend themselves!"

But this led him to search the Bible, and dwell upon it with an earnestness and intensity which no determination of a calmer mind could have commanded. "This made me," he says, "with careful heart and watchful eye, with great fearfulness, to turn over every leaf, and with much diligence, mixed with trembling, to consider every sentence, together with its natural force and latitude. By this also I was greatly holden off my former foolish practice of putting by the Word of promise when it came into my mind; for now, though I could not suck that comfort and sweetness from the promises as I had done at other times, yea, like to a man a-sinking, I could catch at all I saw; formerly I *thought* I might not meddle with the promise, unless I felt its *comfort*; but now 't was no time thus to do, the Avenger of Blood

too hardly did pursue me." If in the other writings of Bunyan, and especially in that which has made his name immortal, we discover none of that fervid language in which his confessions and self-examination are recorded,—none of those "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,"—none of that passion in which the reader so far participates as to be disturbed and distressed by it,—here we perceive how he acquired that thorough and familiar acquaintance with the Scriptures which in those works is manifested. "Now therefore was I glad," he says, "to catch at that Word, which yet I had no ground or right to own; and even to leap into the bosom of that promise, that yet I feared did shut its heart against me. Now also I should labour to take the Word as God hath laid it down, without restraining the natural force of one syllable thereof. Oh! what did I now see in that blessed sixth of John,* 'and *him that comes to me I will in no wise cast out!*' Now I began to consider with myself, that God hath a bigger mouth to speak with, than I had a heart to conceive with. I thought also with myself that He spake not His words in haste, or in an unadvised heat, but with infinite wisdom and judgment, and in very truth and faithfulness. I should in these days often, in my greatest agonies, even flounce toward the promise (as the horses do towards sound ground, that yet stick in the mire), concluding (though as one almost bereft of his wits through fear), 'On this I will rest and stay, and leave the fulfilling of it to the God of Heaven that made it.' Oh, many a pull hath my heart had with Satan for that blessed sixth of John! I did not now, as at other times, look principally for comfort (though, oh how welcome would it have been unto me!), but now a word, a word to lean a weary soul upon, that it might not sink for ever! 't was that I hunted for! Yea, often when I have been making to the promise, I have seen as if the Lord would refuse my soul for ever: I was often as if I had run upon the pikes, and as if the Lord had thrust at me to keep me from Him, as with a flaming sword!"

When Bunyan passed from this horrible condition into a state of happy feeling, his mind was nearly overthrown by the transition. "I had two or three times," he says, "at or about my deliverance from this temptation, such strange apprehensions of

* John vi. 37.

the grace of God, that I could hardly bear up under it; it was so out of measure amazing when I thought it could reach me, that I do think, if that sense of it had abode long upon me, it would have made me uncapable of business." He had not, however, yet attained that self-control which belongs to a sane mind; for after he had been formally admitted into fellowship with Gifford's little congregation, and had by him been baptized accordingly, by immersion, probably in the river Ouse (for the Baptists at that time sought rather than shunned publicity on such occasions), he was for nearly a year pestered with strange and villanous thoughts whenever he communicated at the meeting. These however left him. When threatened with consumption at one time, he was delivered from the fear of dissolution, by faith, and a strong desire of entering upon eternal life; and in another illness, when the thought of approaching death for a while overcame him, "behold," he says, "as I was in the midst of those fears, the words of the Angels carrying Lazarus into Abraham's bosom darted in upon me, as who should say, 'So shall it be with thee when thou dost leave this world!' This did sweetly revive my spirits, and help me to hope in God; which when I had with comfort mused on a while, that Word fell with great weight upon my mind, 'O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?' At this I became both well in body and mind at once; for my sickness did presently vanish, and I walked comfortably in my work for God again."

Gifford died in 1656,* having drawn up during his last illness an Epistle to his congregation, in a wise, and tolerant, and truly Christian spirit: he exhorted them to remember his advice, that when any person was to be admitted a member of their community, that person should solemnly declare that "union with Christ was the foundation of all Saints' communion," and not merely an agreement concerning "any ordinances of Christ, or any judgment or opinion about externals:" and that such new members should promise that, "through grace, they would walk in love with the church; though there should happen any difference in judgment about other things." "Concerning separation from the church (the dying pastor pursued) about baptism, lay-

[* September 21. Sutcliff's Address, p. 46, ed. 1788; and Ivimey's 'Life of Bunyan,' ed. 1825, p. 61. The 'Epistle' is printed in Sutcliff's Appendix.]

ing on of hands, anointing with oil, psalms, or any other externals, I charge every one of you respectively, as ye will give an account of it to our Lord Jesus Christ who shall judge both quick and dead at his coming, that none of you be found guilty of this great evil, which some have committed, and that through a zeal for God,—yet not according to knowledge. They have erred from the law of the love of Christ, and have made a rent in the true Church, which is but one." Mr. Ivimey, in his History of the English Baptists, says of Gifford, "His labours were apparently confined to a narrow circle; but their effects have been very widely extended, and will not pass away when time shall be no more. We allude to his having baptized and introduced to the Church the wicked Tinker of Elstow. He was doubtless the honoured Evangelist who pointed Bunyan to the Wicket-Gate, by instructing him in the knowledge of the Gospel; by turning him from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. Little did he think such a chosen vessel was sent to his house, when he opened his door to admit the poor, the depraved, and the despairing Bunyan."

But the wickedness of the Tinker has been greatly overcharged; and it is taking the language of self-accusation too literally, to pronounce of John Bunyan that he was at any time depraved. The worst of what he was in his worst days is to be expressed in a single word, for which we have no synonyme, the full meaning of which no circumlocution can convey, and which, though it may hardly be deemed presentable in serious composition, I shall use, as Bunyan himself (no mealy-mouthed writer) would have used it, had it in his days borne the same acceptation in which it is now universally understood;—in that word, then, he had been a *blackguard*:—

> The very head and front of his offending
> Hath this extent, no more.

Such he might have been expected to be by his birth, breeding, and vocation; scarcely indeed by possibility could he have been otherwise; but he was never a vicious man. It has been seen, that at the first reproof he shook off, at once and for ever, the practice of profane swearing, the worst, if not the only, sin to which he was ever addicted. He must have been still a very young man when that outward reformation took place, which,

little as he afterwards valued it, and insufficient as it may have been, gave evidence at least of right intentions under the direction of a strong will; and throughout his subsequent struggles of mind, the force of a diseased imagination is not more manifest than the earnestness of his religious feelings and aspirations. His connexion with the Baptists was eventually most beneficial to him: had it not been for the encouragement which he received from them, he might have lived and died a tinker; for even when he cast off, like a slough, the coarse habits of his early life, his latent powers could never, without some such encouragement and impulse, have broken through the thick ignorance with which they were incrusted.

The coarseness of that incrustation could hardly be conceived, if proofs of it were not preserved in his own hand-writing. There is no book except the Bible which he is known to have perused so intently as the Acts and Monuments of John Fox the martyrologist, one of the best of men; a work more hastily than judiciously compiled in its earlier parts, but invaluable for that greater and far more important portion which has obtained for it its popular name of the 'Book of Martyrs.' Bunyan's own copy of this work is in existence,* and valued of course as such a relic of such a man ought to be. In each volume he has written his name beneath the title-page in a large and stout print-hand, as on a following page.

And under some of the wood-cuts he has inserted a few rhymes, which are undoubtedly his own composition; and which, though much in the manner of the verses that were printed under the illustrations of his own 'Pilgrim's Progress,'

* It was purchased in the year 1780 by Mr. Wontner of the Minories; from him it descended to his daughter, Mrs. Parnell of Botolph-lane; and by her obliging permission, the verses have been transcribed and fac-similes taken from it. For this and for other kind assistance, the present edition is indebted to Mr. Richard Thomson, author of 'An Historical Essay on Magna Charta, with a general View and Explanation of the whole of the English Charters of Liberties;'—a book as beautifully and appropriately adorned as it is elaborately and learnedly compiled.

The edition of the 'Acts and Monuments' is that of 1641, 3 vols. folio, the last of those in the black letter, and probably the latest when it came into Bunyan's hands. One of his signatures bears the date of 1662; but the verses must undoubtedly have been written some years earlier, before the publication of his first tract. [Since purchased by Subscription for the "Bedfordshire General Library," where it may now be seen.]

when that work was first adorned with cuts . . (verses worthy of such embellishments), are very much worse than even the worst of those. Indeed it would not be possible to find specimens of more miserable doggerel. But as it has been proper to lay before the reader the vivid representation of Bunyan in his feverish state of enthusiasm, that the sobriety of mind into which he settled may be the better appreciated and the more admired; so for a like reason is it fitting that it should be seen from how gross and deplorable a state of ignorance that intellect which produced the 'Pilgrim's Progress' worked its way.—These then are the verses.

Under the print of an Owl appearing to a council held by Pope John at Rome. ('Acts and Monuments,' vol. i. 781.)

Doth the owle to them apper
which putt them all into a fear
Will not the man & trubel crown
cast the owle unto the ground.

Under the martyrdom of John Huss. (Ib., vol. i. 821.)

heare is John hus that you may see
uesed in deed with all crulity.
But now leet us follow & look one him
Whear he is full field in deed to the brim.

Under the martyrdom of John Rogers, the Protomartyr in the Marian Persecution. (Ib., vol. iii. 123.)

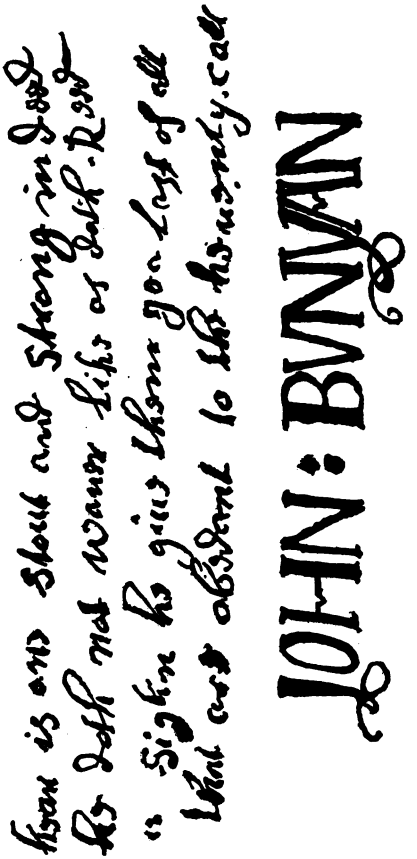
It was the will of X. (Christ) that thou should die
Mr Rogers his body in the flames to fry.
O Blessed man thou did lead this bloody way,
O how wilt thou shien with X in the last day.

Under the martyrdom of Lawrence Sanders. (Ib. vol. iii. 139.)

Mr Sanders is the next blessed man in deed
And from all trubels he is made free.
Farewell world & all hear be lo
For to my dear Lord I must gooe.

The autograph of his name mentioned in the preceding page is here presented, together with four other lines as they appear in his own rude hand-writing under the martyrdom of Thomas Haukes,—who having promised to his friends that he would lift his hands above his head toward heaven, before he gave up the ghost, in token to them that a man under the pain of such burning might *keep his mind* quiet and patient, lifted his scorched

arms, in fulfilment of that pledge, after his speech was gone, raised them in gesture of thanksgiving triumph towards living God.



hear is one stout and strong in deed
he doth not waver like as doth a Reed.
a Sighn he give them yea last of all
that are obedant to the hevenly call.

There is yet one more of these Tinker's tetrasticks, penne the margin, beside the account of Gardiner's death:

the blood the blood that he did shed
is falling one his one head;
and dredfull it is for to see
he beginnes of his misere. Vol. iii. p. 527.

These curious inscriptions must have been Bunyan's first attempts in verse: he had no doubt found difficulty enough in tinkering them to make him proud of his work when it was done; for otherwise he would not have written them in a book which was the most valuable of all his goods and chattels. In latter days he seems to have taken this book for his art of poetry, and acquired from it at length the tune and the phraseology of such verses as are there inserted; with a few rare exceptions, they are of Robert Wisdom's school, and something below the pitch of Sternhold and Hopkins. But if he learnt there to make bad verses, he entered fully into the spirit of its better parts, and received that spirit into as resolute a heart as ever beat in a martyr's bosom. From the examples which he found there, and from the Scriptures which he perused with such intense devotion, he derived "a rapture"

—that raising him from ignorance
—Carried him up into the air of action
—And knowledge of himself.

And when the year after Gifford's death a resolution was passed by the meeting, that "some of the brethren (one at a time) to whom the Lord may have given a gift, be called forth, and encouraged to speak a word in the church for mutual edification," Bunyan was one of the persons so called upon. "Some," he says, "of the most able among the Saints with us, . . I say, the most able for judgment and holiness of life, . . as they conceived, did perceive that God had counted me worthy to understand something of his will in his holy and blessed Word; and had given me utterance in some measure to express what I saw to others for edification. Therefore they desired me, and that with much earnestness, that I would be willing, at some times, to take in hand, in one of the meetings, to speak a word of exhortation unto them. The which, though at the first it did much dash and abash my spirit, yet being still by them desired and entreated, I consented to their request; and did twice, at two several assemblies (but in private), though with much weakness and infirmity, *discover* my gift amongst them; at which they

not only seemed to be, but did solemnly protest, as in the sight of the great God, they were both affected and comforted, and gave thanks to the Father of Mercies for the grace bestowed on me."

In those days the supply of public news came so slowly, and was so scanty when it came, that even the proceedings of so humble an individual as Bunyan became matter of considerable attention in the town of Bedford. His example drew many to the Baptist meeting, from curiosity to discover what had affected him there, and produced such a change in his conversation. "When I went out to seek the Bread of Life, some of them," he says, "would follow, and the rest be put into a muse at home. Yea, almost all the town, at first, at times would go out to hear at the place where I found good. Yea, young and old for a while had some reformation on them: also some of them, perceiving that God had mercy upon me, came crying to Him for mercy too." Bunyan was not one of those enthusiasts who thrust themselves forward in confident reliance upon what they suppose to be an inward call. He entered upon his probation with diffidence and fear, not daring "to make use of his gift in a public way; and gradually acquired a trust in himself, and a consciousness of his own qualifications, when some of those who went into the country to disseminate their principles and make converts, took him in their company. Exercising himself thus as occasion offered, he was encouraged by the approbation with which others heard him; and in no long time, "after some solemn prayer, with fasting," he was "more particularly called forth, and appointed to a more ordinary and public preaching, not only to and amongst them that believed, but also to offer the Gospel to those who had not yet received the faith thereof."

The Bedford meeting had at this time its regular minister, whose name was John Burton; so that what Bunyan received was a roving commission to itinerate in the villages round about; and in this he was so much employed, that when in the ensuing year he was nominated for a deacon of the congregation, they declined electing him to that office, on the ground that he was too much engaged to attend to it. Having in previous training overcome his first diffidence, he now "felt in his mind a secret pricking forward" to this ministry; not "for desire of vain-

glory," for he was even at that time "sorely afflicted" concerning his own eternal state, but because the Scriptures encouraged him, by texts which ran continually in his mind, whereby "I was made," he says, "to see that the Holy Ghost never intended that men who have gifts and abilities should bury them in the earth, but rather did command and stir up such to the exercise of their gift, and also did command those that were apt and ready, so to do." Those gifts he had, and could not but be conscious of them: he had also the reputation of possessing them; so that people came by hundreds to hear him from all parts round about, though "upon divers accounts;" some to marvel, and some perhaps to mock; but some also to listen, and to be "touched with a conviction that they needed a Saviour." "But I first," he says, "could not believe that God should speak by me to the heart of any man, still counting myself unworthy; yet those who were thus touched would love me, and have a particular respect for me: and though I did put it from me that they should be awakened by me, still they would confess it, and affirm it before the Saints of God. They would also bless God for me (unworthy wretch that I am!), and count me God's instrument that showed to them the way of salvation. Wherefore, seeing them in both their words and deeds to be so constant, and also in their hearts so earnestly pressing after the knowledge of Jesus Christ, rejoicing that ever God did send me where they were; then I began to conclude it might be so that God had owned in his work such a foolish one as I, and then came that word of God to my heart with much sweet refreshment,* "The blessing of them that were ready to perish is come upon me: yea, I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

When he first began to preach, Bunyan endeavoured to work upon his hearers by alarming them; he dealt chiefly in comminations, and dwelt upon the dreadful doctrine, that the curse of God "lays hold on all men as they come into the world, because of sin." "This part of my work," says he, "I fulfilled with great sense; for the terrors of the law, and guilt for my transgressions, lay heavy upon my conscience. I preached what I felt,—what I smartingly did feel,—even that under which my poor soul did groan and tremble to astonishment. Indeed I

* Job xxix. 13.

have been as one sent to them from the dead. I went myself in chains, to preach to them in chains; and carried that fire in my own conscience, that I persuaded them to be aware of. I can truly say—that when I have been to preach, I have gone full of guilt and terror even to the pulpit door; and there it hath been taken off, and I have been at liberty in my mind until I have done my work; and then immediately, even before I could get down the pulpit stairs, I have been as bad as I was before. Yet God carried me on; but surely with a strong hand, for neither guilt nor Hell could take me off my work." This is a case like that of the fiery old soldier John Haime, who was one of Wesley's first lay-preachers.

When he was in a happier state of mind, he took a different and better course, "still preaching what he saw and felt;" he then laboured "to hold forth our Lord and Saviour" in all his offices, relations, and benefits unto the world;—and "to remove those false supports and props on which the world doth lean, and by them fall and perish." Preaching however was not his only employment; and though still working at his business for a maintenance, he found time to compose a treatise against some of those heresies which the first Quakers poured forth so profusely in their overflowing enthusiasm. In that age of theological warfare, no other sectaries acted so eagerly upon the offensive. It seems that they came into some of the meetings which Bunyan attended, to bear testimony against the doctrines which were taught there; and this induced him to write his first work, entitled, "Some Gospel Truths opened according to the Scriptures: or the Divine and Human Nature in Christ Jesus; His coming into the world; His Righteousness, Death, Resurrection, Ascension, Intercession, and Second Coming to Judgment, plainly demonstrated and proved." Burton* prefixed to this treatise a commendatory epistle, bidding the reader not to be offended because the treasure of the Gospel was held forth to him in a poor earthen vessel, by one who had neither the greatness nor the wisdom of this world to commend him. "Having had experience," he says, "with many other Saints, of this man's sound-

[* The Rev. Mr. Burton died in June or July, 1660. *Sutcliff's Address*, ed. 1788, p. 51.]

ness in the faith, of his godly conversation, and his ability to preach the Gospel, not by human art, but by the Spirit of Christ, and that with much success in the conversion of sinners,—I say, having had experience of this, and judging this book may be profitable to many others, as well as to myself, I thought it my duty, upon this account, to bear witness with my brother to the plain, and simple, and yet glorious truths of our Lord Jesus Christ."

It may be asked, How is it possible that the man who wrote such illiterate and senseless verses in the margin of his Book of Martyrs, could have composed a treatise like this, about the same time, or shortly afterwards? To this it may be replied, that if the treatise were seen in its original spelling it might have, at first sight, as tinkerly an appearance as the verses; but in those days persons of much higher station spelt quite as loosely, . . perhaps all who were not professionally scholars, . . for it was before the age of spelling-books; and it may be believed, that in most cases the care of orthography was left to the printers. And it is not to be concluded from Bunyan's wretched verses, that he would write as wretchedly in prose: in versifying he was attempting an art which he had never learnt, and for which he had no aptitude; but in prose he wrote as he conversed, and as he preached, using the plain, straightforward language of common life. Burton may have corrected some vulgarisms, but other correction would not be needed; for frequent perusal of the Scriptures had made Bunyan fully competent to state what those doctrines were which the Quakers impugned: he was ready with the Scriptural proofs; and in a vigorous mind like his, right reasoning naturally results from right premises.

An ill judgment might be formed of Bunyan's treatise from that part of its title which promises "profitable directions to stand fast in the doctrine of Jesus the Son of Mary, against those blustering storms of the Devil's temptations, which do at this day, like so many Scorpions, break loose from the bottomless Pit, to bite and torment those that have not tasted the virtue of Jesus, by the Revelation of the Spirit of God." Little wisdom and less moderation might be expected in a polemical discourse so introduced. It is however a calm, well-arranged, and well-supported statement of the Scriptural doctrines, on some mo-

mentous points which the primitive Quakers were understood by others to deny; and which, in fact, though they did not so understand themselves, they frequently did deny, both virtually and explicitly, when in the heat and acerbity of oral disputation they said they knew not what; and also when, under the same belief of immediate inspiration, they committed to writing whatever words came uppermost, as fast as the pen could put them down, and subjected to no after revision what had been produced with no forethought. "I would not have thee think," says Bunyan, "that I speak at random in this thing; know for certain that I myself have heard them blaspheme,—yea, with a grinning countenance, at the doctrine of that Man's second coming from Heaven, above the stars, who was born of the Virgin Mary. Yea, they have told me to my face, that I have used conjuration and witchcraft, because what I preached was according to the Scriptures. I was also told to my face, that I preached up an Idol, because I said that the Son of Mary was in Heaven, with the same Body that was crucified on the cross; and many other things have they blasphemously vented against the Lord of Life and Glory, and his precious Gospel. The Lord reward them according as their work shall be!"

A reply to this (published originally, like the treatise which provoked it, as a pamphlet) is inserted among "The Memorable Works of a Son of Thunder and Consolation, namely, that True Prophet and Faithful Servant of God, and sufferer for the Testimony of Jesus, Edward Burroughs . . Published and Printed for the good and benefit of Generations to come, in the year 1672." This answer is entitled, "The True Faith of the Gospel of Peace contended for in the Spirit of Meekness; and the Mystery of Salvation (Christ within the hope of Glory) vindicated in the Spirit of Love, against the secret Opposition of John Bunyan, a professed Minister in Bedfordshire." Words soft as dew, or as the droppings of a summer cloud; but they were the forerunners of a storm, and the Son of Thunder breaks out at once: . . "How long, ye crafty fowlers, will ye prey upon the innocent, and shoot at him secretly? How long shall the Righteous be a prey to your teeth, ye subtle Foxes, who seek to devour? The just one, against whom your bow is bent, cries for vengeance against you in the ears of the Lord. Yet you

strengthen your hands in iniquity, and gird yourselves with the zeal of madness and fury: you think to swallow up the harmless, and to blot out the name of the righteous, that his generation may not be found on earth. You shoot your arrows of cruelty, even bitter words, and make the innocent your mark to prey upon. You despise the way of uprightness and simplicity, and the path of craft and subtlety you tread: your dens are in darkness, and your mischief is hatched upon your beds of secret whoredom.—Yet—you are found out with the searching eye of the Lord,—and as with a whirlwind will he scatter you, and your name shall rot, and your memorial shall not be found; and the deeper you have digged the pit for another, the greater will be your own fall.—And John Bunyan and his fellow, who have joined themselves to the broken army of Magog, now in the heat of the day of great striving, are not the least of all guilty among their brethren, of secret smiting the innocent, with secret lies and slanders, who have showed themselves in defence of the Dragon against the Lamb, in this day of war betwixt them." In this strain the Son of Thunder roars and blazes away, like a Ζευς ὑψιβρεμετης in prose. "Your spirit is tried, and your generation is read at large; and your stature and countenance is clearly described to me, to be of the stock of Ishmael, and of the seed of Cain, whose line reacheth unto the murdering Priests, Scribes and Pharisees.—O thou blind Priest, whom God hath confounded in thy language,—the design of the Devil in deceiving souls is thy own, and I turn it back to thee.—Thou directest altogether to a thing without, despising the Light within, and worshipping the name Mary in thy imagination, and knowest not Him who was before the world was, in whom alone is salvation, and in no other.—If we should diligently search, we should find thee, through feigned words, through covetousness, making merchandise of souls, loving the wages of unrighteousness: and such were the scoffers whom Peter speaks of, among whom thou art found in thy practice, among them who are preaching for hire, and love the error of Balaam, who took gifts and rewards.—The Lord rebuke thee, thou unclean spirit, who hast falsely accused the innocent to clear thyself from guilt; but at thy door guilt lodges, and I leave it with thee; clear thyself *if thou art able.* And thy wicked reproaches we patiently

bear, till the Lord appear for us: and we are not greater than our Lord, who was said to have a Devil by thy generation; and their measure of wickedness thou fulfils, and art one of the Dragon's army against the Lamb and his followers; and thy weapons are slanders; and thy refuge is lies; and thy work is confused, and hath hardly gained a name in Babylon's record; and by us (so much of it at least as is against us) is cast by as our spoiled prey, and trampled upon in all thy reproachful speeches, who art unclean."

Mixed with these railings were affirmations as honestly made, that the Quakers owned all the Scriptures which Bunyan had alleged against them concerning the life, and death, and resurrection of our Lord, yet withal bearing witness "that without the revelation of Christ within, there is no salvation." There were many and wide differences between Bunyan and the Quakers, but none upon these points when they understood each other, and when the Quakers understood themselves. He replied in a vindication of his treatise, complaining that his opponent had uttered a very great number of heresies, and falsely reported many things; and wishing him to be sober if he could, and to keep under his unruly spirit, and not to appear so much, at least not so grossly, a railing Rabshakeh. He maintained, which was in fact the point at issue, that the opinions held at that day by the Quakers were the same that the Ranters had held long ago, "only the Ranters had made them threadbare at an alehouse, and the Quakers had set a new gloss upon them again by an outward legal holiness or righteousness." He dwelt upon the error of the Quakers in confounding conscience with the Spirit of Christ, thereby "idolizing and making a god" of what "is but a creature, and a faculty of the soul of man, which God hath made," which "is that in which is the law of Nature, which is able to teach the Gentiles, that sin against the law is sin against God, and which is called by the Apostle* but even Nature itself."—"O wonderful, that men should make a God and a Christ of their consciences because they can convince of sin!" To the reproach of making merchandise of souls, and loving the wages of unrighteousness, he answered thus: "Friend, dost thou speak *this* as from thy own knowledge, or did any other tell thee so?

* 1 Cor. xi. 14.

However, that spirit that led thee out of this way is a lying spirit. For though I be poor and of no repute in the world, as to outward things, yet this grace I have learned, by the example of the Apostle, to preach the truth; and also to work with my hands, both for mine own living and for those that are with me, when I have opportunity. And I trust that the Lord Jesus, who hath helped me to reject the wages of unrighteousness hitherto, will also help me still, so that I shall distribute that which God hath given me freely, and not for filthy lucre's sake. Other things I might speak in vindication of my practice in this thing. But ask of others, and they will tell thee that the things I say are truth: and hereafter have a care of receiving anything by hearsay only, lest you be found a publisher of those lies which are brought to you by others, and so render yourself the less credible."

This reproof was so far lost upon his antagonist, that he returned thus to the charge:—"Thou seemest to be grieved, and calls this a false accusation. But let 's try; the cause admits dispute. Art not thou in their steps, and among them that do these things? Ask John Burton, with whom thou art joined close to vindicate him and call him brother. Hath he not so much yearly, 150*l.* or more (except thou hast some of it), which is unrighteous wages, and hire, and gifts, and rewards? What sayest thou? Art thou not in his steps, and among and with him and them that do these things? If he be thy brother, and thou so own him, what is evil in him whom thou vindicates, I lay upon thee. Though thou bid me have a care of receiving by hearsay, what I have said and received in this is truth, though thou evade it never so much." Burroughs must have examined very little into the truth or probability of what he heard, when he could believe and repeat that a poor Baptist meeting at Bedford raised 150*l.* a-year for its minister! "Your words," says he, "describe your nature; for by your voice I know you to be none of Christ's sheep; and accordingly I judge in just judgment, and in true knowledge.—Envy is of Cain's nature and seed, and in that you are; and liars are of Ishmael's stock, and you are guilty of that; and you are among the murdering Priests' party, and close joined to them, in doctrine and practice, especially in writing against us.—Thy portion shall be howling and gnashing

of teeth, for the liar's portion is the Lake.—I reprove thee by the Spirit of the Lord, and so leave thee to receive thy reward from the just God of righteous judgment, who upon thy head will render vengeance in flames of fire, in his dreadful day.—A liar and slanderer thou art, a perverter and wrester of the right way of God and of the Scriptures, a hypocrite and dissembler, a holder forth of damnable doctrines, an envious man and false accuser,—and all thy lies, slanders, deceits, confusions, hypocrisies, contradictions, and damnable doctrines of devils, with impudency held forth by thee, shall be consumed in the pit of vengeance.—Alas, alas, for thee, John Bunyan! thy several months' travail in grief and pain was a fruitless birth, and perishes as an untimely fig; and its praise is blotted out among men, and it's past away as smoke. Truth is a-top of thee, and outreaches thee, and it shall stand for ever to confound thee and all its enemies; and though thou wilt not subject thy mind to serve it willingly, yet a slave to it must thou be; and what thou dost in thy wickedness against it, the end thereof brings forth the glory of it, and thy own confounding and shame. And now be wise and learned, and put off thy armour: for thou mayest understand the more thou strivest the more thou art entangled; and the higher thou arises in envy, the deeper is thy fall into confusion; and the more thy arguments are, the more increased is thy folly. Let experience teach thee, and thy own wickedness correct thee; and thus I leave thee. And if thou wilt not own the Light of Christ in thy own conscience, nor to reform thee and convince thee, yet in the Day of Judgment thou shalt own it; and it shall witness the justness of the judgment of the Lord, when for thy iniquities he pleads with thee. And behold, as a thief in the night, when thou art not aware, He will come; and then woe unto thee that art polluted!"

Bunyan made no further reply, either to the reasoning or *Rabshaking* of his opponent; for although, as he says, it pleased him much "to contend with great earnestness for the word of faith, and the remission of sins by the death and sufferings of our Saviour," he had no liking for controversy, and moreover saw that "his work before him ran in another channel." His great desire was to get into what he calls "the darkest places of the country," and awaken the religious feelings of that class of per-

sons who then, as now, in the midst of a Christian nation, were like the beasts that perish. While he was thus usefully employed, "the Doctors and Priests of the country," he says, began to open wide against him, "and in the year 1657 an indictment was preferred against him at the assizes for preaching at Eaton; for though this was in the golden days of Oliver Cromwell, the same writer who tells* us that "in those days there was no persecution," observes,† "that the Presbyterian ministers, who were then in possession of the livings, could not bear with the preaching of an illiterate tinker and an unordained minister." But the Presbyterians were not the only clergy who had intruded into the benefices of their loyal brethren, or retained those which were lawfully their own by conforming to the times, and deserting the Church in whose service they were ordained. There was a full proportion of Independents among these incumbents, and some Baptists also. And that there was much more persecution during the Protectorate than Cromwell would have allowed if he could have prevented it, may be seen by the history of the Quakers,—to say nothing of the Papists, against whom the penal laws remained in full force,—nor of the Church of England. The simple truth is, all parties were agreed in the one Catholic opinion, that certain doctrines are not to be tolerated: they differed as to what those doctrines were; and they differed also as to the degree in which they held the principle of intolerance, and the extent to which they practised it. The Papists, true to their creed, proclaimed it without reserve or limit, and burnt all heretics wherever they had power to do so. The Protestants therefore tolerated no Papists where they were strong enough to maintain the ascendency which they had won. The Church of England would have silenced all sectaries; it failed in the attempt, being betrayed by many of its own members; and then the sectaries overthrew the Church, put the Primate to death, ejected all the clergy who adhered to their principles, imprisoned some, deported others, and prohibited even the private and domestic use of the Liturgy. The very Baptists of Bunyan's congregation, and at a time too when Bunyan was their pastor, interdicted‡ a "dearly beloved sister" from communicating with a church of which her son-in-law was

* Ivimey's History of the Baptists, vol. ii. p. 27. † Ib. p. 34.
‡ Ib. p. 37.

minister, because he was not a Baptist; and they excluded* a brother, "because in a great assembly of the Church of England he was profanely *bishopt*, after the antichristian order of that generation, to the great profanation of God's order, and heart-breaking of his Christian brethren." The Independents flogged and hanged the Quakers; and the Quakers prophesied in the gall of bitterness against all other communities, and condemned them to the bottomless pit, in hearty belief and jubilant expectation that the sentence would be carried into full effect by the devil and his angels.

It is not known in what manner the attempt at silencing Bunyan was defeated. He tells us that the ignorant and malicious were then stirred up to load him with slanders; and that whatever the devil could devise, and his instruments invent, was "whirled up and down the country" against him, thinking that by that means they should make his ministry to be abandoned. It was rumoured that he was a witch, a Jesuit, a highwayman: and now it was that the aspersions cast upon his moral character called forth that characteristic vindication of himself which has already been noticed. Equally characteristic is the appeal which he made to his own manners and deportment. "And in this," says he, "I admire the wisdom of God, that he made me shy of women from my first conversion until now. These know, and can also bear me witness, with whom I have been most intimately concerned, that it is a rare thing to see me carry it pleasant towards a woman. The common salutation of women I abhor; 't is odious to me in whomsoever I see it. Their company alone I cannot away with! I seldom so much as touch a woman's hand; for I think these things are not so becoming me. When I have seen good men salute those women that they have visited, or that have visited them, I have at times made my objection against it; and when they have answered that it was but a piece of civility, I have told them it is not a comely sight. Some indeed have urged the holy kiss; but then I have asked why they made baulks? why they did salute the most handsome, and let the ill-favoured go? Thus how laudable soever such things have been in the eyes of others, they have been unseemly in my sight."—Dr. Doddridge could not have thus defended himself.

* Ivimey's History of the Baptists, vol. ii. p. 40.

But though this passage might have been written by a saint of the monastic calendar, Bunyan was no woman-hater. He had at this time married a second wife; and that he "carried it pleasant" towards her, appears by her behaviour towards him in his troubles.

These troubles came on a few months only after the Restoration, Bunyan being one of the first persons after that event who was punished for nonconformity. The nation was in a most unquiet state. There was a restless, rancorous, implacable party who would have renewed the civil war, for the sake of again trying the experiment of a Commonwealth, which had so completely and miserably failed when the power was in their hands. They looked to Ludlow as their General; and Algernon Sidney* took the first opportunity of soliciting for them men from Holland and money from France. The political enthusiasts who were engaged in such schemes, counted upon the sectaries for support. Even among the sober sects there were men who at the cost of a rebellion would gladly have again thrown down the Church Establishment, for the hope of setting up their own system during the anarchy that must ensue. Among the wilder, some were eager to proclaim King Jesus, and take possession of the earth as being the Saints to whom it was promised; and some (a few years later), less in hope of effecting their republican projects than in despair and vengeance, conspired to burn London: they were discovered, tried, convicted, and executed; they confessed their intention; they named the day which had been appointed for carrying it into effect, because an astrological scheme had shown it to be a lucky one for this design; and on that very day the fire of London broke out. In such times the Government was rendered suspicious by the constant sense of danger, and was led, as much by fear as by resentment, to severities which are explained by the necessity of self-defence,—not justified by it, when they fall upon the innocent, or even upon the less guilty.†

A warrant was issued against Bunyan as if he had been a dan-

* Œuvres de Louis XIV., t. ii. p. 204. Ludlow's Memoirs (Edinburgh, 1751), vol. iii., 151, 156. Ludlow's passport from the Comte d'Estrades, sent him that he might go from Switzerland to Paris, there to confer with Sidney upon this project, is printed in the same volume, p. 157.

[† 12th November, 1660.]

gerous person, because he went about preaching: this office was deemed (and well it might be) incompatible with his calling; he was known to be hostile to the restored Church, and probably it might be remembered that he had served in the Parliament's army. Accordingly, he was arrested at a place called Samsell, in Bedfordshire, at a meeting in a private house. He was aware of this intention, but neither chose to put off the meeting, nor to escape, lest such conduct on his part should make "an ill savour in the country;" and because he was resolved "to see the utmost of what they could say or do to him:" so he was taken before the Justice, Wingate by name, who had issued the warrant. Wingate asked him why he did not content himself with following his calling, instead of breaking the law; and Bunyan replied, that he could both follow his calling, and preach the word too. He was then required to find sureties: they were ready, and being called in, were told they were bound to keep him from preaching, otherwise their bonds would be forfeited. Upon this Bunyan declared that he would not desist from speaking the word of God. While his mittimus was making in consequence of this determination, one whom he calls an old enemy to the truth,* entered into discourse with him, and said he had read of one Alexander the coppersmith who troubled the Apostles, —"aiming 't is like at me," says Bunyan, "because I was a tinker; to which I answered, that I also had read of Priests and Pharisees that had their hands in the blood of our Lord." Aye, was the rejoinder, and you are one of those Pharisees, for you make long prayers to devour widows' houses. "I answered," says Bunyan, "that if he had got no more by preaching and praying than I had done, he would not be so rich as now he was." This ended in his committal to Bedford jail, there to remain till the quarter sessions. He was offered his liberty if he would promise not to call the people together, but no such promise would he make; and when he was told that none but poor, simple, ignorant people came to hear him, he replied, that such had most need of teaching, and therefore it was his duty to go on in that work. It appears, however, that after a few days he

[* Dr. Lindale. See 'A Relation of the Imprisonment of Mr. John Bunyan, Minister of the Gospel at Bedford. Written by himself, and never before published. London, 1765,' 12mo.]

listened to his friends, and would have given bond for his appearance at the sessions; but the magistrate to whom they applied was afraid to take it. "Whereat," says Bunyan, "I was not at all daunted, but rather glad, and saw evidently that the Lord had heard me. For before I went down to the justice, I begged of God, that if I might do more good by being at liberty than in prison, that then I might be set at liberty; but if not—His will be done; for I was not altogether without hopes but that my imprisonment might be an awakening to the saints in the country: therefore I could not tell which to choose; only I in that manner did commit the thing to God. And verily at my return I did meet my God sweetly in the prison again, comforting of me, and satisfying of me that it was His will and mind that I should be there."

Some seven weeks after this the sessions were held, and John Bunyan was indicted as a person who "devilishly and perniciously abstained from coming to Church to hear divine service, and who was a common upholder of several unlawful meetings and conventicles, to the great disturbance and distraction of the good subjects of this kingdom." He answered, that as to the first part of this, he was a common frequenter of the Church of God: but being demanded whether he attended the parish church, he replied that he did not, and for this reason, that he was not commanded so to do in the word of God; we were commanded there to pray, but with the Spirit, not with the Common Prayer book, the prayers in that book being made by other men, and not by the motion of the Holy Spirit within our own hearts. And as to the Lord's Prayer, said he, "there are very few that can, in the Spirit, say the two first words of that prayer; that is, that can call God their Father, as knowing what it is to be born again, and as having experience that they are begotten of the Spirit of God; which if they do not, all is but babbling." Having persuaded himself by weak arguments, Bunyan used them as if they had been strong ones: "Show me," he said, "the place in the Epistles where the Common Prayer book is written, or one text of Scripture that commands me to read it, and I will use it. But yet, notwithstanding, they that have a mind to use it, they have their liberty; that is, I would not keep them from it. But for our parts, we can pray to God without it. Blessed

be his name!" But the sectaries had kept their countrymen from it, while they had the power; and Bunyan himself in his sphere laboured to dissuade them from it.

Men who are called in question for their opinions, may be expected to under or over-state them at such times, according as caution or temerity may predominate in their dispositions. In none of Bunyan's writings does he appear so little reasonable, or so little tolerant, as upon these examinations. He was a brave man,—a bold one,—and believed himself to be an injured one, standing up against persecution; for he knew that by his preaching, evident and certain good was done; but that there was any evil in his way of doing it, or likely to arise from it, was a thought which, if it had arisen in his own mind, he would immediately have ascribed to the suggestion of Satan. Some further disputation ensued: "We are told," he said, "to exhort one another daily, while it is called to-day;" but the Justice replied, he ought not to preach. In rejoinder, he offered to prove that it was lawful for him, and such as him, to preach, and quoted the Apostle's words, "As every man hath received the gift, even so let him minister the same unto another." "Let me a little open that Scripture to you," said the magistrate: "*As every man hath received his gift;* that is, as every man hath received a trade, so let him follow it. If any man have received a gift of tinkering, as thou hast done, let him follow his tinkering. And so other men their trades, and the divine his calling." But John insisted that spiritual gifts were intended in this passage. The magistrate said, men might exhort if they pleased in their families, but not otherwise. John answered, "If it were lawful to do good to some, it was lawful to do good to more. If it were a good thing to exhort our families, it was good to exhort others. And if it were held a sin for them to meet together and seek the face of God, and exhort one another to follow Christ, he would sin still." They were now at a point. "You confess the indictment, then?" said the magistrate. He made answer—"This I confess: We have had many meetings together, both to pray to God, and to exhort one another; and we had the sweet comforting presence of the Lord among us for our encouragement; blessed be his name! There I confess myself guilty, and no otherwise." Then said the magistrate, "Hear your judgment!

You must be had back again to prison, and there lie for three months following; and at three months' end, if you do not submit to go to church to hear divine service, and leave your preaching, you must be banished the realm. And if, after such a day as shall be appointed you to be gone, you shall be found in this realm, or be found to come over again without special licence from the king, you must stretch by the neck for it: I tell you plainly." Bunyan resolutely answered, that "if he were out of prison to-day, he would preach the Gospel again to-morrow, by the help of God!"

Back therefore he was taken; "and I can truly say," he says, "I bless the Lord for it; that my heart was sweetly refreshed in the time of my examination, and also afterwards at my returning to the prison, so that I found Christ's words more than bare trifles, where he saith, * 'I will give you a mouth and wisdom, which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist.'" Three months elapsed, and the clerk of the peace then [3 April, 1661] went to him by desire of the magistrate, to see if he could be persuaded to obedience. But Bunyan insisted that the law, being intended against those who designed to do evil in their meetings, did not apply to him. He was told that he might exhort his neighbours in private discourse, if he did not call together an assembly of people: this he might do, and do much good thereby, without breaking the law. "But," said Bunyan, "if I may do good to one, why not to two? and if to two, why not to four, and so to eight, and so on?" "Aye," said the clerk, "and to a hundred, I warrant you!" "Yes," Bunyan answered, "I think I should not be forbidden to do as much good as I can." They then began to discuss the question, whether, under pretence of doing good, harm might not be done, by seducing the people; and Bunyan allowed that there might be many who designed the destruction of the government: let them, he said, be punished, and let him be punished also, should he do any thing not becoming a man and a Christian; if error or heresy could be proved upon him, he would disown it, even in the market-place; but to the truth he would stand to the last drop of his blood. Bound in conscience he held himself to obey all righteous laws, whether there were a king or not; and if he offended

* Luke xxi. 15.

against them, patiently to bear the penalty. And to cut off all occasion of suspicion, as touching the harmlessness of his doctrines, he would willingly give any one the notes of all his sermons, for he sincerely desired to live in peace, and to submit to the present authority. "But there are two ways of obeying," he observed; "the one to do that which I in my conscience do believe that I am bound to do, actively; and where I cannot obey actively, there I am willing to lie down, and to suffer what they shall do unto me." And here the interview ended, Bunyan thanking him for his "civil and meek discoursing," and breathing a wish that they might meet in Heaven.

Shortly afterwards the coronation [23 April, 1661] took place, and the proclamation which allowed persons to sue out a pardon during twelve months from that day, had the effect of suspending the proceedings against him, if any further were intended. When the assizes came, his wife presented a petition to the Judges, that they would impartially take his case into consideration.* Sir Matthew Hale was one of these Judges, and expressed a wish to serve if he could, but a fear that he could do her no good; and being assured by one of the Justices that Bunyan had been convicted, and was a hot-spirited fellow, he waived the matter. But the High Sheriff encouraged the poor woman to make another effort for her husband before they left the town; and accordingly, "with a bashed face and a trembling heart," she entered the Swan Chamber, where the two Judges and many magistrates and gentry of the country were in company together. Trembling however as she was, Elizabeth Bunyan had imbibed something of her husband's spirit. She had been to London to petition the House of Lords in his behalf, and had been told by one whom she calls Lord Barkwood,† that they could do nothing, but that his releasement was committed to the Judges at these next assizes, "and now I am come to you," she said, "and you give neither releasement nor relief!" And she

[* And that "he might be heard." She threw a second into the coach to Judge Twisden, "who, when he had seen it, snapt her up, and angrily told her that I was a convicted person, and could not be released unless I would promise to preach no more."—'A Relation,' &c., p. 41, ed. 1765. Contrast the mild bearing of Sir Matthew Hale with the hard measure of his fellow-Judge.]

[† 'A Relation of the Imprisonment,' &c., ed. 1765, p. 44.]

complained to Hale, that he was kept unlawfully in prison, for the indictment was false, and he was clapped up before there were any proclamations against the meetings. One of the Judges then said he had been lawfully convicted. "It is false," replied the woman, "for when they said to him, Do you confess the indictment? he said only this, that he had been at several meetings both when there was preaching the word and prayer, and that they had God's presence among them." "Will your husband leave preaching?" said Judge Twisden; "if he will do so, then send for him." "My lord," said she, "he dares not leave preaching, as long as he can speak."

Sir Matthew himself was not likely to be favourably impressed by this sort of pleading. But he listened sadly when she told him that there were four small children by the former wife, one of them blind; that they had nothing to live upon while their father was in prison but the charity of good people; and that she herself, "smayed" at the news when her husband was apprehended, being but young and unaccustomed to such things, fell in labour, and continuing in it for eight days, was delivered of a dead child. "Alas, poor woman!" said Hale. But Twisden said poverty was her cloak, for he understood her husband was better maintained by running up and down a-preaching, than by following his calling. Sir Matthew asked what was his calling, and was told that he was a tinker. "Yes," observed the wife, "and because he is a tinker and a poor man, therefore he is despised and cannot have justice." The scene ended in Sir Matthew's mildly telling her he was sorry he could do her no good; that what her husband had said was taken for a conviction, and that there was no other course for her, than either to apply to the king, or sue out his pardon, or get a writ of error, which would be the cheapest. She urged them to send for Bunyan, that he might speak for himself: his appearance however would rather have confirmed those in their opinions who said that there was not such another pestilent fellow in the country, than have moved the judges in his favour. Elizabeth Bunyan concludes her account by saying,* "This I remember, that though I was

[* 'A Relation, &c.' p. 47. "Here followeth a discourse between my wife and the Judges, touching my deliverance; the which I took from her own mouth."]

somewhat timorous at my first entrance into the chamber, yet before I went out I could not but break forth into tears; not so much because they were so hard-hearted against me and my husband, but to think what a sad account such poor creatures will have to give at the coming of the Lord."

No further steps for procuring his release were taken at this time; either because the means for defraying the legal expenses could not be raised, or, which is quite as probable, because it was certain that Bunyan, thinking himself in conscience bound to preach in defiance of the law, would soon have made his case worse than it then was. For he had fortunately a friend in the jailer, and was somewhat like a prisoner at large, being allowed to go whither he would, and return when he thought proper. He attended the meetings of the congregation to which he belonged, he was employed by them to visit disorderly members, he was often out in the night, and it is said that many of the Baptist congregations in Bedfordshire owe their origin to his midnight preaching. "I followed my wonted course," he says, "taking all occasions to visit the people of God, exhorting them to be steadfast in the faith of Jesus Christ, and to take heed that they touched not the Common Prayer, &c.,—an &c. more full of meaning than that which occasioned the dishonest outcry against the &c. oath. So far did this liberty extend, that he went "to see the Christians at London," an indiscretion which cost the jailer a severe reproof, and had nearly cost him his place, and which compelled him to withhold any further indulgence of this kind, "so," says Bunyan, "that I must not now look out of the door." "They charged me," he adds, "that I went thither to plot and raise divisions, and make insurrections, which God knows was a slander." It was slanderous to charge him with plotting, or with traitorous intentions; but in raising divisions he was, beyond all doubt, actively and heartily engaged. The man who distinguished a handful of Baptists in London as *the Christians* of that great metropolis, and who, when let out by favour from his prison, exhorted the people of God, as he calls them, to take heed that they touched not the Common Prayer, was not employed in promoting unity, nor in making good subjects, however good his intentions, however orthodox his creed, however sincere and fervent his piety. Peace might be on his

lips, and zeal for the salvation of others in his heart; but he was certainly at that time no preacher of good will, nor of Christian charity. And without reference to human laws, it may be affirmed, that the circumstances which removed this high-minded and hot-minded man from a course of dangerous activity, in which he was as little likely to acquire a tolerant spirit as to impart it, and placed him in confinement, where his understanding had leisure to ripen and to cool, was no less favourable for his moral and religious nature, than it has ultimately proved to his usefulness and his fame.

Nothing is more certain than that the gratification which a resolute spirit feels in satisfying its conscience, exceeds all others; this feeling is altogether distinct from that peace of mind which under all afflictions abides in the regenerate heart; nor is it so safe a feeling, for it depends too much upon excitement, and the exaltation and triumph which it produces are akin to pride. Bunyan's heart had been kindled by the Book of Martyrs,—cold and insensible indeed must any heart be which could dwell without emotion upon those precious records of religious heroism! He had read in those records, with perfect sympathy, the passionate epistle which the Italian martyr, Pomponius Algerius, addressed from prison to his friends. That martyr was a student of Padua, and, in what in one sense may be called the golden age of literature, had been devoted to study from his childhood with ambitious diligence and the most hopeful success. "To mitigate your sorrow which you take for me," said this noble soldier of the noble Army, "I cannot but impart unto you some portion of my delectation and joys which I feel and find, to the intent that you may rejoice with me and sing before the Lord.—I have found a nest of honey and honey-comb in the entrails of a lion.—Behold, He that was once far from me, now is present with me: Whom once scarce I could feel, now I see more apparently: Whom once I saw afar off, now I behold near at hand: Whom once I hungered for, the same now approacheth, and reacheth His hand unto me. He doth comfort me, and heapeth me up with gladness; He driveth away all bitterness; He ministereth strength and courage; He healeth me, refresheth, advanceth, and comforteth me.—The sultry heat of the prison to me is coldness; the cold winter to me is a fresh spring-time in the Lord. He that feareth not to be burnt in the

fire, how will he fear the heat of the weather? Or what careth he for the pinching frost, who burneth with the love of the Lord? This place is sharp and tedious to them that be guilty; but to the innocent,—here droppeth delectable dew, here floweth pleasant nectar, here runneth sweet milk, here is plenty of all good things.—Let the miserable worldling say, if there be any plot, pasture, or meadow, so delightful to the mind of man as here. Here is Mount Sion; here I am already in Heaven itself. Here standeth first Christ Jesus in the front; about him stand the old Patriarchs, Prophets, and Evangelists, Apostles, and all the servants of God; of whom some do embrace and cherish me; some exhort, some open the sacraments unto me, some comfort me, other some are singing about me. How then shall I be thought to be alone, among so many and such as these, the beholding of whom to me is both solace and example!"*.

"This man," says Bunyan, "was, when he wrote this letter, in the house of the forest of Lebanon,—in the Church in the Wilderness,—in the Place and way of contending for the Truth of God: and he drank of both cups,—of that which was exceeding bitter, and of that which was exceeding sweet; and the reason why he complained not of the bitter, was because the sweet had overcome it. As his affliction abounded *for* Christ, so did his consolations *by* him;—*so* did I say? they abounded much more. But was not this man, think you, a Giant? A pillar in this House? Had he not also now hold of the shield of faith? Yea, was he not now in the combat? And did he not behave himself valiantly? Was not his mind elevated a thousand degrees beyond sense, carnal reasons, fleshly love, self-concerns, and the desire of embracing worldly things? This man had got that by the end that pleased him: neither could all the flatteries, promises, threats, or reproaches, make him once listen to, or inquire after, what the world, or the glory of it, could afford. His mind was captivated with delights invisible: he coveted to show his love to his Lord by laying down his life for His sake. He longed to be there, where there shall be no more pain nor sorrow, nor sighing, nor tears, nor troubles."

Bunyan had thoroughly conformed his own frame of mind to *that* which he thus admired; but there were times when his

[* Foxe's 'Actes and Monumentes,' ed. 1576, p. 912.]

spirit failed; and there is not a more characteristic passage in his works than that in which he describes his apprehensions, and inward conflict, and final determination. "I will tell you a pretty business," he says: "I was in a very sad and low condition for many weeks; at which times also, being but a young prisoner and not acquainted with the laws, I had this lying much upon my spirits, that my imprisonment might end at the gallows, for aught that I could tell. Now therefore Satan laid hard at me to beat me out of heart, by suggesting this unto me: 'But how if, when you come indeed to die, you should be in this condition; that is, as not to savour the things of God, nor to have any evidence upon your soul for a better state hereafter?' (for indeed at that time all the things of God were hid from my soul.) Wherefore, when I at first began to think of this, it was a great trouble to me; for I thought with myself, that in the condition I now was, I was not fit to die; neither indeed did I think I could, if I should be called to it. Besides, I thought with myself, if I should make a scrambling shift to clamber up the ladder, yet I should either with quaking, or other symptoms of fainting, give occasion to the enemy to reproach the way of God, and his people for their timorousness. This therefore lay with great trouble upon me; for methought I was ashamed to die with a pale face and tottering knees, in such a case as this. Wherefore I prayed to God that He would comfort me, and give me strength to do and suffer what he should call me to; yet no comfort appeared, but all continued hid. I was also at this time so really possessed with the thoughts of death, that oft I was as if I was on the ladder with a rope about my neck. Only this was some encouragement to me: I thought I might now have an opportunity to speak my last words unto a multitude, which I thought would come to see me die; and, thought I, if it must be so, if God will but convert one soul by my last words, I shall not count my life thrown away, nor lost.

"But yet all the things of God were kept out of my sight; and still the Tempter followed me with, 'But whither must you go when you die? what will become of you? where will you be found in another world? what evidence have you for Heaven and glory, and an inheritance among them that are sanctified?' Thus was I *tossed for* many weeks, and knew not what to do.

At last this consideration fell with weight upon me, that it was for the word and way of God that I was in this condition, wherefore I was engaged not to flinch a hair's breadth from it. I thought also that God might choose whether He would give me comfort now, or at the hour of death; but I might not therefore choose whether I would hold my profession or not. I was bound, but He was free. Yea, it was my duty to stand to His Word, whether he would ever look upon me or save me at the last; wherefore, thought I, the point being thus, I am for going on, and venturing my eternal state with Christ, whether I have comfort here or no. If God doth not come in, thought I, I will leap off the ladder even blindfold into eternity; sink or swim,—come Heaven, come Hell;—Lord Jesus, if thou wilt catch me, do; if not, I will venture for Thy name!" John Bunyan did not ask himself how far the case of those Martyrs whose example he was prepared to follow resembled the situation in which he was placed. Such a question, had he been cool enough to entertain it, might have shown him that they had no other alternative than idolatry or the stake: but that he was neither called upon to renounce anything that he did believe, nor to profess any thing that he did not; that the congregation to which he belonged held at that time their meetings unmolested; that he might have worshipped when he pleased, where he pleased, and how he pleased; that he was only required not to go about the country holding conventicles; and that the cause for that interdiction was—not that persons were admonished in such conventicles to labour for salvation, but that they were exhorted there to regard with abhorrence that Protestant church which is essentially part of the constitution of this kingdom; from the doctrines of which Church, except in the point of infant baptism, he did not differ a hair's breadth. This I am bound to observe, because Bunyan has been, and no doubt will continue to be, most wrongfully represented as having been the victim of intolerant laws, and prelatical oppression.

But greater strength of will and strength of heart could not have been manifested, if a plain duty, wherewith there may be no compromise, had called for that sacrifice which he was ready to have made. It would be wronging him here, were the touching expression of his feelings under these circumstances to be

withheld. "I found myself," he says, "a man encompassed with infirmities. The parting with my wife and poor children hath often been to me, in this place, as the pulling the flesh from the bones; and that not only because I am somewhat too fond of these great mercies, but also because I should have often brought to my mind the many hardships, miseries, and wants that my poor family was like to meet with, should I be taken from them; especially my poor blind child, who lay nearer my heart than all besides. Oh, the thoughts of the hardships I thought my poor blind one might go under, would break my heart to pieces!—Poor child! thought I, what sorrow art thou like to have for thy portion in this world! Thou must be beaten; must beg; suffer hunger, cold, nakedness, and a thousand calamities, though I cannot now endure the wind should blow upon thee. But yet recalling myself, thought I, I must venture you all with God, though it goeth to the quick to leave you. Oh, I saw in this condition I was as a man who was pulling down his house upon the heads of his wife and children: yet, thought I, I must do it! And now I thought on those two milch-kine that were to carry the Ark of God into another country, and to leave their* calves behind them."

These fears passed away when he found that no further proceedings were intended against him. But his worldly occupation was gone, for there was an end of tinkering as well as of his ministerial itinerancy: "He was as effectually called away from his pots and kettles," says Mr. Ivimey, "as the Apostles were from mending their nets;" he learnt therefore to make tagged thread-laces, and by this means supported his family. They lost the comfort of his presence; but in other respects their condition was not worsened by his imprisonment, which indeed was likely to render them objects of kindness, as well as of compassion, to their neighbours. In an age when the state of our prisons was disgraceful to a Christian people, and the treatment of prisoners not unfrequently most inhuman, Bunyan was fortunate in the place of his confinement and in the disposition of his jailer, who is said to have committed the management of the prison to his care, knowing how entirely he might be trusted. He had the society there of some who were suffering for the

* 1 Sam. vi. 10.

same cause; he had his Bible and his Book of Martyrs; and he had leisure to brood over his own thoughts. The fever of his enthusiasm had spent itself; the asperity of his opinions was softened as his mind enlarged; and the Pilgrim's Progress was one of the fruits of his imprisonment. But before that work is spoken of more particularly, it will be convenient to pursue the story of his life to its close.

He remained a prisoner twelve years.* But it appears, that during the last four of those years he regularly attended the Baptist meeting, his name being always in the records; and in the eleventh year the congregation chose him for their pastor; "he at the same time accepted the invitation, and gave himself up to serve Christ and his Church in that charge, and received of the Elders the right hand of fellowship." The more recent historian of the Baptists says, "How he could exercise his pastoral office in preaching among them, while he continued a prisoner in the jail, we are at a loss to conceive:" unquestionably only by being a prisoner at large, and having the liberty of the town while he lodged in prison. There is a print in which he is represented as pursued by a rabble to his own door;† but there is no allusion to any such outrage in any part of his works: in his own neighbourhood, where he had always lived, it is most unlikely to have happened; and if Bunyan had any enemies latterly, they were among the bigots of his own persuasion. His character had by this time obtained respect, his books had attracted notice, and Dr. Barlow, then Bishop of Lincoln, and other churchmen, are said to have pitied "his hard and unreasonable sufferings so far as to stand very much his friends in procuring his enlargement."‡ How this was effected is not known.

[* From 12 Nov. 1660 to June 1672, when a pardon was granted under the Great Seal for the release of John Fenn, John Bunyan, and others, *prisonariis in Communi Gaolâ pro Comitatu nostræ Bedfordiæ.* (Life of Bunyan, by George Godwin, p. ix.)

The King's Declaration of Indulgence was published on the 25th of the preceding March,—"Papists and swarms of sectaries now boldly showing themselves in their public meetings."—Evelyn's *Memoirs*, i. 450, 4to. ed.]

[† Re-engraved for Ivimey's Life of Bunyan "From a scarce print in the possession of Mr. George, Greek Street, Soho." The whole print has the appearance of a forgery. In one corner is inscribed "Drawn on the spot by Samuel Ireland." A name very little in favour of its authenticity.]

‡ This is the statement given in the continuation of his Life, appended to

From this time his life appears to have passed smoothly. His congregation and his other friends bought ground and built a meeting house for him, and there he continued to preach before large audiences. Every year he used to visit London, where his reputation was so great, that if a day's notice were given, "the meeting house in Southwark,* at which he generally preached, would not hold half the people that attended. Three thousand persons have been gathered together there; and not less than twelve hundred on week days, and dark winter's mornings at seven o'clock." He used also to preach in the surrounding counties. The Baptist congregation at Hitchin is supposed to have been founded by him. Their meetings were held at first about three miles from that town, in a wood near the village of Preston, Bunyan standing in a pit, or hollow, and the people round about on the sloping sides. "A chimney corner at a house in the same wood is still looked upon with veneration, as having been the place of his refreshment." About five miles from Hitchin was a famous Puritan preaching place, called Bendish. It had been a malt-house, was very low, and thatched, and ran in two directions, a large square pulpit standing in the angles; and adjoining the pulpit was a high pew, in which ministers sat out of sight of informers, and from which, in case of alarm, they could escape into an adjacent lane. The building being much decayed, this meeting was removed in

his own account of himself, and supposed to have been written by Charles Doe, a Baptist minister, who was intimately acquainted with him. Mr. Ivimey, however, to invalidate this, produces a passage from the preface to one of Owen's sermons: this passage says, "that Bunyan was confined upon an excommunication for nonconformity; that there was a law, that if any two persons would go to the Bishop of the Diocese, and offer a cautionary bond that the prisoner should conform in half a year, the Bishop might release him upon that bond; that Barlow was applied to to do this, by Owen, whose tutor he had been; that Barlow refused, unless the Lord Chancellor would issue out an order to him to take the cautionary bond, and release the prisoner; that this, though very chargeable, was done, and that Bunyan was then set at liberty, but little thanks to the bishop." "From this account," says Mr. Ivimey, "it should seem the honour given to Dr. Barlow has been ill-bestowed." Upon this statement it will be sufficient to observe that Bunyan was not imprisoned upon a sentence of excommunication; and that he would not have been imprisoned at all, if he would have allowed his friends to enter into a bond for him, far less objectionable on his part than the fraudulent one upon which, it is here pretended, he was released at last.

[* In Zoar Street, leading from Gravel Lane to Essex Street. See Wilkinson's '*Londina Illustrata*.']

1787 to a place called Coleman Green; and the pulpit, which was there held to be the only remaining one in which Bunyan had preached, was, with a commendable feeling, carefully removed thither. But another "true pulpit" is shown in London, in the Jewin Street meeting. It is said that Owen greatly admired his preaching, and that being asked by Charles II. "how a learned man such as he was could sit and listen to an illiterate tinker?" he replied, "May it please your Majesty, could I possess that tinker's abilities for preaching, I would most gladly relinquish all my learning."

This opinion would be discreditable to Owen's judgment, if he really entertained it, and the anecdote were entitled to belief. For great part of Bunyan's tracts are supposed to contain the substance of his sermons, which it is said he commonly committed to writing, after he had preached them; and certainly, if he had left no other proofs of his genius, these would not have perpetuated his name. But the best sermons are not always those which produce most effect in delivery. A reader may be lulled to sleep by the dead letter of a printed discourse, who would have been roused and thrilled if the same discourse had come to him in a stream of living oratory, enforced by the tones, and eye, and countenance, and gestures of the preacher. One who is as much in earnest as he was, even if his matter should be worse, and his manner feebler, will seldom fail to move hearers, when they see that he is moved himself. But Bunyan may be supposed to have been always vehement and vigorous in delivery, as he frequently is in his language. One day when he had preached "with peculiar warmth and enlargement," some of his friends came to shake hands with him after the service, and observed to him what "a sweet sermon" he had delivered. "Aye!" he replied, "you need not remind me of that; for the Devil told me of it before I was out of the pulpit." This anecdote authenticates itself.*

He became a voluminous writer, and published about threescore tracts or books.† They have been collected into two folio

[* Toplady's Works, vol. iv. p. 11, as quoted in Ivimey's Life of Bunyan, ed. 1825, p. 188.]

[† On his portrait by Sturt prefixed to the first and only volume of his works printed in 1692, it is said that he "died at London, August 31st, 1688,

volumes, but indiscriminately arranged, and without any notice of their respective dates;* and this is a great fault; for by a proper arrangement, or such notices, the progress of his mind might more satisfactorily be traced. Some passages occur in them which may make us shudder; these are very few, and in what may probably be deemed his earlier works, because such passages are found in them. A very few also there are in which the smut of his old occupation has been left upon the paper. The strongest prejudice which he retained, and precisely for this reason, that it was the most unreasonable, was his dislike of the Liturgy,—the book of 'Common Prayer' being, like "the common salutation of women," "what he could not away with." But the general tenor of his writings is mild, and tolerant, and charitable; and if Calvinism had never worn a blacker appearance than in Bunyan's works, it could never have become a term of reproach; nor have driven so many pious minds, in horror of it, to an opposite extreme.

Bunyan looked for a Millennium, though he did not partake the madness of the Fifth-monarchy men, nor dream of living to see it. He agreed with the particular or stricter Baptists, that Church communion was to be held with those only who are "visible Saints by calling;" that is, with those who make a profession of faith, and repentance, and holiness, and who are now called Professors in their own circle, but in those days took to themselves complacently the appellation of Saints. He dared not hold communion with others, he said, because the Scriptures so often command that all the congregation should be holy; and

aged 60, having written sixty books." "Books," as Granger observes, "equal to the number of his years."]

[* 2 vols. fol. 1736, and 2 vols. fol. 1767.

No one has as yet told us when John Bunyan first became an author, and his 'Grace Abounding' is silent on the subject. There is, however, every reason to believe that no book or tract of Bunyan's appeared before 1658, when in the September of that year he published 'A Few Sighs from Hell; or the Groans of a damned Soul. By that poor and contemptible servant of Jesus Christ, John Bunyan;' of which a copy is preserved in that curiously complete collection of books, tracts, half-sheets, and single sheets relating to the "Great Rebellion," collected at the time, and presented by King George III. to the British Museum.

The same collection contains a second publication of Bunyan's, entitled 'The Doctrine of the Law and Grace unfolded. Published by that poor and contemptible creature, John Bunyan of Bedford.' Printed in 1659, and endorsed by the *collector as* published in the May of that year.]

because so to do would be ploughing with an ox and an ass together; and because God has threatened to plague the "mingled people" with dreadful punishments. "It is all one," he says, "to communicate with the profane, and to sacrifice to the devil." But he held that difference of opinion concerning baptism should be no bar to communion; and for this he was attacked by Kiffin and Jessey, two of the most eminent among the Baptists. The more particular Particulars had long been displeased with his tolerance upon this point, and had drawn away some of his congregation; and Bunyan complained of this "Church-rending" spirit. "Yourself," he says to Kiffin, "could you but get the opportunity, under pretence of this innocent ordinance, as you term it, of water-baptism, would not stick to make inroads, and outroads too, in all the churches that suit not your fancy in the land. For you have already been bold to affirm, that all those that have baptized infants ought to be ashamed and repent, before they be showed the pattern of the house: for what is this but to threaten that, could you have your will of them, you would quickly take from them their present church privileges?" He complains of "brethren of the baptized way, who would not pray with men as good as themselves, because they were not baptized (that is, rebaptized)—but would either, like Quakers, stand with their hats on their heads, or else withdraw till they had done."

One of his opponents had said upon this subject, that "if it be preposterous and wicked for a man and woman to cohabit together, and to enjoy the privileges of a married estate" without the solemnity of public marriage, "so it is no less disorderly, upon a spiritual account, for any one to claim the privileges of a church, or to be admitted to the same, till they had been under the solemnity of rebaptism." "These words," said Bunyan, "are very black;—I wot that through ignorance and a preposterous zeal he said it. God give him repentance!" They neither judged nor spoke so charitably of him; they called him a Machiavelian, a man devilish, proud, insolent, and presumptuous;—some compared him to the devil, others to a Bedlamite, others to a sot; and they sneered at his low origin, and the base occupation from which he had risen: "Such insults," said he, "I freely bind unto me, as an ornament among the rest of my

reproaches, till the Lord shall wipe them off at his coming." They reproached him for declining a public conference with them in London upon the matter in dispute. To this he answered thus: "The reason why I came not amongst you was partly because I consulted mine own weakness, and counted not myself, being a dull-headed man, able to engage so many of the chief of you as I was then informed intended to meet me. I also feared in personal disputes, heats and bitter contentions might arise, a thing my spirit hath not pleasure in. I feared also that both myself and words would be misrepresented;—for if they that answer a book will alter and screw arguments out of their places, and make my sentences stand in their own words, not mine, when, I say, my words are in a book to be seen; what would you have done had I in the least, either in matter or manner, though but seemingly, miscarried among you?"

Throughout this controversy Bunyan appears to great advantage as a meek, good man, beyond the general spirit of his age in toleration, and far beyond that of his fellow sectarians. His was indeed so catholic a spirit, that though circumstances had made him a sectarian, he liked not to be called by the denomination of his sect. "I know none," says he, "to whom that title is so proper as to the disciples of John. And since you would know by what name I would be distinguished from others, I tell you, I would be, and hope I am, a *Christian;* and choose, if God should count me worthy, to be called a *Christian*, a *Believer*, or other such name which is approved by the Holy Ghost. And as for those factious titles of Anabaptists, Independents, Presbyterians, or the like, I conclude that they come neither from Jerusalem nor from Antioch, but rather from Hell and Babylon; for they naturally tend to divisions. You may know them by their fruits."

In another of his treatises he says, "jars and divisions, wranglings and prejudices, eat out the growth, if not the life of religion. These are those waters of Marah that imbitter our spirits, and quench the Spirit of God. Unity and peace is said to be like the dew of Hermon,* and as a dew that descended upon Sion, when the Lord promised his blessing. Divisions run religion into briers and thorns, contentions and parties. Divi-

* Psalm cxxxiii. 3.

sions are to churches like wars in countries; where war is, the ground lieth waste and untilled; none takes care of it. It is love that edifieth, but division pulleth down. Divisions are as the north-east wind to the fruits, which causeth them to dwindle away to nothing; but when the storms are over, everything begins to grow. When men are divided, they seldom speak the truth in love; and then no marvel they grow not up to Him in all things which is the Head.—It is a sad presage of an approaching famine (as one well observes)—not of bread, nor water, but of hearing the word of God, when the thin ears of corn devour the plump full ones; when our controversies about doubtful things, and things of less moment, eat up our zeal for the more indisputable and practical things in religion; which may give us cause to fear, that this will be the character by which our age will be known to posterity, that it was the age which talked of religion most, and loved it least." It is of the divisions among those who could as little conform with one another as with the Church of England, that he is here speaking. And when his Mr. Badman says, "that no sin reigneth more in the world than pride among professors," and asks "who is prouder than your professors? scarcely the devil himself;" Bunyan assents to this condemnation in the character of Mr. Wiseman, saying, "Who can contradict him? the thing is too apparent for any man to deny." In his last sermon he complains of the many *prayerless* professors in London: "Coffee-houses," he says, "will not let you pray; trades will not let you pray; looking-glasses will not let you pray: but if you was born of God, you would." In another place his censure is directed against the *prayerful* ones. "The Pharisee, saith the text, stood and prayed with himself. It is at this day," says Bunyan, "wonderful common for men to pray *extempore* also: to pray by a book, by a premeditated set form, is now out of fashion: he is counted nobody now, that cannot at any time, at a minute's warning, make a prayer of half an hour long. I am not against *extempore* prayer, for I believe it to be the best kind of praying; but yet I am jealous that there are a great many such prayers made, especially in pulpits and public meetings, without the breathing of the Holy Ghost in them: for if a Pharisee of old could do so, why may not a Pharisee now do the same? Great

is the formality of religion this day, and little the power thereof! —How proud, how covetous, how like the world in garb and guise, in words and actions, are most of the great professors of this our day! But when they come to divine worship, especially to pray, by their words and carriage there, one would almost judge them to be angels in Heaven." Thus it appears Bunyan, like Wesley, lived to perceive "that often where there is most profession there is least piety."

This is manifest also in another passage, which is moreover worthy of notice, because it is in Bishop Latimer's vein. It is in his 'Heavenly Footman, or Description of the Man that gets to Heaven, together with the Way he runs in, the Marks he goes by; also some Directions how to run so as to obtain.' No doubt it contains the substance of some of his sermons; and to sermons in such a strain, however hearers might differ in taste and in opinions, there are none who would not listen.—"They that will have Heaven, they must run for it, because the Devil, the Law, Sin, Death, and Hell follow them. There is never a poor Soul that is going to Heaven, but the Devil, the Law, Sin, Death, and Hell make after that soul. 'The Devil, your adversary, as a roaring lion, goeth about, seeking whom he may devour.' And I will assure you, the devil is nimble; he can run apace; he is light of foot; he hath overtaken many; he hath turned up their heels, and hath given them an everlasting fall. Also the Law! that can shoot a great way: have a care thou keep out of the reach of those great guns the Ten Commandments! Hell also hath a wide mouth; and can stretch itself farther than you are aware of! And as the angel said to Lot, 'Take heed, look not behind thee, neither tarry thou in all the plain (that is, any where between this and Heaven), lest thou be consumed,' so say I to thee, Take heed, tarry not, lest either the Devil, Hell, Death, or the fearful curses of the Law of God do overtake thee, and throw thee down in the midst of thy sins, so as never to rise and recover again. If this were well considered, then thou, as well as I, wouldst say, they that will have Heaven must run for it."

"But, if thou wouldst so run as to obtain the kingdom of Heaven, then be sure that thou get into the way that leadeth thither; for it is a vain thing to think that ever thou shalt have

the prize, though thou runnest never so fast, unless thou art in the way that leads to it. Set the case, that there should be a man in London that was to run to York for a wager; now though he run never so swiftly, yet if he run full south, he might run himself quickly out of breath, and be never the nearer the prize, but rather the farther off: just so is it here; it is not simply the runner, nor yet the hasty runner, that winneth the crown, unless he be in the way that leadeth thereto. I have observed, that little time that I have been a professor, that there is a great running to and fro, some this way, and some that way, yet it is to be feared most of them are out of the way: and then, though they run as swift as the eagle can fly, they are benefited nothing at all!—Here is one run a *Quaking*, another a *Ranting;* one again runs after the *Baptism*, and another after the *Independency*. Here 's one for *Free-will*, and another for *Presbytery;* and yet possibly most of these sects run quite the wrong way; and yet every one is for his life, his soul—either for Heaven or Hell!—Mistrust thy own strength, and throw it away! Down on thy knees in prayer to the Lord, for the Spirit of Truth! Keep company with the soundest Christians that have most experience of Christ: and be sure thou have a care of Quakers, Ranters, Free-willers: also do not have too much company with some Anabaptists, though I go under that name myself."

Little has been recorded of Bunyan during the sixteen years between his enlargement and his death [1672–1688]. It appears, that besides his yearly visit to London, he made stated circuits into other parts of England; that he exerted himself to relieve the temporal wants of those who were suffering as nonconformists under oppressive laws; that he administered diligently to the sick and afflicted, and successfully employed his influence in reconciling differences among "professors of the Gospel," and thus prevented "many disgraceful and burdensome litigations." One of his biographers thinks it highly probable that he did not escape trouble in the latter part of Charles the Second's reign, "as the Justices of Bedford were so zealous in the cause of persecution;" but it is much more probable, that in a place where so much indulgence had been shown him during the latter years of his imprisonment, he was let alone; and there can be little

doubt but that if he had undergone any further vexation for the same causes, a full account of it would have been preserved. At Bedford, where he was liked as well as known, he was evidently favoured: in other places he would be exposed to the same risk as other nonconforming preachers; and there is a tradition among the Baptists at Reading, that he sometimes went through that town dressed like a carter, and with a long whip in his hand, to avoid detection. Reading was a place where he was well known: the house in which the Baptists met for worship was in a lane there, and from the back door they had a bridge over a branch of the river Kennett, whereby, in case of alarm, they might escape. In a visit to that place, he contracted the disease which brought him to the grave. A friend of his who resided there had resolved to disinherit his son; the young man requested Bunyan to interfere in his behalf; he did so with good success, and it was his last labour of love; for returning to London on horseback, through heavy rain, a fever ensued, which, after ten days, proved fatal.

He died at the house of his friend Mr. Strudwick, a grocer, at the sign of the Star, on Snow Hill, and was buried in that friend's vault in Bunhill Fields, burial-ground, which the Dissenters regarded as their *Campo Santo*,—and especially for his sake. It is said that many have made it their desire to be interred as near as possible to the spot where his remains are deposited. His age and the date of his decease are thus recorded in his epitaph: "Mr. John Bunyan, Author of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' ob. 31 Aug. 1688, æt. 60.

> The 'Pilgrim's Progress' now is finished,
> And Death has laid him in his earthly bed."

It appears that, at the time of his death, the Lord Mayor,* Sir John Shorter, was one of his London flock. But though he had obtained favour among the magistracy, he was not one of those Nonconformists who were duped by the insidious liberality of the government at that time, and lent their aid to measures which were intended for the destruction of the Protestant faith. "It is said that he clearly saw through the designs of the court

* September 6, 1688. "Few days before died Bunian, his Lordship's teacher, or chaplain; a man said to be gifted in that way, though once a cobler." *Ellis Correspondence*, vol. ii. 161.

in favour of Popery" (blind indeed must they have been who did not!) when James granted his indulgence to the Dissenters; and that "he advised his brethren to avail themselves of the sunshine by diligent endeavours to spread the Gospel, and to prepare for an approaching storm by fasting and prayer." "He foresaw," says the Baptist minister who added a supplement to his account of his own life, "all the advantages that could redound to the Dissenters would have been no more than what Polyphemus, the monstrous giant of Sicily, would have allowed Ulysses,—to wit, 'that he would eat his men first, and do him the favour of being eaten last.'"—"When Regulators went into all cities and towns corporate to new-model the magistracy, by turning out some and putting in others," Bunyan laboured zealously with his congregation "to prevent their being imposed on in that kind. And when a great man in those days, coming to Bedford upon some such errand, sent for him (as was supposed) to give him a place of public trust, he would by no means come at him, but sent his excuse."

His earliest biographer* says also, that "though by reason of the many losses he sustained by imprisonment and spoil, his chargeable sickness, &c., his earthly treasure swelled not to excess, yet he always had sufficient to live decently and creditably." But all that Bunyan had to lose by "spoil," was his occupation as a tinker, which, fortunately for him and the world, was put an end to earlier than in the course of his preacher's progress he could otherwise have cast it off. That progress raised him to a station of respectability and comfort; and he was too wise and too religious a man to desire riches, either for himself or his children. When a wealthy London citizen offered to take one of his sons as an apprentice without a premium, he declined the friendly and advantageous offer, saying, "God did not send me to advance my family, but to preach the Gospel." No doubt he saw something in the business itself, or in the way of life to which it led, unfavourable to the moral character.

His widow put forth an advertisement, stating her inability to print the writings which he left unpublished. They are probably included in the folio edition of his works which was pub-

[* Charles Doe, ante, p. 153.]

lished in 1692,* the year of her decease, by Bunyan's successor at Bedford, Ebenezer Chandler, and John Wilson, a brother minister of the same set, who went in Bunyan's lifetime from the Bedford congregation to be the first pastor of a Baptist flock at Hitchin.

Three children survived him; there were none by the second marriage; and the blind daughter, the only one whom it might have troubled him to leave with a scanty provision, happily died before him. He is said to have kept up "a very strict discipline in his family, in prayer and exhortations." Such a discipline did not in this case produce its usual ill effect; for, according to what little is known of his children, they went on in the way they had been trained. His eldest son was forty-five years a member of the Bedford meeting; he preached there occasionally, and was employed in visiting the disorderly members; he was therefore in good repute for discretion, as well as for his religious character. The names of other descendants are in the books of the same meeting; in the burial-ground belonging to it, his great-granddaughter, Hannah Bunyan, was interred in 1770, at the age of 76; and with her all that is related of his posterity ends.

A description of his character and person was drawn by his first biographer. "He appeared in countenance," says that friend, "to be of a stern and rough temper; but in his conversation, mild and affable, not given to loquacity, or much discourse in company, unless some urgent occasion required it; observing never to boast of himself, or his parts, but rather seem low in his own eyes, and submit himself to the judgment of others; abhorring lying and swearing; being just in all that lay in his power to his word; not seeming to revenge injuries; loving to reconcile differences, and make friendship with all. He had a sharp, quick eye, accomplished with an excellent discerning of persons, being of good judgment and quick wit. As for his per-

[* "The Works of that eminent servant of Christ, Mr. John Bunyan, late minister of the Gospel and pastor of the congregation at Bedford. The first volume, containing Ten of his Excellent Manuscripts, prepared for the press before his death, never before printed, and Ten of his Choyce Books formerly printed, London, 1692," fol.

No second volume appeared. The 'Pilgrim's Progress' is not included in this volume.]

son, he was tall of stature; strong boned, though not corpulent; somewhat of a ruddy face, with sparkling eyes; wearing his hair on his upper lip, after the old British fashion; his hair reddish, but in his latter days time had sprinkled it with grey; his nose well set, but not declining or bending, and his mouth moderate large; his forehead something high, and his habit always plain and modest. And thus have we impartially described the internal and external parts of a person, who had tried the smiles and frowns of time, not puffed up in prosperity, nor shaken in adversity, always holding the golden mean."*

Mr. Whitbread, father to the distinguished member of that name, was so great an admirer of Bunyan, that he left by will 500*l.* to the meeting at Bedford, expressly as a token of respect for his memory; the interest to be distributed annually in bread to the poor of that meeting, between Michaelmas and Christmas. When Bunyan's pulpit Bible was to be sold among the library of the Rev. Samuel Palmer of Hackney, Mr. Whitbread, the member, gave a commission to bid as much for it as the bidder thought his father, had he been living, would have given for a relic which he would have valued so highly. It was bought accordingly for twenty guineas.

It remains now to speak of that work which has made the name of Bunyan famous.

It is not known in what year the 'Pilgrim's Progress' was first published, no copy of the first edition having as yet been discovered: the second is in the British Museum; it is "with additions," and its date is 1678;† but as the book is known to have been written during Bunyan's imprisonment, which terminated in 1672, it was probably published before his release, or at latest immediately after it. The earliest with which Mr. Major has

[* Bunyan's Works, vol. ii. p. 47, ed. 1736. The best portrait of Bunyan, painted in 1685, by Thomas Sadler, was engraved by W. H. Watt, for Southey's edition of 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' 8vo. 1830.]

[† Since Mr. Southey wrote, a copy of the first edition of 'The Pilgrim's Progress' was found in the library of R. S. Holford, Esq. of Weston-Birt House, Tetbury, Gloucestershire. The date is 1678, the same as the second edition, so that Bunyan's best book grew into favour as soon as it was out. See Mr. Pocock's 'Bibliographical Notice' prefixed to Mr. Selous' illustrated edition of 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' oblong folio, 1844.]

been able to supply me, either by means of his own diligent inquiries, or the kindness of his friends, is that "eighth e-di-ti-on," so humorously introduced by Gay,* and printed, not for Ni-cho-las† Bod-ding-ton, but for Nathanael Ponder, at the Peacock in the Poultry, near the church, 1682; for whom also the ninth was published in 1684, and the tenth in 1685. All these no doubt were large impressions.

This noted eighth edition is "with additions;" but there is no reason to suppose that they were "new ones, never made before," for the ninth and tenth bear the same promise, and contain no alteration whatever. One passage of considerable length was added after the second edition,—the whole scene between Mr. By-ends and his three friends, and their subsequent discourse with Christian and Faithful. It appears to have been written with reference to some particular case; and in Bunyan's circle, the name of the person intended was probably well known. Perhaps it was first inserted in the fourth impression, "which had many additions more than any preceding:" this is stated in an advertisement on the back of the frontispiece to the eighth; where it is also said, "The publisher observing that many persons desired to have it illustrated with pictures, hath endeavoured to gratify them therein; and besides those that are ordinarily printed to the fifth impression, hath provided thirteen copper cuts curiously engraven for such as desire them."‡ This notice is repeated in the next edition, with this alteration, that the seventh instead of the fourth is named as having the additions,

[* *Second Countryman*——————Repent thine ill
And pray in this good book [*Gives him a Book*].
Peascod.——————I will, I will.
Lend me thy handkercher [*Reads and weeps*] 'The Pilgrim's Pro'—
I cannot see for tears! 'Pro-Progress,'—Oh!
'The Pilgrim's Progress'—eighth e-di-ti-on,
'Lon-don-prin-ted-for-Ni-cho-las Bod-ding-ton;
'With new ad-di-tions never made before.'
Oh! 't is so moving, I can read no more. [*Drops the Book.*]
The What-d'ye-call-it, 8vo., 1715.

The eighth edition appeared in 1682; the eighteenth, in 1714; the twenty-fifth, in 1738; and the thirtieth, in 1750.]

† This immortal name appears to the sixth edition of the Second Part, "printed for Robert Ponder, and sold by Nicholas Boddington in Duck Lane, 1693."

[‡ Eighth edition in 1682; but the fifth of 1680 contained the same advertisement.—*Pocock's Bib. Not.*, p. 24.]

and the eighth as that with the ordinary prints. I can only say with certainty, that no additions have been made subsequently to the eighth, and no other alterations than such verbal ones as an editor has sometimes thought proper to make, or as creep into all books which are reprinted without a careful collation of the text.*

The rapidity with which these editions succeeded one another, and the demand for pictures to illustrate them, are not the only proofs of the popularity which the Pilgrim's Progress obtained, before the Second Part was published. In the verses prefixed to that Part, Bunyan complains of dishonest imitators.

> ———Some have of late, to counterfeit
> My Pilgrim, to their own my title set;
> Yea, others half my name, and title too,
> Have stitched to their books, to make them do.

Only one of these has fallen in my way,—for it is by accident only that books of this perishable kind, which have no merit of their own to preserve them, are to be met with; and this, though entitled the 'Second Part of the Pilgrim's Progress,'† has no

[* The announcement of 'additions' on the title-page is continued even to the ninth and tenth impressions, though there is not any reason for supposing that such insertions were made after the eighth, printed in 1682—nor even alterations of the text beyond unimportant verbal revisions.—*Pocock's Bib. Not.*, p. 21.]

† "From this present world of Wickedness and Misery, to an eternity of Holiness and Felicity, exactly described under the similitude of a dream, relating the manner and occasion of his setting out from, and difficult and dangerous journey through, the world, and safe arrival at last to Eternal Happiness.

"*They were Strangers and Pilgrims on Earth, but they desired a better Country, that is an Heavenly.* Hebrews xi. 13, 16.

"*Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and run with patience the race that is set before us.* Hebrews xii. 1.

"London, printed for Thomas Malthus, at the Sun, in the Poultry. 1683."

The author, who signs himself T. S., dedicates this book "to Him that is higher than the highest; the Almighty and everlasting Jehovah, who is the terror and confusion of the hardened and impenitent world, and the hope and happiness of all converted and returning sinners." At the conclusion is an Apology for his Book, wherein he says that the hope of delivering plain truth in a familiar manner, which should at the same time satisfy the judicious, and yet be understood by the meanest capacities, and the most illiterate persons, was the motive "which put the author of the First Part of the Pilgrim's Progress upon composing and publishing that necessary and useful tract, which hath deservedly obtained such a universal esteem and commendation. And this consideration likewise, together with the importunity of others, was the motive that prevailed with me to compose and publish the following meditations in such a method as might serve as a Supplement, or a Second Part

other relation to the First than in its title, which was probably a trick of the publishers. These interlopers may very likely have given Bunyan an additional inducement to prepare a Second Part himself. It appeared in 1684, with this notice on the back of the title-page: "I appoint Mr. Nathaniel Ponder, but no other, to print this book. John Bunyan, January 1, 1684." No additions or alterations were made in this Part, though the author lived more than four years after its publication.

A collation of the First Part with the earliest attainable copies has enabled me in many places to restore good old vernacular English, which had been injudiciously altered, or carelessly corrupted. This has also been done in the Second Part; but there I had the first edition before me, and this it is evident had not been inspected, either in manuscript or while passing through the press, by any person capable of correcting it. It is plain that Bunyan had willingly availed himself of such corrections in the First Part; and therefore it would have been improper to have restored a certain vulgarism* of diction in the Second,

to it; wherein I have endeavoured to supply a fourfold defect, which, I observe, the brevity of that discourse necessitated the author into: First, there is nothing said of the State of Man in his first creation; nor, secondly, of the Misery of Man in his lapsed estate, before conversion; thirdly, a too brief passing over the methods of divine goodness in the convincing, converting, and reconciling of sinners to himself; and fourthly, I have endeavoured to deliver the whole in such serious and spiritual phrases that may prevent that lightness and laughter, which the reading some passages therein occasions in some vain and frothy minds. And now that it may answer my design, and be universally useful, I commend both it and thee to the blessing of Him whose wisdom and power, grace and goodness, it is that is only able to make it so. And withal I heartily wish, that what hath been formerly proposed by some well-minded persons might be more generally and universally practised, *viz.* the giving of books of this nature at funerals, instead of rings, gloves, wine, or biscuit; assuring myself that reading, meditation, and several holy and heavenly discourses, which may probably be raised upon the occasion of such presents as these, would mightily tend to the making people serious; and furnish not only the person who discourses, but the rest who are present, and who would otherwise be employing their thoughts, and tongues too, in such foolish, vain, and frothy discourse, as is too commonly used at such times, with such frames of spirits as may be suitable to the greatness and solemnity of that occasion which then calls them together.—Amongst those few who have practised this, abundance of good hath been observed to have been done by that means; and who knows, were it more generally used, and become a custom amongst us at our burials, what good might be effected thereby?"

* The vulgarism alluded to consists in the almost uniform use of *a* for *have*,—never marked as a contraction, *e. g.* might *a* made me take heed,—like to *a* been smothered.

[*Under favour, this is* a sin against orthography rather than grammar: the

which the editor of the folio edition had amended. Had it not been for this consideration, I should perhaps have restored his own text. For Bunyan was confident in his own powers of expression; he says,

> ——————thine only way
> Before them all, is to say out thy say
> In thine own native language, which no man
> Now useth, nor with ease dissemble can.

And he might well be confident in it. His is a homespun style, not a manufactured one: and what a difference is there between its homeliness and the flippant vulgarity of the Roger L'Estrange* and Tom Brown school! If it is not a well of English undefiled, to which the poet as well as the philologist must repair, if they would drink of the living waters, it is a clear stream of current English,—the vernacular speech of his age, sometimes indeed in its rusticity and coarseness, but always in its plainness and its strength. To this natural style Bunyan is in some degree beholden for his general popularity;—his language is everywhere level to the most ignorant reader, and to the meanest capacity: there is homely reality about it; a nursery tale is not more intelligible, in its manner of narration, to a child. Another cause of his popularity is, that he taxes the imagination as little as the understanding. The vividness of his own, which, as his history shows, sometimes could not distinguish ideal impressions from actual ones, occasioned this. He saw the things of which he was writing as distinctly with his mind's eye as if they were indeed passing before him in a dream. And the reader perhaps sees them more satisfactorily to himself, because the outline only of the picture is presented to him; and the author having made no attempt to fill up the details, every reader supplies them according to the measure and scope of his own intellectual and imaginative powers.

tinker of Elstow only spelt according to the pronunciation of the verb *to have*, then common in his class; and the same form occurs a hundred times in Shakspeare.—Sir Walter Scott, *Quart. Rev.*, vol. 43, p. 489.]

* Let me not be understood as passing an indiscriminate censure upon Sir Roger L'Estrange's style. No better specimens of idiomatic English are to be found than in some of his writings; but no baser corruptions and vilifications than in some of his translations. I suspect that he was led into this fault by the desire of avoiding the opposite one into which his father had been betrayed.

When Bunyan's success had raised a brood of imitators, he was accused of being an imitator himself. He replied to this charge in some of his most characteristic rhymes, which were prefixed to his Holy War, as an Advertisement to the Reader.

Some say the Pilgrim's Progress is not mine,
Insinuating as if I would shine
In name and fame by the worth of another,
Like some made rich by robbing of their brother.

Or that so fond I am of being sire,
I 'll father bastards; or if need require,
I 'll tell a lie in print to get applause.
I scorn it; John such dirt-heap never was
Since God converted him. Let this suffice
To show why I my Pilgrim patronize.

It came from mine own heart, so to my head,
And thence into my fingers trickled:
Then to my pen, from whence immediately
On paper I did dribble it daintily.

Manner and matter too was all mine own;
Nor was it unto any mortal known,
Till I had done it. Nor did any then
By books, by wits, by tongues, or hand, or pen,
Add five words to it, or wrote half a line
Thereof: the whole and every whit is mine.

Also for *This* thine eye is now upon,
The matter in this manner came from none
But the same heart and head, fingers and pen,
As did the other. Witness all good men,
For none in all the world, without a lie,
Can say that "this is mine," excepting I.

I wrote not this of any ostentation;
Nor 'cause I seek of men their commendation.
I do it to keep them from such surmise,
As tempt them will my name to scandalize.
Witness my name; if anagram'd to thee
The letters make *Nu hony in a B*.

John Bunyan.

A passage * has already been quoted from his account of a dream, which evidently contains the germ of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' The same obvious allegory had been rendered familiar to

* There is another in his 'Heavenly Footman,' but I know not whether this treatise was written before or after the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' "Though the Way to Heaven be but one, yet there are many crooked lanes and by-paths shoot down upon it, as I may say. And notwithstanding the Kingdom of Heaven be the biggest city, yet usually those by-paths are the most beaten: most travellers go those ways, and therefore the way to Heaven is hard to be found, and as hard to be kept in, because of these."

his mind, by the letter of the Italian martyr Pomponius Algerius. "In this world," says that high-minded and triumphant witness for the truth, "there is no mansion firm to me; and therefore I will travel up to the New Jerusalem, which is in Heaven, and which offereth itself to me, without paying any fine or income. Behold, I have entered already on my journey, where my house standeth for me prepared, and where I shall have riches, kinsfolks, delights, honours never failing."

But original as Bunyan believed his own work to be, and as in the main undoubtedly it is, the same allegory had often been treated before him, so often indeed that to notice all preceding works of this kind would far exceed all reasonable limits here. Some of these may have fallen in Bunyan's way, and modified his own conception when he was not aware of any such influence. Mr. Montgomery, in his very able Introductory Essay to the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' observes, "that a poem entitled 'the Pilgrimage,' in Whitney's Emblems,* and the emblem which accompanies it, may have suggested to him the first idea of his story; indeed, he says, if he had had Whitney's picture before him, he could not more accurately have copied it in words," than in the passage where Evangelist directs Christian to the Wicket-Gate.

Another book in which a general resemblance to the 'Pilgrim's Progress' has been observed, is the 'Voyage of the Wandering Knight,' of which a translation from the French of the Carmelite, Jean de Carthenay, was printed in the reign of Elizabeth, the Carmelite himself having (as Mr. Douce has kindly informed me) imitated a French poem (once very popular), composed A.D. 1310, by Guill. de Guilleville, a monk of Chanliz, and entitled the *Pelerin de la Vie Humaine.* There is a vague general resemblance in the subject of this work, and some occasional resemblance in the details; but the coincidences are such as the subject would naturally lead to, and the 'Pilgrim's Progress' might have been exactly what it is, whether Bunyan had ever seen this book or not. But he had † certainly

[* Printed at Leyden in 1586.]

† Bunyan had evidently the following lively passage in his mind when he wrote the verses introductory to his Second Part:—

seen Bernard's 'Isle of Man, or the Legal Proceedings in Manshire against Sin; wherein by way of a continued Allegory, the chief Malefactors disturbing both Church and Commonwealth are detected and attached; with their arraignment and judicial trial, according to the Laws of England.' This was a popular book in Bunyan's time,* printed in a cheap form for popular sale, and "to be sold by most booksellers." There is as much wit in it as in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and it is that vein of wit † which Bunyan has worked with such good success. It

"Well, I have clothed this Book as it is. It may be some humour took me, as once it did old Jacob, who apparelled Joseph differently from all the rest of his brethren in a party-coloured coat. It may also be that I look (as Jacob did on Joseph) with more delight on this lad than on twenty other of his brethren born before him, or on a younger Benjamin brought forth soon after him.—When I thus apparelled him, I intended to send him forth to his brethren, hoping thereby to procure him the more acceptance, where he happily should come; and my expectation hath not failed: deceived altogether I am not, as was Jacob in sending his Joseph among his envious brethren; for not only hundreds, but some thousands, have welcomed him to their houses. They say they like his countenance, his habit, and manner of speaking well enough; though others, too nice, be not so well pleased therewith.

"But who can please all? or how can any one so write or speak, as to content every man? If any mistake me, and abuse him in their too carnal apprehension, without the truly intended spiritual use, let them blame themselves, and neither me nor him; for their fault is their own, which I wish them to amend. You that like him, I pray you still accept of him, for whose sake, to further your spiritual meditation, I have sent him out with these Contents, and more marginal notes. His habit is no whit altered, which he is constrained by me to wear, not only on working days, but even upon holydays and Sundays too, if he go abroad. A fitter garment I have not now for him; and if I should send out the poor lad naked, I know it would not please you. This his coat, though not altered in the fashion, yet it is made somewhat longer. For though from his first birth into the world it be near a year, yet he is grown a little bigger. But I think him to be come to his full stature; so he will be but as a little pigmy, to be carried abroad in any man's pocket. I pray you now this (second) time accept him and use him as I have intended for you, and you shall reap the fruit, though I forbid you not to be Christianly merry with him. So fare you well, in all friendly well wishes. R. B. May 28, 1627."

* The sixteenth edition was published in 1683. It was reprinted at Bristol about thirty years ago. [1808.]

† In that vein Bernard has also been followed by Bishop Womack,—unless indeed that excellent divine intended in his *Propria quæ maribus* to satirize the absurd names given by the Puritans to their children: this however he might intend, and yet have imitated Bernard. The names of the Triers, in his 'Examination of Tilenus,' are Dr. Absolute, Mr. Fatality, Mr. Preterition, Mr. Efficax, Mr. Indefectible, Dr. Confidence, Mr. Meanwell, Mr. Simulant, Mr. Take-o'-*Trust*, Mr. Impertinent, Mr. Narrow-Grace, in whom Philip

wants the charm of story, and has nothing of that romantic interest which "holds children from sleep;" and therefore its popularity has passed away. But it is written with great spirit and ability, and for its own merit, as well as for the traits of the times with which it abounds, well deserves to be reprinted.

No one who reads this little book can doubt that it had a considerable effect upon the style of Bunyan's invention. The Bee had been shown by this elder one where honey of a peculiar flavour might be extracted, but the new honey was of our Bee's own gathering.

Lately, however, a charge has been brought against John the Bee of direct and knavish plagiarism. The following paragraph appeared in some London journal, and was generally copied into the provincial newspapers:—"The friends of John Bunyan will be much surprised to hear that he is not the author of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' but the mere translator. It is, however, an act of plagiarism to publish it in such a way as to mislead his readers; but it is never too late to call things by their right names. The truth is, that the work was even published in French, Spanish, and Dutch, besides other languages, before John Bunyan saw it; and we have ourselves seen a copy in the Dutch language, with numerous plates, printed long previous to Bunyan's time." "It is very difficult," says Mr. Montgomery, "to imagine for what purpose such a falsehood (if it be one) should be framed; or how such a fact (if it be a fact) could have been so long concealed; or when declared thus publicly, why it should never have been established by the production of this Dutch copy, with its numerous plates. Be this as it may, till the story is anthenticated it must be regarded as utterly unworthy of credit."

I also, upon reading this notable paragraph in a newspaper, felt as Montgomery had done, and as "it is never too *soon* to call things by their right names," bestowed upon it at once its proper qualification. It would indeed be as impossible for me

Nye was personated; Mr. Know-Little, who stood for Hugh Peters: Dr. Dubious, whom nobody doubts to be the representation of Baxter; and Dr. Dam-Man, a name which was that of one of the secretaries of the Dort Synod, and which to an English ear perfectly designated his rigid principles.

This curious tract has been reprinted in Mr. Nichols's 'Calvinism and Arminianism Compared,' a work of more research concerning the age of James and Charles the First than any other in our language.

to believe that Bunyan did not write the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' as that Porson did write a certain copy of verses entitled the Devil's Thoughts.* There must have been a grievous want of common sense in the person who wrote the paragraph, to suppose that such a plagiarism could have escaped detection till he discovered it; Bunyan's book having been translated into those languages (and current in them), in one of which, according to him, the original, and in the others, earlier versions of that original than the English 'Pilgrim's Progress' were existing! But there must have been a more grievous want of fidelity in his assertions. If he had been able to read the book which he saw, this gross accusation could never have been brought against John Bunyan.

The book in question (to which, without reference to this supposed plagiarism, Mr. Douce, with his wonted knowledge, had previously directed my attention) I have had an opportunity of perusing, through the kindness of its possessor, Mr. Offor. A person looking (like Bunyan's accuser) at the prints, and not understanding the language in which the book is written, might have supposed that hints had been taken from them for the adventures at the Slough of Despond, and at Vanity Fair; but that the 'Pilgrim's Progress' was not a translation from the work he must have *known*, for the Pilgrims in the prints are women; and it required no knowledge of Dutch to perceive that the book is written not as a narrative, but in a series of Dialogues.

Bolswert the engraver is the author of this book, which is entitled the † Pilgrimage of Dovekin and Willekin to their Beloved in Jerusalem. The author was a true lover of his mother tongue, and more than once laments over the fashion of corrupting it with words borrowed from other languages: all the examples which he adduces of such adulterations are French. The book, though totally neglected now, was once very popular; my venerable friend Bilderdijk ‡ tells me "that it was one of the delights of his childhood." I am obliged to Mr. Major for a

[* See Southey's Poetical Works (ed. 1844), p. 165.]

† Duyfkens ende Willemynkens Pelgrimagie tot haren beminden binnen Jerusalem; haerlieder teghenspoet, belet ende eynde. Beschreven ende met sin-spelende beelden wtghegheven door Boetius a Bolswert. T' Antwerpen, by Hieronimus Verdussen, Aº. 1627.

‡ [*See Southey's Poetical* Works (ed. 1844), p. 210.]

French * translation of it, in which some intermediate possessor has drawn his pen through the name of Rousseau, that name appearing, upon comparing it with a fac-simile in Rees's Cyclopædia, and with an autograph also, to be in the hand-writing of Jean Jacques. The French translator, as might be expected, has carefully got rid of everything which relates to Flemish manners and feelings, and the raciness of the original is completely lost in his version.

The two sisters Dovekin and Willekin are invited in a dream by the Beloved, in the language of the Canticles, to arise and come away. Willekin, who is for a little more sleep, a little more slumber, is not inclined to accept the invitation, and disparages her lover, saying that he is no better than Joseph the Carpenter, and Peter the Fisherman, with whom he used to keep company. Dovekin, however, persuades her to rise, and set off upon their pilgrimage to him; it is but a day's journey: they wash at their outset in a river of clear water, which has its source in Rome, and (taking the Netherlands in its way) flows to Jerusalem; and by this river they are to keep, or they will lose themselves. They gather flowers also at the beginning of their journey, for the purpose of presenting them to the Bridegroom and his mother, whose favour Dovekin says it is of the utmost importance to obtain, and who, she assures her sister, dearly loves the Netherlanders. The wilful sister collects her flowers without any choice or care, loses them, over-heats herself, and is obliged to go to the river to wash herself after eating; she then finds her flowers again, and they proceed till they come to a village, where it happens to be fair time, and Willekin will not be dissuaded by her prudent sister from stopping to look at some Mountebanks. The print annexed is what was supposed to represent Vanity Fair, whereas the story relates merely to a Flemish *Kermes;* and the only adventure which befalls the idle sister there is that she brings away from it certain living and loathsome parasites of humanity, who pass under a generic appellation in the French version, but in the honest Dutch original are called by their own name.

* *Voyage de Deux Sœurs, Colombelle et Volontairette, vers leur Bien-Aimé en la Cité de Jérusalem: contenant plusieurs incidens arrivez pendant leur voyage. Par Boece de Bolswert. Nouvelle Edition corrigée et chatiée selon le stile du tems, et enrichie de figures en taille-douce. A Liège,* 1734.

Going out of her way to admire a peacock, Willekin steps in the dirt. Presently she must go see some calves at play; a cow bemires her with a whisk of its tail, and she must repair to the river and cleanse herself there again; Thank God for this river! says Dovekin. Poor thoughtless, incorrigible Willekin thus goes on from one mishap to another, and taking a by-path falls into a ditch, which the detector of Bunyan's plagiarism immediately supposed to be his Slough of Despond. She goes on committing follies at every occasion, and some crimes; and the end (for it must be needless to pursue the story) is that, when they come within sight of Jerusalem, she climbs a steep and dangerous place, notwithstanding her sister's entreaties, in order to obtain a better prospect; the wind blows her down, she falls into a deep pit full of noxious creatures, where no help can be given her, and there she is left with broken bones, to her fate. Dovekin proceeds, reaches the suburbs of Jerusalem, undergoes a purification in a tub, then makes a triumphant entrance into the City of Jerusalem in a lofty chariot, and is there with all honour and solemnity espoused to the Bridegroom. And this is the book from which Bunyan was said to have stolen the Pilgrim's Progress! If ever there was a work which carried with it the stamp of originality in all its parts, it is that of John Bunyan!*

[* Mr. Southey has not mentioned a work in English, of Bunyan's own time, and from which, certainly, the general notion of his allegory might have been taken. The work we allude to is now before us, entitled 'The Parable of the Pilgrim, written to a friend by Symon Patrick, D.D., Dean of Peterborough;'—the same learned person, well known by his theological writings, and successively bishop of Chichester and Ely. * * * * * * * * * If Dr. Patrick had seen the Pilgrim's Progress, he would probably, in the pride of academic learning, have scorned to adopt it as a model; but, at all events, as a man of worth, he would never have denied the obligation if he had incurred one. John Bunyan, on his part, would in all likelihood have scorned, "with his very heels," to borrow anything from a dean; and we are satisfied that he would have cut his hand off rather than written the introductory verses we have quoted (before 'The Holy War'), had not his Pilgrim been entirely his own.

Indeed whosoever will take the trouble of comparing the two works which, turning upon nearly the same allegory, and bearing very similar titles, came into existence at or about the very same time, will plainly see their total dissimilarity. Bunyan's is a close and continued allegory, in which the metaphorical fiction is sustained with all the minuteness of a real story. In Dr. Patrick's, *the same plan* is announced as arising from the earnest longing of

Mr. D'Israeli, from whose works the best-informed reader may learn much, and who, in the temper of his writings as well as in the research which they display, may be a useful model for succeeding authors, calls Bunyan "the Spenser of the people." He is indeed the Prince of all allegorists in prose. The allegory is never lost sight of in the First Part: in the Second it is not so uniformly preserved; parties who begin their pilgrimage in childhood, grow up upon the way, pass through the stage of courtship, marry and are given in marriage, have children and dispose of their children. Yet to most readers this second part is as delightful as the first; and Bunyan had perhaps more pleasure in composing it, not only because he was chewing the cud of his old inventions, but because there can be no doubt that he complimented the friends whom he delighted to honour, by giving them a place among the persons of his tale. We may be sure that Mr. Valiant-for-the-Truth, Old Honest of the Town of Stupidity, Mr. Despondency and his daughter Much-afraid, and their companions, were well known in "Bishop Bunyan's" diocese; and if no real characters were designed by him in those who are less favourably introduced as turning back on their journey, striking into by-paths, or slumbering by the way, likenesses would be discovered where none were intended.

None but those who have acquired the ill habit of always reading critically, can wish the Second Part had not been written, or feel it as a clog upon the first. There is a pleasure in travelling with another company over the same ground, a pleasure of reminiscence, neither inferior in kind nor in degree to that which is derived from a first impression. The author evidently felt this, and we are indebted to it for some beautiful passages of repose, such as that in the Valley of Humiliation. The manner

a traveller, whom he calls Philotheus or Theophilus, whose desires are fixed on journeying to Jerusalem as a pilgrim. * * * Yet Dr. Patrick had the applause of his own time. The first edition of his Parable appeared in 1678; and the *sixth*, which now lies before us, is dated 1678.—SIR WALTER SCOTT, *Quart. Rev.*, vol. xliii.

The paper upon Bunyan, in the last Quarterly Review, is by Sir Walter. He has not observed, and I, when I wrote the Life, had forgotten, that the "Compleat design of a Pilgrim's Progress" is to be found in Lucian's 'Hermotimus.' Not that Bunyan saw it there, but that the obvious allegory had presented itself to Lucian's mind as well as to many others.—*Letter from Southey to Sir Egerton Brydges*, 'Autobiography of Brydges,' vol. ii. *p. 285.*]

in which Christian's battle is referred to, and the traces of it pointed out, reminds me of what is perhaps the best imagined scene in Palmerin of England, where Palmerin enters a chapel, and is shown the tombs of some of the knights of King Lisuarte's court.

Bunyan concludes with something like a promise of a Third Part.* There appeared one after his death, by some unknown hand, and it has had the fortune to be included in many editions of the original work. It is impossible to state through how many editions that work has passed; probably no other book in the English language has obtained so constant and so wide a sale. The prints which have been engraved to illustrate it would form a collection, not so extensive indeed, but almost as curious, as that which Mr. Duppa saw at Vallombrosa, where a monk had got together about eight thousand different engravings of the Virgin Mary. The worst specimens, both in wood and copper, would be found among them; as now some of the best are to be added. When the reader has seen Giant Slaygood with Mr. Feeble-mind in his hand, he will I think agree with me, that if a nation of Anakim existed at this day, the artist by whom that print was designed and executed would deserve to be appointed historical painter to his Highness the Prince of the Giants.

The Pilgrim's Progress has more than once been "done into verse," but I have seen only one version, and that of only the First Part. It was printed by R. Tookey, and to be sold by the booksellers of London and Westminster; but if there be a date to this version, it has been torn off with the corner of the title-page, from this well-thumbed and well-worn copy, for the use of which (as of other rare books that have been most useful on the present occasion) I am obliged to Mr. Alexander Chalmers. The versification is in the lowest Witherish strain, one degree

[* "Should it be my lot to go that way again, I may give to those that desire it an account of what I am here silent about. Meantime I bid my readers adieu."

The author hints, at the end of the second part, as if "it might be his lot to go this way again;" nor was his mind that light species of soil which could be exhausted by two crops. But he left to another and very inferior hand the task of composing a third part, containing the adventures of one Tender Conscience, far unworthy to be bound up, as it sometimes is, with John Bunyan's *matchless parable.*—SIR WALTER SCOTT, *Quart. Rev.* vol. xliii., p. 490.

only above Bunyan's own; yet here and there with indications of more power than the writer has thought proper to put forth. In general the version keeps close to the original. In one place a stroke of satire is put into Apollyon's mouth, against the occasional conformists—

> "Come go with me occasionally back,
> Rather than a preferment lose or lack."

And after the Pilgrims have crossed the river, this singular illustration occurs—

> "Then on all sides the heavenly host enclose,
> As through the upper regions all arose;
> With mighty shouts and louder harmonies,
> Heaven's Opera seemed as glorious to the eyes
> As if they had drawn up the curtain of the skies."

Though the story certainly is not improved by versifying it, it is less injured than might have been supposed in the process; and perhaps most readers would read it with as much interest in the one dress as in the other.

A stranger experiment was tried upon the Pilgrim's Progress, in translating it into other words, altering the names, and publishing it under the title of the Progress of the Pilgrim,* without any intimation that this version is not an original work. Evangelist is here called Good-news; Worldly Wiseman, Mr. Politic Worldly; Legality, Mr. Law-do; the Interpreter, Director; the Palace Beautiful, Graces' Hall; Vanity Town is Mundus; the Giant is Giant Desperation of Diffident Castle; and the prisoners released from it, instead of Mr. Despondency and his daughter Much-afraid, are "one Much-cast-down, and his kinsman Almost-Overcome." This would appear to have been merely the device of some knavish bookseller for evading the laws which protect literary property; but the person employed in disguising the stolen goods must have been a Roman Catholic, for he has omitted all mention of Giant Pope, and Fidelius suffers martyrdom by being hanged, drawn, and quartered.

* "In two Parts compleat. Part I. His Pilgrimage from the present World to the World to come; discovering the difficulties of his setting forth, the hazards of his journey, and his safe arrival at the Heavenly Canaan. Part II. The Pilgrimage of Christiana, the wife of Christianus, with her four children; describing their dangerous journey, and safe arrival at the Land of the Blessed, written by way of dream. Adorned with several new Pictures. Hos. xii. 10. *I have used similitudes.*" London: printed by W. O. for J. Blare, at the Looking-Glass, on London-Bridge, 1705.

The dialogues are much curtailed, and the book, as might be expected, very much worsened throughout; except that better verses are inserted.

Bunyan could little have supposed that his book would ever be adapted for sale among the Romanists. Whether this was done in the earliest French translation I do not know; but in the second there is no Giant Pope; and lest the circumstances of the author should operate unfavourably for the reception of his work, he is designated as *un Ministre Anglois, nommé Jean Bunian, Pasteur d'une Eglise dans la Ville de Bedfort en Angleterre.* This contains only the First Part, but promises the Second, should it be well received. The First Part, under the title of '*le Pelerinage d'un nommé Chrétien*,' forms one of the volumes of the *Petite Bibliothèque du Catholique*, and bears in the title-page a glorified head of the Virgin. A Portuguese translation (of the First Part also), and in like manner cut down to the opinions of the public for which it was designed, was published in 1782. Indeed I believe there is no European language into which the 'Pilgrim's Progress' has not been translated. The 'Holy War' has been little less popular;* and if the 'Life and Death of Mr. Badman' has not been as generally read, it is because the subject is less agreeable, not that it has been treated with inferior ability.

[* Bunyan added another work to those by which he was already distinguished:—this was 'The Holy War made by King Shaddai upon Diabolus for the regaining of the metropolis of the World; or, the losing and retaking of Mansoul.' In this allegory the fall of man is figured under the type of a flourishing city, reduced under the tyranny of the giant Diabolus, or the Prince of Evil; and recovered, after a tedious siege, by Immanuel, the son of Shaddai, its founder and true lord. A late reverend editor of this work has said that "Mr. Bunyan was better qualified than most ministers to treat this subject with propriety, having been himself a soldier, and knowing by experience the evils and hardships of war. He displays throughout his accurate knowledge of the Bible and its distinguished doctrines; his deep acquaintance with the human heart, and its desperate wickedness; his knowledge of the devices of Satan, and of the prejudices of the carnal mind against the Gospel." To this panegyric we entirely subscribe, except that we do not see that Bunyan has made much use of any military knowledge which he might possess. Mansoul is attacked by mounts, slings, and battering-rams—weapons out of date at the time of our civil wars; and we can only trace the author's soldierly experience in his referring to the points of war then performed, as "Boot and saddle," "Horse and away," and so forth. Indeed, the greatest risk which he seems to have incurred, in his military capacity, was one somewhat resembling the escape of Sir Roger de Coverley's

I have only now to express my thanks to Mr. Rodd, the bookseller, for the information with which he kindly assisted me; and to Mr. Major, who in publishing the most beautiful edition that has ever appeared of this famous book, has, by sparing no zeal in the collection of materials for it, enabled me to say that it is also the most correct.

In one of the volumes collected from various quarters, which were sent me for this purpose, I observe the name of W. Hone, and notice it that I may take the opportunity of recommending his 'Every-Day Book,' and 'Table Book,' to those who are interested in the preservation of our national and local customs. By these very curious publications their compiler has rendered good service in an important department of literature; and he may render yet more if he obtain the encouragement which he well deserves.

Keswick, March 13, 1830.

ancestor at Worcester, who was saved from the slaughter of that action by having been absent from the field. In like manner, Bunyan, having been appointed to attend at the siege of Leicester, a fellow-soldier volunteered to perform the service in his stead, and was there slain. Upon the whole, though the 'Holy War' be a work of great ingenuity, it wants the simplicity and intense interest which are the charms of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'—SIR WALTER SCOTT, *Quart. Rev.*, vol. xliii., p. 491.]

THE END.

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